AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
JULY 1985 • $3.40*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
LABOR KINGMAKER
JOHN BUTTON
ON URANIUM, UNIONS
& FUTURE PMs

SEX DISEASES
WHAT'S GOING AROUND,
HOW TO SPOT 'EM &
WHAT TO DO ABOUT 'EM

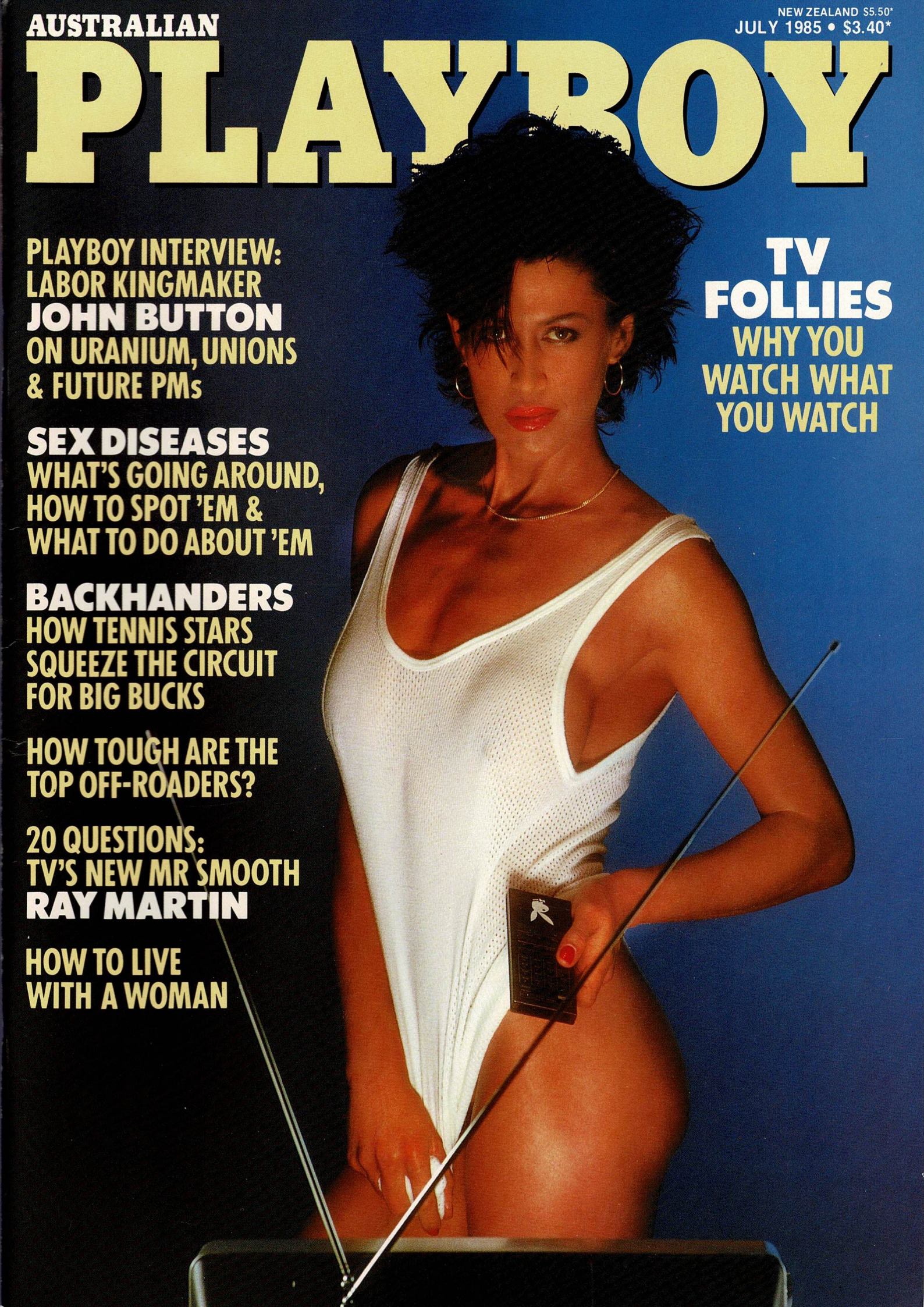
BACKHANDERS
HOW TENNIS STARS
SQUEEZE THE CIRCUIT
FOR BIG BUCKS

HOW TOUGH ARE THE
TOP OFF-ROADERS?

20 QUESTIONS:
TV'S NEW MR SMOOTH
RAY MARTIN

HOW TO LIVE
WITH A WOMAN

TV FOLLIES
WHY YOU
WATCH WHAT
YOU WATCH



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PLAYBILL

John Button may cut a diminutive figure physically, but in terms of intellectual power, political smarts and sheer clout within the Australian Labor Party he is a giant. A real power behind the Labor throne. So powerful that without him Bob Hawke would probably not be Prime Minister of Australia today and the political landscape of the country would be very different indeed. A former union lawyer, the Melbourne senator and Minister for Industry and Technology is the man credited by most political observers with having persuaded Bill Hayden to step aside for Bob Hawke before this Labor government first gained office. Not only that, Senator Button is charged with orchestrating Australia's technological revolution and bringing the unions kicking and screaming into the 21st century, a role which has cast him, ironically, in the image of a union basher. We sent author **Craig McGregor** to interview Senator Button and he has produced an interview of extraordinary depth and honesty.

That old showbiz maxim, "everybody's a critic", is especially true of television, that spellbinding theatre of the masses. But have you ever wondered why you watch what you watch? Who decides what shows go to air and why? Who are the tastemakers of TV land? Do the ratings matter? Contributing editor **Paul Mann** has delved deep into the boob tube to find out what makes it glow.

One of the most successful Aussie sportsmen in the world is someone you, and most other Aussie men, have never heard of. His name is Phil Anderson and wherever he goes in Europe he's mobbed by autograph hunters. Phil is a star of the European cycling circuit. He is usually one of the pack leaders in the most prestigious cycling event in the world, the Tour de France. When the Tour de France takes place each July, a kind of madness sweeps Europe, rather like a combination of VFL fever and world championship cricket passion. Yet, at home in Australia, hardly anyone knows Phil Anderson's name. Australian PLAYBOY's **Tony Love** has put together a dazzling profile of this virtually anonymous sports star and **Keith McEwan** provided the illustration.

It's a question most of us never stop to think about, yet we're always getting the answer wrong. Just look at the divorce rate and the number of live-in couples who drift from one relationship to another and you'll see what we mean. Living with somebody requires special skills and it's time you found out what they are. **Bruce Jay Friedman** tells you exactly how it's done in his witty piece *How To Live With A Woman.*

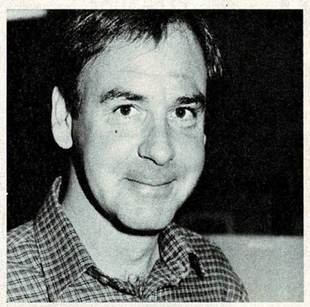
We all know there are big bucks on the international tennis circuit, but we bet you didn't know just how many players are into squeezing the system for every cent they can get out of it. **Richard Yallop** gives names, dates and figures in his revelation of the scams the big name racqueteers pull to make their earning power soar.

While we're on the subject of boom sports, we thought it was time we took a good hard look at the four-wheel-drive industry. Somewhere out there in the great Outback there's a place where off-roaders go to mate and motoring writer **Rob Luck** has been there to report what goes on.

Okay, okay, we realise it may come as a shock for you to find this next article in Australian PLAYBOY, but we take our responsibilities seriously here and sex is one subject where there's no such thing as too much information. Especially when it comes to the consequences of putting it about a bit, if you know what we mean and we're sure you do. We asked a leading medical expert on venereal diseases to compile a sort of mini-encyclopaedia of what's going around, what you should look for, what to avoid, and what you should do if you get one of them. Call it a kind of clapboard. But read it, maybe even cut it out and keep it somewhere. **David Wales** did the unforgettable art.

It's a hard job filling the gleaming shoes of Mike Walsh, but former *60 Minutes* globetrotter Ray Martin is giving it his best shot. **Neil Jameson** went along to chat to the new boy to find out how he's getting along in that tough midday slot and you can read Ray's response in *20 Questions.*

We certainly haven't neglected you in the glamor department this month either. Just one look at our enticing collection of girls will make you forget how cool it is in July. With all our regular columns on booze, showbiz, men, women, sport and sex you could lose yourself in this issue all winter long.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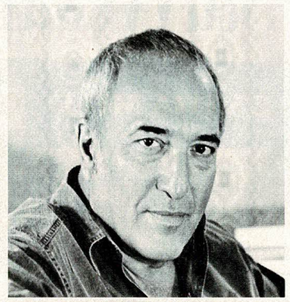
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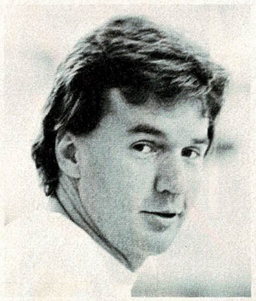
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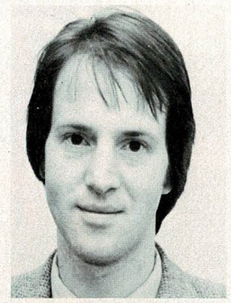
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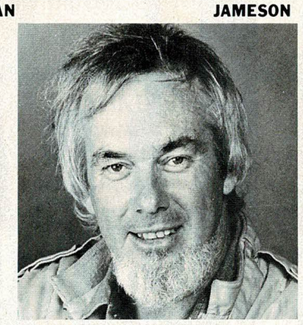
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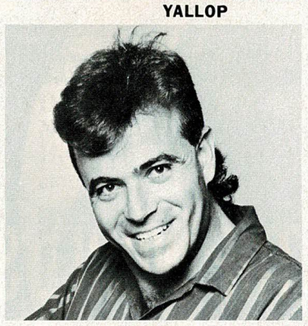
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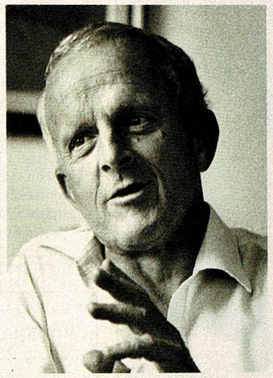

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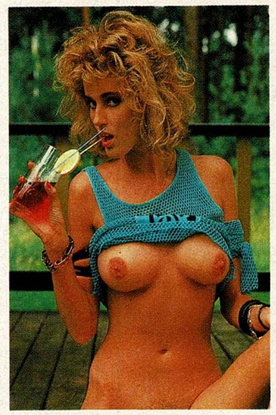

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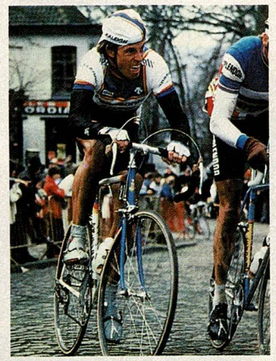

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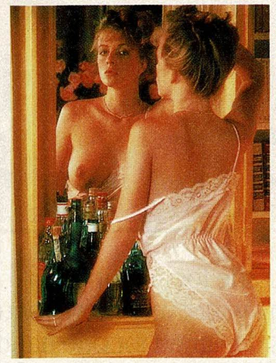

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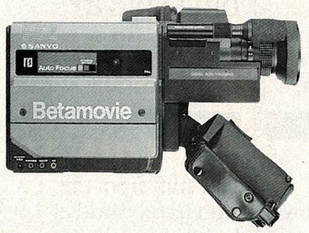

SANYO That's Life!

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

THE GREAT RACE

I wish to congratulate you on some exquisite centrefolds and ask that you keep up the high quality all through 1985.

Rob Luck's article, *Devils In Disguise*, in the January issue was a great read trying to express the sensational feeling obtained from sports sedan racing, but I would like to point out a small contradiction.

Rob mentioned that the success of the Merc was due to "dogged Australian engineering ingenuity" but when we compare its cost to build and run against its consumption, performance and reliability, we find it's only a wasteful beast utilising 1950s engineering (in American products) and only achieving results through a simple exercise in power to weight ratios.

Rob even states that the rotary Escort is a severe embarrassment to the Merc. On an international level, the car would indeed be embarrassed. Kids in Japan are running around in turbo rotary 13-Bs (some in R-100 Mazdas) and could probably run circles around the Merc and would be guaranteed to have more trouble-free mileage.

Australia has not added much to car technology on a world level and we shouldn't get swollen heads through a false sense of achievement.

Eddie Swat,
Greenacre, NSW.

Rob Luck replies: "Eddie, you've got to separate road cars and racers. This Merc animal we described would blow those rotary wankels in Japan about 100 feet in the air. The reason the Escort embarrasses the Merc is because of our cheapskate little go-kart circuits. On a real American or European track, the Merc would be back on the trailer heading for home while the rotary Escort was just making the first turns. The point about Australian engineering referred to the development of twin-turbos on the Merc and that really is unique to Australia and represents world-class engineering."

THUMBS DOWN TO WIMPS

In regard to your Women column in February, I'd just like to assure Susan Kurosawa that not all men get off drying dishes or shopping at the supermarket. Some of us like to fly in the face of adversity, go against all odds and swim upstream against the trend toward wimpdom.

Here's hoping that wimpdom will go the way of most trends and have an early demise. Meanwhile, you have a great magazine and keep those beautiful bodies coming!

N.J. Carmody,
Ashgrove, Qld.

INDOOR GIRL

How refreshing it was to see a girl such as Carina gracing your pages in May. I found her physical attributes quite eye-boggling but what she had to say held my interest too.

Here is a genuine, really down-to-earth sort of lady. The type you can grow to love. With Carina there's none of that aggressive go-for-it attitude that so many of today's women seem to possess.

I know that all the feminists out there will start jumping up and down if they lay eyes on this letter and they'll label me a chauvinist. Quite frankly I don't care. What's wrong with wanting a caring, loving woman who isn't hell bent on earning twice as much as you? Give me a homebody to keep me feeling warm and loved on chilly winter nights.

Now that I've got all that off my chest, how about another look at the lovely Carina to keep me going until I meet someone just like her?

Ted Davis,
Casino, NSW.

From what Ted and other readers have been telling us, most of you guys would love a body like Carina's around your home. She tells us she can cook, too — Ed.

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

When I read your article on Pine Gap (January) it reminded me of the time I spent in Alice Springs in 1972/3. The conjecture of the article makes me recall one particular instance. My brother was in the RAAF and he cadged a ride for two of my primus gas bottles on a Starlifter. The plane that delivered my bottles also held two massive crates which were taken intact to the base.

Rumor described these as ten-pin bowling alleys cut in half. Rumor also held that they were never unpacked or installed. While in the Alice, I got to know a few of the Americans through various societies plus work. No amount of grog or emotional blackmail could prise information on nuclear arms or chemical warfare out of them. Security and secrecy was so tight as to be un-Australian.

I'd like to know how big missile parts are in relation to ten-pin bowling alleys!

Dieter Moeckel,
Sanderson, NT.

CRICKET HYPE

I particularly enjoyed the article by Neil Jameson, *How Cricket Is Hyped To The Masses*, in your February issue. PBL Marketing has certainly succeeded in selling cricket to the leisure market and, considering the ease with which Australians can spend their holiday and leisure time enjoying once unattainable hobbies and activities, the attendances during this season's matches must have had the Australian Cricket Board chuckling into their coffers.

Now if only the commentators employed by the Nine Network could be encouraged to match the standard of the marketing. Old cricketers never die. They spend their waning years aggravating the pants off us poor bastards in TV land.

R. Ribas,
Mt Gravatt, Qld.

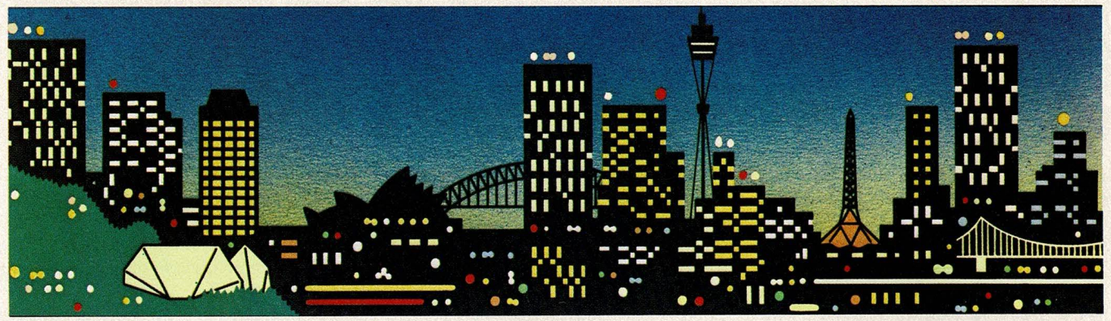
In regard to your cricket article in February, you suggest that we should keep the Caribbeans away from our shores for a few years to keep interest in the game alive. I believe the more the Windies come here, the more chance we have of beating them. Look at what *Australia II* did by persevering against a long, unbroken record of wins.

Your women are absolutely great and please keep doing lots of sports articles in Australian PLAYBOY.

Craig Hawkins,
Caloundra, Qld.

Write to us! Send your letter to us at the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FOOT IN MOUTH

Aussie rules has a tough enough job explaining itself to the natives of New South Wales and Queensland, but imagine what it looks like to the Poms.

Recently, an eminent English TV critic watched a match on Pommie television, the first time he'd ever seen the game, and this is how he explained it to sceptical residents of the sceptred isle: "Our colonial cousins, never ones for undue restraint, have devised — from Gaelic football — a sprawling, mauling spectacle played on a pitch half the size of your average banana republic and involving eight goalposts and 36, count 'em, players, a majority of whom, apparently, must be in full pursuit of the ball.

"The players themselves are tall and sinewy El Greco visions compared to the Charles Atlas wet dreams that play the American stuff. Clad in spray-on, sleeveless singlets, Italian beach boy skimpy shorts and garishly hooped socks, they recall nothing less terrifying than those Mary Quant-sponsored Go-Go dancers who gyrated crazily away in the swinging club scene of every '60s film. I'm told that rules is terribly popular with Australia's women and Village Persons."

Pity we can't get such objective sports criticism here, isn't it?

THE CHINA SYNDROME

For decades it has been rumored that there are no flies in China. Mostly because Chairman Mao, when he was around, ordered every Chinese to kill a fly a day and, bingo, that did the trick. Now a magazine called *Pop Thriller* wants to do the same thing for Australia.

Readers of the publication have been offered a free photograph of Boy George, Marilyn or Michael Jackson in return for six dead flies. Editor Frank Peters said the campaign was aimed at drawing attention to the fly problem in Australia because flies contribute nothing to society other than disease and discomfort.

"They appear out of nowhere," remonstrates Peters, "and spoil the most beautiful occasions." Peters said he hoped his young death squad readers would set an example to other teenagers to kill a fly a day.

"If this campaign is successful we could considerably reduce the country's fly population in five years," Peters added. "Flies have massive disrespect for life. They dive into people's food, into their mouths, tap dance on their eyelashes, take foot baths in their drinks and waltz in their hair."

THIRD WORLD FARMING

According to the international news agency, Reuter, an American businessman plans to buy kidneys from living Third World donors for $42,000 per kidney.

Hajo Harms, who says he quit medicine after qualifying as a doctor, said he wanted to import the kidneys for transplant operations. He added that he saw nothing unethical in what he was doing.

A LOT OF BALLS

And now urgent news from California. Barney Feldman has filed a $1.41 million claim for emotional damage against the city of Los Angeles.

For years, he says, he has put up with misdirected golf balls smashing through his house. Barney lives about 50 metres from the eighth hole of a nine-hole course in Griffiths Park. He's become so nervous, he says, he has taken to wearing a hard hat.

PENILE AEROBICS

Weird and wonderful tales of some pretty bizarre accidents filter through to us on occasion, but this one is a real scream in more ways than one.

A 50-year-old security guard fronted up at Sydney's St Vincent's Hospital with a 1kg circular barbell attached to his red and swollen penis. Unable to be of any assistance, the doctors on call had to give the NSW Police Rescue Squad a ring. They arrived post haste and began sawing through the weight with a dremel (a small handsaw). Half an hour later they had freed one very sore and embarrassed, but greatly relieved, man.

And the cause of all this fuss and bother? The man had apparently been going through a pelvic exercise routine he was convinced would increase the size of his penis. We think the silly sod should have listened to Bettina Arndt when she let the male world in on the secret that it isn't the quantity that counts, but the quality.

MUSICAL SHORTS

It's truly amazing what $100 will buy in Hollywood these days. For those feeling particularly frivolous, Frederick's of Hollywood is marketing musical panties. The pull of a string will flood your underwear, bed or whatever with the tinkling strains of *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*.

See what New Zealand is missing out on by spurning American technology!

DOG DAZE

A law limiting dogs to barking for only 15 minutes at a stretch is to be enforced in the American town of Smithtown, New York, by a special inspector carrying a stopwatch.

The law has dog owners straining, ahem, at the leash. "The war has just begun," announced Muriel Dietch, a two-dog owner, after hearing that the Town Board had unanimously passed the new law following complaints about barking dogs. The town of 6500 apparently has a high doggie population, about one dog for every 18 residents.

Town officials plan to enforce the law with fines of $50 for a first offence, $100 for a second offence and $500 with a possible 15-day jail term for a third offence. Pet owners like Dietch are afraid that the law will enable spiteful neighbors to get at dog owners.

"This is going to turn neighbor against neighbor," she commented. "We'll go to the Supreme Court for our dogs' constitutional rights."

ALL PUCKERED OUT

Here's a man we're sure has learned the evils of falling asleep on the job. Keirnan Connolly, 25, seized a 33-year-old woman in the street and forced her to take him to her flat where he proceeded to assault her. Unfortunately for him the excitement of it all must have been too much because he dozed off, giving his victim ample time to run out into the street and seek the help of the boys in blue. He received seven years for his trouble.

SPORT

A top English batsman forecasts a new era in Aussie cricketing professionalism.

As their tour of England approaches the half-way mark, the Australian cricket team will be wondering when next they can expect a month off. Their feet will be sore, their hands as hard as a washerwoman's, their minds as confused as a hibernating hedgehog in a warm winter. It is Tuesday, we must be in Carlisle. My room number is 673 — or was that Watford? Hard to tell, the rooms are the same, even the tea-bags.

Until recently Australian cricketers played occasional matches, for their country or their state, before returning to their tolerant employers. They'd follow their careers till the fateful year of 30 was reached (I speak as a 29-year-old), whereupon they'd retire to concentrate upon business or whatever other enterprise had arisen in the last few years.

You didn't play for money — there wasn't much of that about. No, your job paid your mortgage — cricket was a sideline, a route to a business career.

Now it is its own business career. A cricketer is like a factory worker, a farmer or a teacher: up every morning, off to work, do your stuff then back for a good night's sleep to be fresh for the next day. Australian cricketers are no longer like Bob Cowper or Paul Sheehan, men on the way to something else. They are not amateurs, they are professionals. It is their life, their routine.

Certainly Craig McDermott and Allan Border do not regard cricket as a part-time activity. I doubt if Mr McDermott knows what hit him. A year ago he was a strapping youngster lately at school, a raw tearaway determined to copy Dennis Lillee in his training and approach. He dreamed of representing his country in Test cricket, of running in to shatter the stumps of the West Indies No 3 in front of a huge crowd.

Startlingly he managed all that in December and, at once, his manner of living changed. He's hardly had time to go home since. In 2½ months he played in two Test matches and about 15 one-day internationals, as well as representing Queensland in the Sheffield Shield. From being a ripper of a bowler, bursting with energy, he became a prosaic professional, rushing from pillar to post, marking out his run, trying to bowl yorkers to batsmen intent on plunder.

He can scarcely have expected to play so much cricket in so short a time, let alone to bowl in vital matches in a defensive style foreign to his upbringing. By February he was tiring and by March he was injured, exhausted and unable to play either in the Shield final or on the short goodwill trip to Sharjah, in the United Arab Emirates. Apparently neither his body nor his brain were used to this sudden load.

Allan Border, of course, has been at it for years. He's the most experienced one-day cricketer in the world, having played in 110 of these "pyjama" games. Moreover, his autumns seem to be spent in the Caribbean, his winters in England, his springs somewhere in the Orient and his summers in Australian hotels and airports.

Border symbolises the new Aussie international cricketer — a fellow who lives from a suitcase, and who apparently plays cricket every day for up to 11 months a year. It's a curious, brittle life and one which the English professional is far more used to than his Australian equivalent.

In England, the season lasts nearly five months, and in that time we play 25 one-day and 27 three-day matches. In about 150 days a county team will take the field around 110 times and if they are an ambitious team they will try to be on their toes on every occasion. Last year I battled 65 times for my county in competitive cricket (our free days were filled with travel, or charity and friendly games). It is a rigorous system, and one to which this touring team will need to adapt both on tour and, these days, at home.

Oddly, very few Australians have joined counties even for a year. Probably they are reluctant to be committed to this regime. Whereas there are, at present, 12 West Indians, seven South Africans, four New Zealanders, an Indian and a Pakistani signed to represent county teams, there is not a single Australian. In the past 10 years a few have flirted with English cricket — Malone, Thompson and Alderman — but none of these have endured it for long. I don't think Australians like the English pattern which is gradually surrounding them. They suspect they are being saturated by cricket. It is not the way they are raised to play the game.

Most young Australians learn their cricket in grade clubs, playing in matches which last two Saturdays. A batsman may have only one innings a month, what with rain and losing the toss. In a season he may take guard about 15 times; every time he bats it is as if there is no tomorrow.

In England we are envious of the vitality this approach lends to your cricket: we suspect it gives to Australian batsmen a vigor and tenacity denied to our youngsters. We believe that if our system was less tiring our bowlers would be fresher, our batsmen would take more pride in their wickets and our cricket would be more aggressive. In short, whereas our daily dose of cricket forces players to develop a reliable pattern and safe parameters — it teaches you to obey the percentages — in Australia cricketers are encouraged to stretch themselves to the very limits of their potential. Grade and Sheffield Shield breed hard, ruthless youngsters, whilst county cricket requires more perseverance.

It is a pity the Australian pattern is changing, but it's unavoidable and the players will simply have to get used to it. They aren't independent men any more, they are performing fleas flying from luxury hotel to enormous stadiums to represent their country in some televised match, for which honor they are richly rewarded.

There is more at stake now for the players: if you are a professional, cricket is your only source of income. You rely on your ability to score runs or to take wickets regularly. You have no choice in this matter. You can't ring up the chairman of the selectors and say you can play from December but can't manage those early games because term isn't over.

For better or worse, Australian cricketers have lost the freedom of spirit which came with occasional games and low wages. They are paid lackeys, whether they like it or not, and they'd better get their heads down and get used to it.

This Australian team, as it hurtles around England and as it flies around Australia next November, will need to adopt a measure of English stoicism without losing that fire with which Australian cricket has long been blessed. Whether you bat 15 times or 65 times a season every innings counts. There is no other way to play the game.

— PETER ROEBUCK

SHARE THE SECRET

What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste? Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.

GUINNESS

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BOOZE

Mulled wine, hot rum punch and a host of bracing beverages to ward off mid-winter blues.

In the land of eternal summer and ice-cold tinnies, hot booze (outside of the all-pervading liquid pudding known as Irish coffee) has never been either fashionable or up-market trendy.

Perhaps this has got quite a lot to do with the old public-bar fighting drink of the '50s, invariably known as Dad & Mum, which consisted of a spoonful of black meat paste, an even blacker portion of Australian rum and boiling water.

Described in its essence, so to speak, it sounds fairly revolting. But actually it wasn't half bad, and one suspects that the only reason it virtually disappeared as a winter drink was that the bloody customers stole all the Bonox mugs.

It's also probably got quite a lot to do with the fact that no one travels much by bullock dray these days and that pubs and taverns are invariably centrally heated.

People feel that they need ice in their mixed drinks to get rid of all that processed hot air.

In many respects, in today's almost Astrodome urban society, hot booze for autumn and winter seems to be an anachronism. And in some cases almost a social insult.

(God almighty, Trish, they gave us a glass each of hot rum and water as soon as we got inside the front door. How do the wretched swine know that we can't afford central heating for the car?)

Some of the 19th-century warmers were fairly basic. Pokered ale was exactly that. One filled an old-fashioned pewter quart pot with beer and stuck a red-hot poker in it. Gin and brandy came with a plate of lump sugar, a dish of quartered lemons and a jug of boiling water. The customer made his own mix.

Although even *I* must admit that gin and hot water is a taste that one has to fight to acquire, the brandy-sugar-lemon and hot water mix can be very good. When served in this manner the brandy was invariably offered up in a stemmed glass to save boiling one's hands.

These glasses, usually called "rummers", had a thicker base stem than an ordinary wine glass and, because they were pubware, were very robust in general construction. Alas, they now sell at highly inflated prices in antique boutiques so for us ordinary mortals a supermarket stemmed wine glass will have to take their place or one of those trendy pottery mugs, if you must.

Which brings me to hot wine.

Mulled wine (that is, heated, sweetened and spiced) is perhaps the nicest of all cool weather grogs.

It is damned good for a cool-weather barbecue, and it is even better as an evening conversational drink around an open fire or a pot-bellied stove.

Mulled wine became quite fashionable a few years ago in certain Australian circles and this did not go unnoticed by people who like to make a profit out of almost anything. Spice sachets for mulled wine suddenly abounded.

You can buy these if you really feel that you must, but all the ingredients are easily obtainable and they are relatively inexpensive.

For a basic tub of mulled wine you will need a large saucepan, a flagon of red wine, a couple of sticks of cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg, a couple of blades of mace (ground mace will do), some raw sugar, and peelings of lemon and orange rind.

I've been deliberately inexact here about the amount of sugar, mainly because some people like quite a lot and others very little.

I've found that a good rule-of-thumb line of judgement is about four tablespoons for a flagon.

The amount of lemon and orange rind is also inexact for the same reason, but for convenience sake let's say that of half a lemon and a full orange.

All the ingredients should be placed in a pan and heated *gently*, with an occasional stir.

The mixture must on no account boil. If this happens the wine is ruined (and believe me, you *can* ruin flagon red).

Although mulled wine can be served in any sort of container it seems to be at its most cheerful in pottery mugs.

Some very nasty people who want to get their guests very drunk very quickly indeed add a dash of brandy to each mug on serving.

Depending on how much you hate your guests, this might be quite a good idea. But if you intend to act as a bouncer as well as a host, you'd better leave the spirit out of your own portion.

Still on the subject of wine, a great and old-fashioned after-dinner drink is a bowl of hot wine punch. As distinct from the mulled wine (where the host bangs around an electric stove in the kitchen) this can be made at the after-dinner table with much ceremony.

So take a large earthenware bowl, a kettle of boiling water, a tolerable bottle of red wine, another of brandy, some lump sugar and a couple of oranges and lemons sliced up.

Place a handful of lump sugar in the bottom of the bowl, pour the brandy over it, follow with the wine and then the boiling water. Float the orange and lemon slices on top, and serve after a "steeping" of about five minutes.

People who want to kill themselves in the old English tradition combine a bottle of brandy with a bottle of port instead of the dry red wine. It is a highly interesting combination.

A hot rum punch, which is also assembled at the table, consists of equal parts of light and dark rum, some sugar, the juice of at least two lemons and oranges, and boiling water.

Basically it is Planter's Punch without the ice and soda water.

The strength of the rum can be further *broken* by the addition of unsweetened pineapple juice, although this is not to everyone's taste.

I would suggest here that if you are thinking about adding pineapple to the rum, lemon and orange mixture you make a single portion of it first and see how you feel about the combination.

With all of these punch combinations the thing to remember is to add the boiling water *last*.

In that way one gets a warm cup of soothing grog without running the risk of too much loss of alcohol.

After all, there's not much point in having hot alcohol if your spirit has evaporated.

You might as well put yourself to bed (alone) with a glass of hot lemon and honey and save the brandy/rum/wine for a heartstarter in the morning.

Mull it but don't boil it: that's the recipe.

— RICHARD BECKETT

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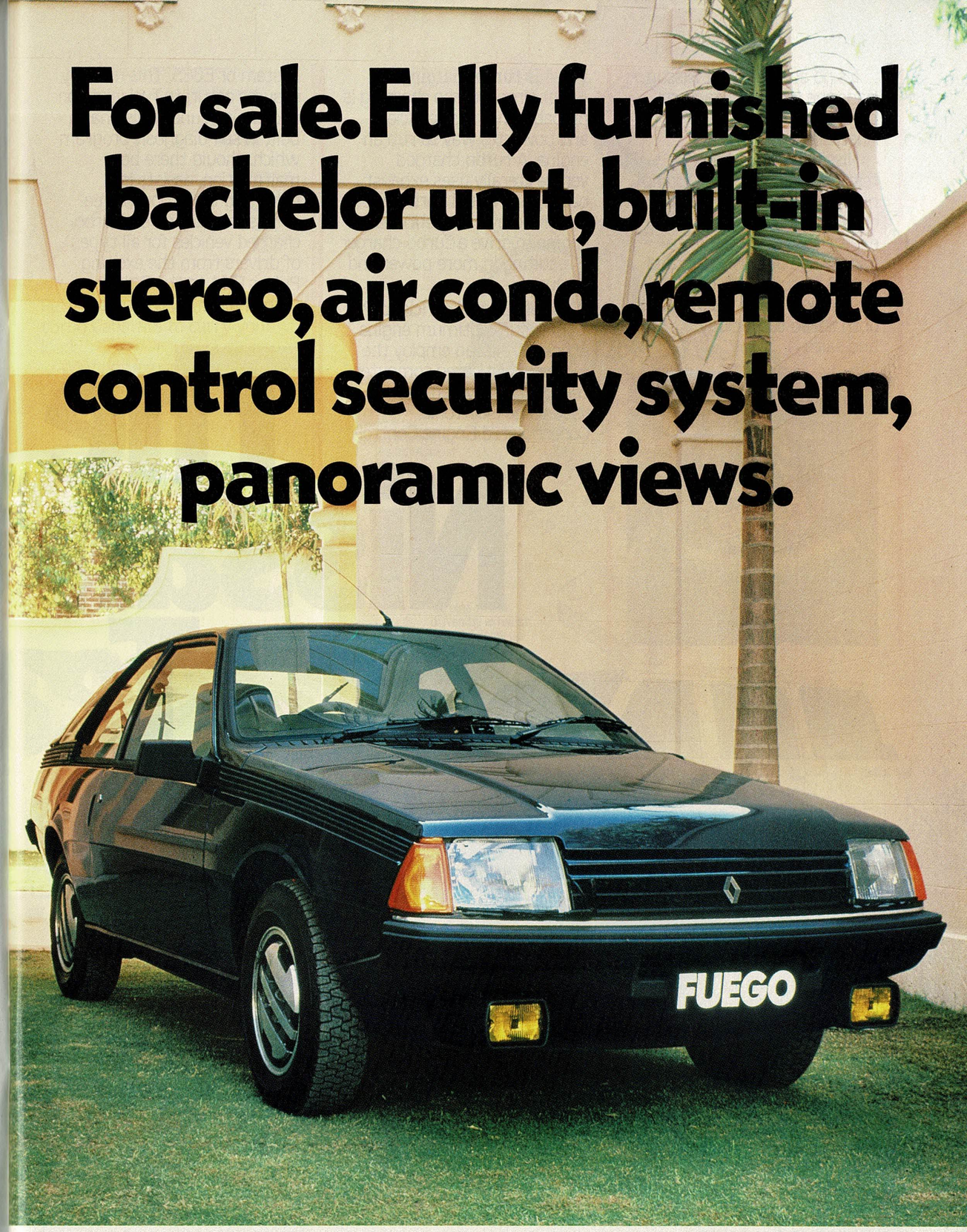

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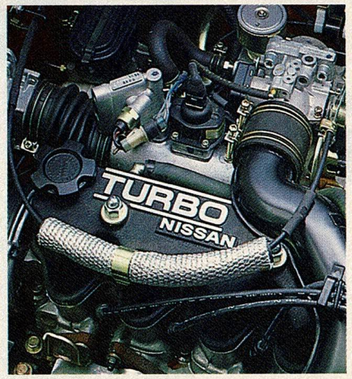


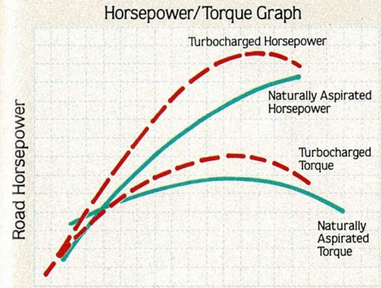
What is turbo charging?

Put simply turbo charging is probably the most efficient and powerful way to run an engine. A turbo-charged vehicle literally uses exhaust gases that would normally be discarded by a conventional engine to drive a turbo-charger – resulting in more power and torque.

What about fuel efficiency?

To ensure optimum engine efficiency Nissan employ the most sophisticated computer fuel injection system from Japan, the Electronic Concentrated Engine Control System or ECCS. This not only ensures accurate fuel injection and engine tune, it also has a built in self-diagnosis program which, should there be a malfunction, assists in detecting the problem area.

Nissan today offers turbo-charged vehicles for all types of drivers from the exciting Pulsar EXA to the 5-door turbo Pulsar ET, the turbo



Patrols for off-roading or the turbo Cabstars to carry your load.

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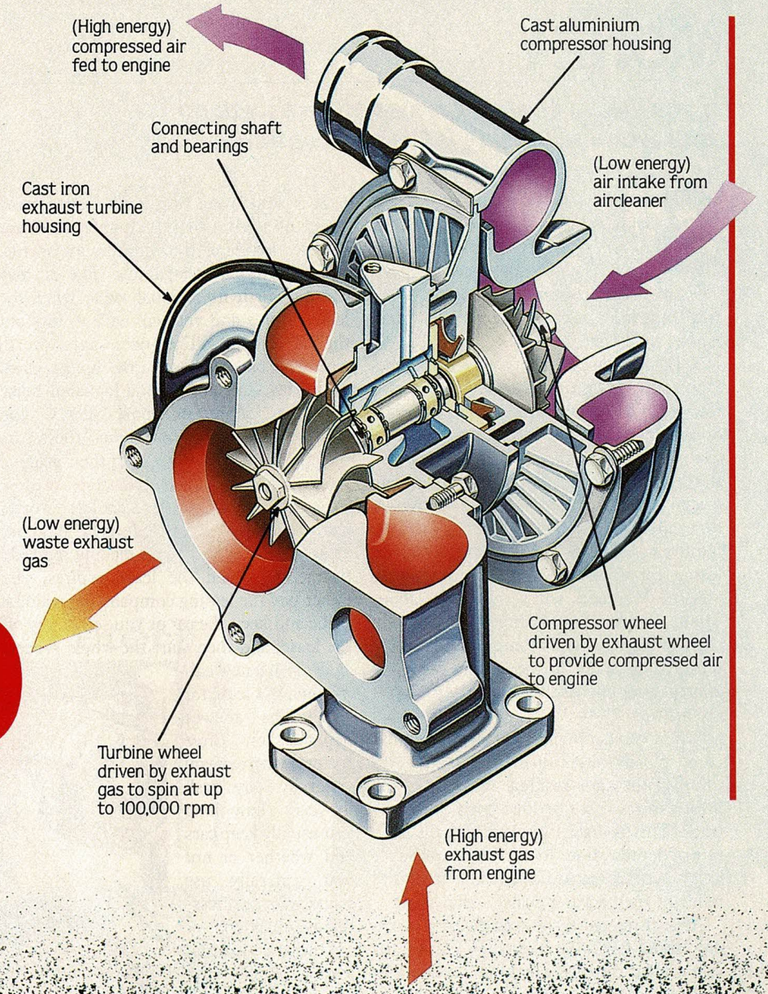
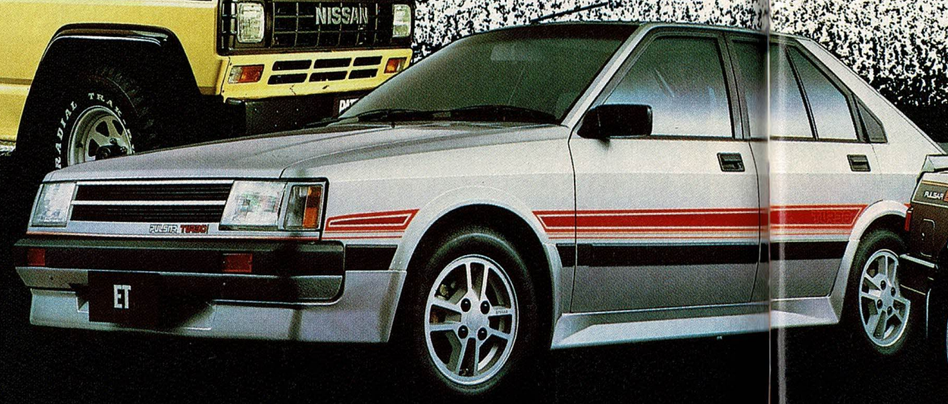

(High energy) compressed air fed to engine
Cast aluminium compressor housing
Connecting shaft and bearings
(Low energy) air intake from aircleaner
Cast iron exhaust turbine housing
(Low energy) waste exhaust gas
Compressor wheel driven by exhaust wheel to provide compressed air to engine
Turbine wheel driven by exhaust gas to spin at up to 100,000 rpm
(High energy) exhaust gas from engine

NISSAN PATROL TURBO



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MONEY

If you like to change cars as often as you do your women, leasing is the right option for you.

Should you buy your next car or lease it? For a surprisingly large number of drivers, the answer is lease. Car leasing, once the privilege of large companies and the very wealthy, has recently become popular among many average buyers.

A lease is basically nothing more than a long-term car rental (usually for three to four years). The amount you pay depends on the price of the car and interest rates. To give you a rough idea of what a lease costs, the monthly payments for a moderately priced car (an $11,000 Mitsubishi Sigma, for example) run about $260 per month for a four-year lease. A $25,000 Volvo can be leased for $550 or so per month and a $60,000 Mercedes will set you back about $1400. Payments on a three-year lease are slightly higher. Each month, you make the required payment to the leasing company and they let you use the car. Then there's the residual.

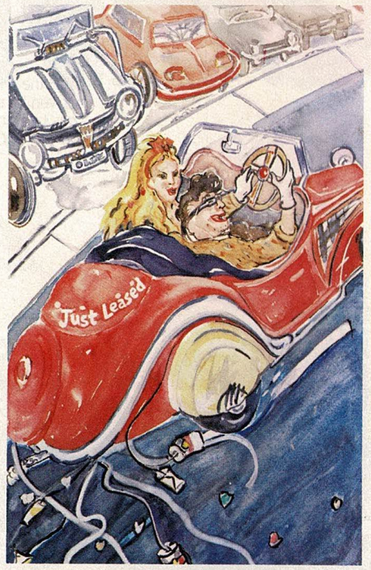
When you commence a lease, the leasing company (usually a finance company) will estimate the car's residual value when the lease expires three or four years down the track. This is done by calculating the car's rate of depreciation. As every new car buyer knows, cars begin to lose value from the moment they leave a dealer's showroom.

After three years, the average car is worth only about half what it cost new. After four years, most cars are worth only around 30 percent of their original purchase price. According to a typical leasing company, depreciation means that a $25,000 Volvo leased for three years will have a residual value of $12,500 when the lease expires. On a four-year lease, the same car has a residual value of $7500. The residual value is not just of academic interest. You actually owe the company the residual value at the end of the lease. That's right, after three years of making payments, you still owe them $12,500.

If you want to keep the car after the lease expires, you'll have to come up with the residual value. If you don't want to keep the car, you will still have to pay the company the residual value but you can do this fairly easily. All you have to do is sell the car. Assuming that you have cared for it, and the company has calculated depreciation properly, you should have little trouble selling the car for its residual value. In fact, if you are a particularly fastidious car owner, you may get more. If you do, you can keep the difference. If you haven't maintained the car, you may not be able to sell it for its residual value. Should this happen, you will have to make up the difference out of your own pocket.

It is sometimes possible to talk leasing companies into slightly higher residuals thereby lowering the monthly payments. But you are taking a gamble. The car may not be worth its residual value when the lease expires and you will have to fork out the difference. The only cars worth gambling on are those in the luxury class. Mercedes, Rolls, BMW and Jaguar all make cars that depreciate more slowly than average. Even after four years, these cars may be sold for 50 percent of their original purchase price.

So, now you know how a car lease works. You pick out a car, decide how long you want to keep it and begin making monthly payments. When the lease expires, you either pay the leasing company the residual value and keep the car or you sell it, pay off the lease, and then start the whole process again with a new car.



Now, is a lease for you? The answer depends on three factors: whether you generally pay cash for cars, how long you usually keep cars and whether or not you generally use your car for business-related purposes.

Over a normal leasing period, buying a car for cash costs more than leasing. When you count the interest you lose by taking your money out of the bank to buy a car, a cash purchase is dearer than a lease. But most people can't afford to buy a car for cash; they take out loans. If you usually borrow money to buy a car or pay cash, then leasing may be an attractive alternative. It depends on the second factor — how long you intend to hold on to the car.

If you routinely drive cars for five years or more, you are better off buying (even with borrowed funds). The reason, once again, is depreciation. The typical car depreciates at the rate of 22.5 percent yearly. This means that, after one year, a new $11,000 car is worth only $8525. After two years, the car's value will decrease to around $6600. This represents a $4400 depreciation loss.

Depreciation continues for the life of the car, but the losses keep getting smaller. Over its third and fourth years, an $11,000 car will lose $2600 in value and over the fifth and sixth years, depreciation losses will total only $1600. Since depreciation takes its biggest bite during the first few years, the only way to get full value out of a car is to keep it for a long time. If you like your cars new and trade them in every three years or so, you will be taking huge depreciation losses by buying them; leasing is a better deal.

Consider, for example, a $25,000 car leased for three years at $575 per month. After three years, you will have paid $20,700 ($575 x 36 months) in lease payments. You can then sell the car for its residual value and start again on a new car. Total cost for three years, $20,700.

If, instead of leasing, you bought the car, then you would first have to come up with a deposit. (Since a lease does not require that you save up a deposit, you can usually lease a better car than you can afford to buy.) Say you put down a deposit of $5000 and borrow the rest. At current rates, your payments would be $765 per month for three years or a total of $27,540. Also, since you withdrew $5000 from the bank for the deposit you will be out the $2020 in interest you would have earned if the money had remained in the bank for three years. The total outlay, then, is $34,560 ($5000 + $27,540 + $2020). But you can sell the car for its depreciated value of $12,500 leaving an all-up cost of $22,060.

The final factor to consider when leasing is whether the car will be used for business. Lease payments on cars used for business are tax deductible.

To sum up, if you keep cars only a few years, usually finance car purchases with loans and if you can deduct car expenses from your income tax, then leasing is certainly for you. Even if you cannot deduct car expenses, leasing will be better than buying if you turn over cars every few years. In either case, whether you lease or buy, shop around for finance. Even a small difference in the interest rate can make a large difference in the cost of a car.

— SETH GREGORY

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MEN

Be warned! When women get together, they spill the most intimate details about their men.

It's a safe bet you've often wondered what women *really* think of men. What, you've pondered, do women say when the subject of conversation is fellas? Does the opposite sex discuss us in the same way we talk about them?

Men, cast in their traditional role as the more assertive half of the equation, have been discussing women ever since the first all-male hunting party had to return home empty-handed to explain to their women just how the mammoth managed to get away.

But what have women been saying about us?

When the local push considered themselves bright young men, we used to club together each Friday night in a notorious singles bar. Whenever you adjourned to the gents to tap a kidney, the subject of discussion among the other young blokes splashing the porcelain was invariably which girls they fancied leaving with that night.

We were chuckling over this ritual when one of the boys said, "I wonder if the same discussions are taking place in the women's."

Well, I know a few fellas who've been in a ladies' loo. One was arrested, one did it in drag as a student prank and the other caused such a commotion he couldn't hear what anyone was saying over the screaming of those caught with knickers at half hoist.

Undeterred, we decided to pursue our own research and nominated one of our number to eavesdrop on the ladies' loo. So, when a band break reduced the noise level to an eavesdroppable pitch, he wandered around to the rear of the pub, rolled an empty keg up against the wall and hoisted himself up close to an air vent from where he could hear the chatter.

Surprise, surprise, surprise. The general topic was the feminine parallel of what was happening in the fellas' loo.

"Hey, Sharon, get your eyes off that guy in the check shirt! He's already offered me a lift home."

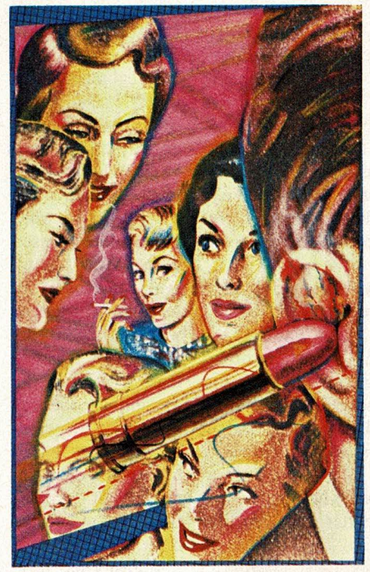
"Do you think his mate will ask me for a dance?"

Get the picture? Not as sexually explicit as the boys' conversations, but the thrust was exactly the same. We wandered home that night feeling we'd learned a little more about women, which was significant because what we'd known previously wouldn't have filled the back of a beer coaster.

Australian PLAYBOY readers I've spoken to have often said their girlfriends read the magazine for an insight into how men think. Switch it around and you might assume women's magazines could tell us something we didn't already know about the logic of the opposite sex. Sorry, it simply doesn't work, although we'd all like to believe there is something more to life than Princess Di's autumn wardrobe.

For further research on the subject of what women really think about men, give your local library a miss. It doesn't stock current titles on the subject and the lady with the tweed skirt, prim glasses and LIBRARIAN sign on her desk won't be that helpful. Especially not during working hours. Believe me, I've tried. No, the best source is your own experience.

There's a girl, let's call her Sophie, who worked the night switchboard for a security firm. Sophie was a painfully beautiful woman who earned a reputation for remaining supremely aloof in the face of numerous overtures from the guys. The more offers she rejected, the more her mystique rating grew.



One Monday evening when security traffic was at its quietest, Sophie phoned her girlfriend to discuss the weekend's leisure activities. This should have been a completely confidential conversation but the day-shift operator had neglected to tell Sophie about the faulty switch on the firm's inter-office public address paging system. In the most exquisite and explicit detail imaginable, she divulged to her friend and the entire night staff her sexual predilections and how she screwed herself to a frazzle during what must have been one wild weekend. Tragically, before anyone could convert the knowledge into a date, a red-faced switch operator had tendered a hasty resignation.

Yes, fellas, it's true and Sophie's case proves it! There *are* women out there who are as hot, crazy and as preoccupied about sex as you and me, and when they talk to their girlfriends about us, their language can match ours any day.

Male vanity and naivety, being what they are, permit us to believe women discuss us in nothing but glowing terms.

"Mum always thought I was fantastic," we reason. "It follows that all women think that way."

How pathetically wrong we are and how much trouble is in store if we continue to think that way. Sure, most women love men but there are things we do that shit them to tears. Hey, now don't go away because this is something men need to hear. Hasn't it occurred to you that women hate it when we leave shaving bristles in their wash basins? They can't tolerate it when we take them to an expensive restaurant and then flirt with the waitress. It really peeves them that we exaggerate our incomes and then after the third or fourth date start playing the tightwad. They get pissed off at our untidiness, addiction to TV sports and how we never notice what they're wearing.

In the name of research we sent a spy, an old girlfriend in fact, into the dens of women to record just what they're really saying about us.

"With a few drinks in them my girlfriends are prone to pass the most intimately revealing comments about the men in their lives," she reported.

Like what?

"Like who's hot or not in the cot, is he better hung than the last bloke and how romantic he is."

"What on earth has romance got to do with it?"

"Get this. Most girls agree that's where male thinking runs up the wrong track. Men view romance and lust as unrelated items whereas women find romance the greatest aphrodisiac of them all. That need to mix their lust with a little love has prevented many women matching it with men out there on the sexual prowl."

Mata Hari added that a few of her mates had admitted envying the male knack for pushing emotion and lust to separate corners of the mind.

Well, we've known that all along. It's just that blokes have a tough time combining romance and lust when all they really want is a one-night stand. Could just be this is one blurred area where a few tried and true white lies will continue to play an important part. After all, love is in the eye of the beholder.

— A.D. AIRD

WOMEN

When it comes to the crunch, a woman admires a man as much for his muscles as for his mind.

When a woman is swept away on a tide of romance, she will choose to ignore that the object of her desire wears bull-ant patterned boxer shorts, has feet like a Fijian firewalker and smells like a fox in the mornings.

A man, too, is sometimes so smitten by love and passion that he'll refuse to notice that his loved one forgets to dye her black roots, has shoulders like a sumo wrestler and, after a workout at the gym, is as high as a decomposing mackerel.

The old adage about beauty being in the eye of the beholder still applies. And I reckon that's just as well, otherwise most of us would have to give up right now.

But what's equally as applicable is that in the 1980s, perhaps more so than in any other decade, people are relentlessly preoccupied with the pursuit of fitness, health and good looks.

Male and female appearances have never been more important. I figure it's time to try and reconcile this preoccupation with the contemporary obsession with sexism.

The feminists, bless their cotton overalls, have been teaching us that it's sexist to admire breasts or bulging muscles. We're not supposed to gawk at legs or thighs. We're supposed, you see, to admire people's *minds*.

Okay, then tell me why the land is full of sweaty bodies pumping iron at gyms and health clubs. Explain to me why half the female population is doing aerobics, plastering on oatmeal facemasks and tucking into alfalfa salads. For what? So we can slap men with our briefcases when they compliment us on our shapely tits or curvy hips?

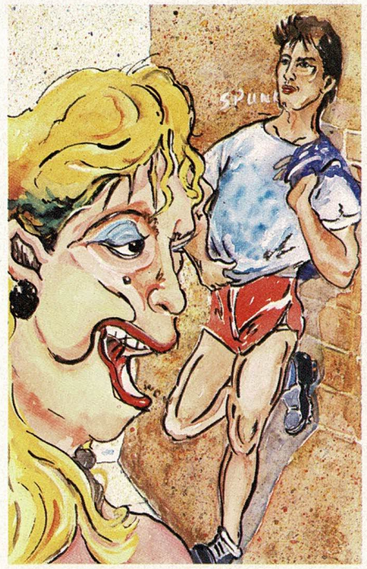
I can tell you now there's not a mind alive that ever got to look better at an aerobics class.

The feminists tell me it's sexist to drool over a photo of Al Pacino or Tom Selleck. I don't dare reveal that the only reason I go to the footy is to check out all those butch biceps and tree-trunk thighs.

They have given up on you lot, of course. Anyone who admits to a good old ogle at Miss June or Miss July is a deviant beyond redemption.

What worries me is that fear of being labelled a sexist may mean that we will end up being afraid to appreciate physical beauty. We'll become so entrenched with the anti-sexist psyche that we'll only admit to admiring people's brains, creative abilities and foreign coin collections. And that means we'll all turn into grade one slobs.

The dictionary definition of *sexism* is: "Discrimination against women, as in restricted career choices, job opportunities, etc."



Enlightened attitudes, legislation and the setting-up of anti-discrimination bodies have done much to restrict this practice. The word "sexism" is still used very loosely, however, to cover all behavior associated with pulchritude. Huh? Yes, I had to look it up in the dictionary, too. It means "physical beauty" so let's invent our own ism and look at the practice of pulchritudism.

It really has little to do with sexism and it's practised equally as vigorously by both men and women. You're a pulchritudist if you admit to being turned on by Raquel Welch, Bo Derek or Jacqueline Bisset. You're not one if you go weak at the knees thinking about Margaret Thatcher, Lily Tomlin or Joan Sutherland. If you admire well-shaped breasts, glowing skin and pert bums, then you're definitely practising our new ism.

And all of that is good, healthy stuff. It doesn't mean that you won't fall in love with Karen of the black roots and hefty shoulders, or that I won't be smitten by Trevor of the suspect underwear and large feet.

Pulchritudists can be down-to-earth folk. We've heard that beauty is only skin deep and we know that in the long run we'd rather spend our lives with a pimply soulmate with crooked teeth than a glossy, perfectly proportioned partner who shares none of our interests and desires.

Meanwhile, though, our ism is rife. I talked to a couple of girlfriends to confirm I was on the right track.

I asked them individually what they *admired* about men. Here's a sample of a group conversation:

"Tell me, Julia, what you really *do* like about males. Y'know, what you actually admire."

"Men? Oh, I don't know. Bums, I guess. A really nice, neat bum. And shoulders. I like to have a great big hunk of shoulder to lean against."

"How about their minds?"

"Huh? Well, yes, I wouldn't want anyone who was stupid."

"Okay, Diane, what do *you* admire about men?"

"Thighs. Big, meaty thighs. Hey, did you see that photo in Saturday's newspaper of the local footy team in training for. . ."

"Thanks, Diane, I get your drift. What do you think, Sharon?"

"Eyes are important. So are hands. I'm not so fussy about thighs but I hate big feet."

"How about you, Jennifer?"

"Smell is a big thing with me. I love a really masculine odor. I hate it when they splash on a lot of after-shave lotion. Someone should produce a men's cologne with a locker-room smell.

"Now *that* would be a turn-on. . ."

"What's your opinion, Amy?"

"Chests. Hairy ones, of course."

"Don't you all think you're being a bit sexist?"

"WHAT?"

I think it's fair to say that female pulchritudists seek in men the equivalent of what male pulchritudists look for in women. And 1985 should be the year we come out of the closet and admit that we *enjoy* indulging in the pursuit.

See you at the footy!

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

ARE YOU A PULCHRITUDIST?

You are one of the above if you:

1. Have ever fantasised about Bo Derek or any Playmate of the Month.

2. Have never wanted to share a passionate moment with Margaret Whitlam.

3. Have never fallen asleep on a topless bathing beach.

4. Have joined a gym just to check out the female members.

5. Have been known to follow a great arse for more than a kilometre out of your way.

ClemSyd SYWM 2219 AB3829/85

The one thing the French love more than tradition: breaking with it.

Today, in France, another revolution is taking place. Gone are the days when people can sit over lengthy, over-rich meals and then take the time to sleep it off.

The food is now lighter. The sauces less creamy and floury. And along with this nouvelle cuisine is a new approach to wine making.

A perfect example is Piat D'Or red. A light, exceptionally smooth red, that even chilled, is a joy to swallow. Look for Piat D'Or red and white. We've been looking after people who love wine since 1849. Piat D'Or Rouge and Blanc.

SHOWBIZ

Attenborough kicks up his heels, and screen biography of boxer Les Darcy promises to be a knockout.

ON THE CANVAS: Have the makers of the up-coming film about legendary Aussie boxer Les Darcy discovered the truth about the cream of our acting talent? They spent months on an unsuccessful nation-wide search to find an established actor with the right physical attributes to play the short and stocky athlete, who became one of the most talented boxers this country ever produced. In the end they had to settle for an unknown to play the part, though fortunately there are 52 other speaking parts for well-known actors.

Darcy made his mark between the ages of 17 and 21, but his reputation was smeared when he dodged enlistment in the 1914-18 war to go to the United States to try and win Australia's first world boxing title. He died tragically of pneumonia aged 21.

The movie, to be titled *Something Great*, is a first-time directorial effort for **Jonathan Hardy**, who earned an Oscar nomination for his script of *Breaker Morant*.

●

JOY, OH JOY: Face of a thousand ads **Joy** (Chokito) **Smithers** — she's managed to eat her way through a few dozen ice-cream commercials as well — makes it on to the big screen in her first leading role in *Emoh Ruo*, a new comedy about the great Australian dream. If the title doesn't grab you first off, try spelling it backwards. Get it? Phew!

Directed by **Denny** (*Goodbye Paradise*) **Lawrence**, *Emoh Ruo* co-stars a couple of other newcomers in **Martin Sacks** and **Philip Quast**. But this is essentially Joy's big break after appearances in *Stanley* and *Rebel*. And not just a pretty face, she's put together a debut solo album that should launch her musical career as well.

●

AUSSIE FILM DOLLARS RISE OS: Despite the critical acclaim accorded the new Australian cinema, and the glee with which Hollywood has bought up our most successful directors, the financial rewards have, to date, been slim. **Bruce Beresford**'s *Tender Mercies* garnered **Robert Duvall** a best actor Oscar, then vanished without trace, **Fred Schepisi**'s *Barbarosa* and *Iceman* fared little better, while **Gillian Armstrong**'s *Mrs Soffel* apparently made far less impression at the box-office than was at first expected, even though it boasted superstars **Mel Gibson** and **Diane Keaton**.

All this has suddenly changed with the enormous success of **Peter Weir**'s *Witness*, which knocked *Beverly Hills Cop* off the top of the US ratings and promises to be one of the top money-makers of 1985.

The man who gave us *Gallipoli* has done it again on an even grander scale, and it looks like he may have set a trend. Watch out now for Bruce Beresford's epic *The Story Of David*, starring **Richard Gere**.

●

STUDENT RIOTS; MAYBE THE AUDIENCE WILL TOO: *Niel Lynne,* one of the Australian contingent at the recent Cannes Film Festival, is director **David Baker's** first feature since the critical success and financial disaster of his hymn to Aussie rules, *The Great McArthy*. This time he started way ahead with **Sigrid** (*Man From Snowy River*) **Thornton** as his leading lady playing opposite unknown **Paul Williams** in the title role, and **Judy Morris** and stage actor **Brandon Burke** in supporting parts. The main action takes place during the student riots of the Vietnam moratorium era of the '60s, with Niel as a student activist, and his friend Eric (Brandon Burke) as a self-seeking, flamboyant artist. Sigrid Thornton is Eric's junkie girlfriend, the meat in the sandwich. The movie's strongest scenes occur when she and Eric brawl publicly and trade blows as he tries to get put in jail for the publicity.

The attempt to incorporate the aftermath of the Vietnam protest, with Niel going to war and Patricia (Judy Morris) going to jail for collaborating with the Vietcong, makes, however, for some serious structural flaws which will have the audience wondering when it's all going to end.

●

LEST WE FORGET: No one should be surprised that **Sir Richard Attenborough** landed the job of directing the film version of *A Chorus Line*, the Pulitzer Prize-winning musical with the longest run in Broadway history. Those with slightly longer memories will recall that Attenborough's reputation doesn't rest solely on his brace of Oscars for both producing and directing *Gandhi*; he had already earned enormous kudos for translating **Joan Littlewood**'s great World War I musical, *Oh What A Lovely War*, to the screen in 1968 as his directorial debut. He will be assisted on *A Chorus Line* by his Oscar-winning director of photography on *Gandhi*, **Ronnie Taylor**, and the cast of virtual unknowns will be headed by **Michael Douglas** as Zach the dance director, fresh from his lead role in *Romancing The Stone*.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: Word has it that **Chevy Chase** and **Dan Aykroyd** will team up to save the world from nuclear destruction in a spoof called *Spies Like Us*, to be directed by **John Landis**... **Glenn Close, Jeff Bridges** and **Peter Coyote** have been set to star in *Jagged Edge*, a courtroom suspense drama. Close will play a lawyer defending a newspaper publisher (Bridges) accused of murdering his wife. **Richard** (*Return Of The Jedi*) **Marquand** will direct from a script by **Joe** (*Flashdance*) **Eszterhas**... **Sally Field** will co-produce and star in *Murphy's Romance*, a love story about a single mother and her romance with a grey-haired store owner. **James Garner** will play the greying paramour and **Martin Ritt** will direct... **Steven Spielberg** will co-executive produce and **Barry** (*Diner*) **Levinson** will direct *Young Sherlock Holmes*, a romance-mystery in which the youthful English sleuth begins his lifelong friendship with Dr Watson, falls in love, and solves a mystery involving the supernatural. Busy lad!

In The Bride, Jennifer (Flashdance) Beals plays the beautiful creation of Dr Frankenstein as portrayed by The Police's Sting. Although Elsa Lanchester did something similar in 1935, Columbia insists this is not a Bride Of Frankenstein remake.

What wears skirts, gets a "10" for body shape, performs when the question's asked and teases the hell out of other BMW Owners?

This vehicle was a normal production BMW and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

Let's be brutally frank. Many BMW's look fairly conservative. But that doesn't apply once Bob Jane has waved his magic wand over them. T-Marts throughout Australia now stock world famous BBS alloy wheels, aerodynamic accessories and suspension kits for all BMW 3, 5, 7 and E30 series. The spoilers and skirts reduce lift-forces and air resistance, giving added safety and top speed while improving fuel economy. The wheels are high-strength alloy, each individually x-rayed before it leaves the West German factory. So now you can have a Bee-Em that looks as good as it goes. You little teaser!

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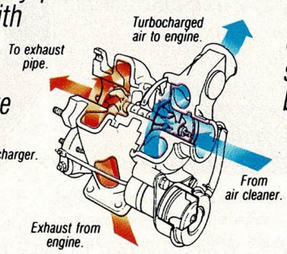

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A super lightweight turbine impeller that reduces turbo lag.

A whole new system of turboelectronics specially developed to boost overall turbo performance. Ultrasonic waves measure airflow intake digitally.

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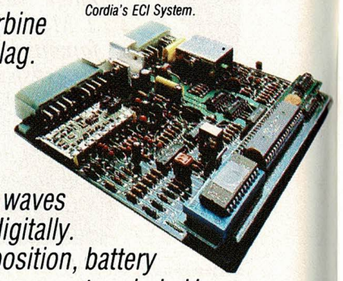

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SUPERBLY EQUIPPED

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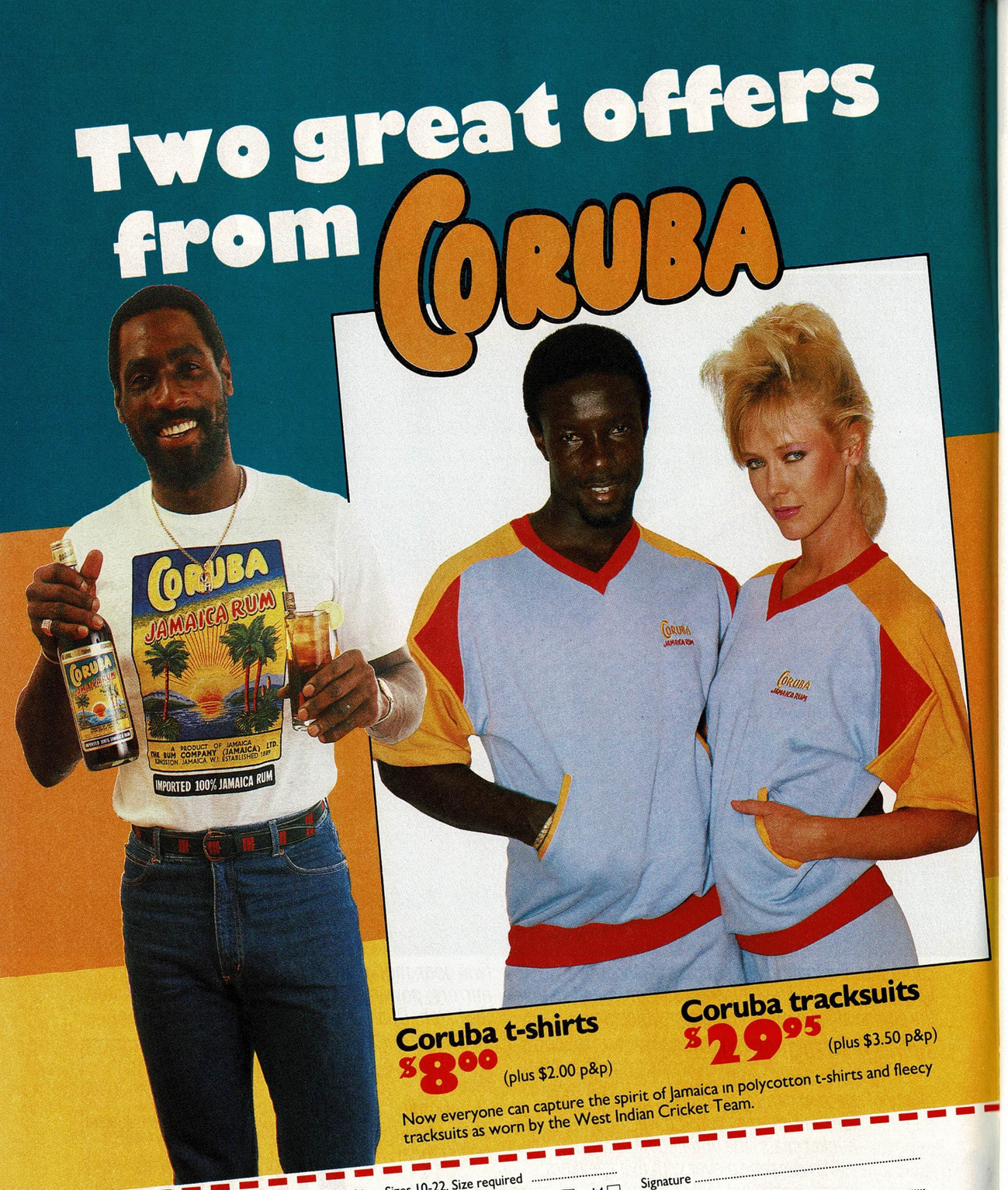

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN BUTTON

A candid conversation with the kingmaker of Australian politics about why we should mine uranium, the dole, and the loneliness of the long-distance politician.

John Button is the joker in the Labor pack. He isn't the only one. But he's the only one in Cabinet, and maybe in the ministry. Witty, irreverent, given to parodies of everyone from Humphrey Bogart to his mates in the government, he likes playing the fool to the heroes of our time.

As Minister for Commerce, Industry and Technology, and as leader of the government in the Senate, he is a more significant figure than his tiny, gnomic size suggests. He is the minister who faces one of the most formidable tasks in the Hawke government: restructuring Australian industry. In terms of economic power in Cabinet he is probably second only to Hawke and the Treasurer, Paul Keating.

Most people respond to him and like him. But it is significant that he is aligned to none of the major factions in the Labor Party but is instead an Independent, one of a small elite of Victorian politicians, lawyers, judges and other professionals who have had an impact on politics far beyond what one would expect from their limited numbers.

They tend to straddle the gap between Left and Right in the highly factionalised arena of Victorian politics. Recently they have been aligned with the new Centre Left faction in the federal Labor Party.

But Button's own stance would seem to be more conservative than that. Left? Centre Right would be more like it.

He has a reputation as a kingmaker, and certainly two years ago Button suddenly intervened with great decisiveness and effect in Australian politics. Over a fateful lunch in Brisbane on February 1, 1983, Button persuaded his old friend Bill Hayden to step down as leader of the Labor Party in favor of Bob Hawke. A few weeks later Hawke became Prime Minister.

Twelve months before, Button had been involved in an even more traumatic event: the death of his son, David, at the age of 19, from a heroin overdose.

For this interview ***Craig McGregor****, author of the Penguin book on the 1983 election, Time Of Testing, and several other books on Australia, went to see Button at his Melbourne office in 4 Treasury Place. It was a weekend. Button was wandering around the empty, echoing corridors in his shirt-sleeves, making toast and a cup of coffee. "I'm baching," he explained.*

Says McGregor: "Button was as lighthearted and forthright as ever. He is friendly, lively and quicksilver-fast. He doesn't stand on ceremony, swears, laughs and jokes about himself, tells anecdotes and, when at Parliament House, strides around with his tie undone and a quip at the ready for anyone.

"He takes his job seriously and works 70 hours a week at it. He prides himself on being an intellectual, yet his stances on nuclear issues, the dole, and drugs are contradictory. During the course of our conversations he talked about these, his work, Hawke, the Liberals, sex, his son's death, the loneliness of the long-distance politician, and John Button."

PLAYBOY: Are you enjoying politics right now?

BUTTON: I'm a bit moody at the moment and at times I feel like doing something else. When I get some intellectual goals, some targets I think I can achieve, I get excited by it. At other times, when you get snowed by the dross of it, you become sick of it.

PLAYBOY: Have you got some clear goals at the moment?

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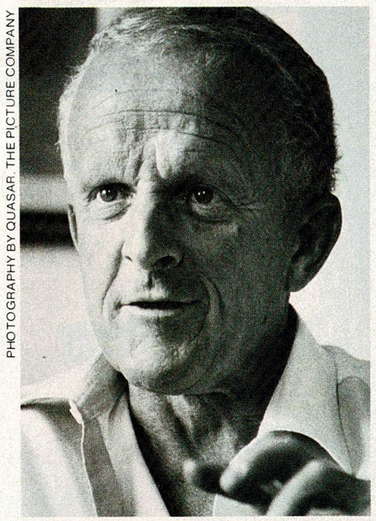
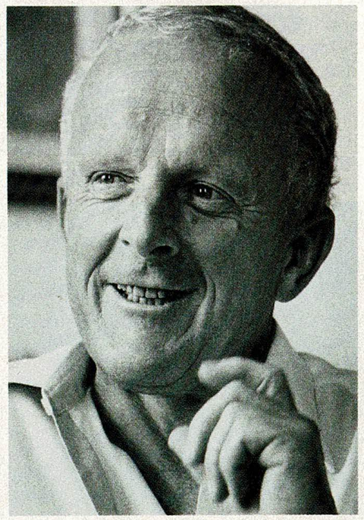
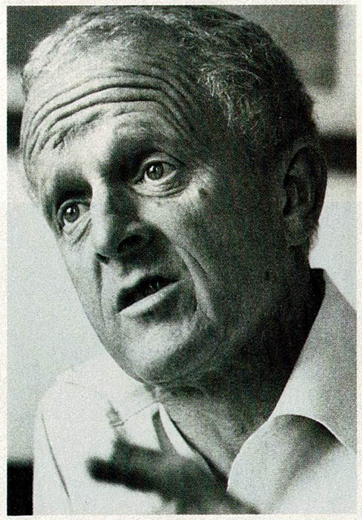


"When they (the Liberals) were in government, I think it was Howard who was more prepared to tackle the harder issues than Fraser or Peacock or anybody else."



"I felt if we didn't get into office the thing would fall apart. It was my belief there were forces in the Labor Party that wouldn't let Hayden win. They were supporting Hawke."



"Keating's a bright fellow. . . He's got a bit of flair. . . I would like to see someone broader, a more comprehensive figure intellectually, as a future leader."

Just the thing to take to the weekender.

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Fully imported Heineken.

BUTTON: Yeah, I have, I've got a few things I want to do in the next year or so.
PLAYBOY: What are they?
BUTTON: Well, I think we've been wasting a lot of government money on research and development in this country. In the early 1970s people saw the technological revolution coming and they set up all sorts of bodies to respond to that. We've been paying them a lot of money over the years and sadly the results are not very good. I think we can make government services a lot more effective, give the whole thing a shot in the arm.
PLAYBOY: Anything else?
BUTTON: The other thing that's important to me is youth unemployment. There's a whole range of things I believe we can do.
PLAYBOY: How can you do that when it's not in your ministry?
BUTTON: Well, I'm one of 15, I can put a view on it in Cabinet. And do some work on it. And make sure my view is right.
PLAYBOY: What are these views?
BUTTON: I'm very concerned about youth support schemes. There are a hundred and one different allowances payable to young people now. I don't think there should be more of them, I think there should be less. I think there should be a standard allowance payable to everyone at 17 or 18. It doesn't matter whether you're a student or on the dole or whatever, you should have the same rate, and you should have to do something for the payment you get. You should be engaged in study or training of some kind, or work.
PLAYBOY: What if you're out of work, like a lot of people are?
BUTTON: In my view, if they want the allowance, they should work for it.
PLAYBOY: But what if they can't get work?
BUTTON: Well, we have to make opportunities available for them in the TAFE (Technical and Further Education) system and so on.
PLAYBOY: There's no way in which TAFE and the education system could absorb the number of young people who are out of work.
BUTTON: Oh yes, there is. They're 25 percent of the unemployed in Australia. If you take the 17,18,19-year-old groups that's roughly 125,000 people. Getting them into education, or training, or some kind of community service is manageable.
PLAYBOY: What sort?
BUTTON: There are all sorts of things that should be done. I think we should shift a lot of health care out of institutions. There are minor health care tasks which people could do.
PLAYBOY: Would that mean getting rid of the dole?
BUTTON: No. You'd have to give people an option. But the dole would have to be pitched at a lower level than the allowance. I mean, I personally wouldn't mind if you did get rid of the dole.
PLAYBOY: And surely not leave people with no dole at all if they're out of work?
BUTTON: Well. . . [*pause*]
PLAYBOY: If things go on the way they are, Australia's going to have high unemployment for a long time, and because of restructuring of industry we're going to get even higher unemployment. Surely a government that's going to do that has a special responsibility to look after people who are thrown out of work?
BUTTON: First, I believe if we didn't restructure, unemployment would get worse and worse anyhow, because this country would keep going downhill. I don't think we have any real options. Any government that is worth two bob — and most of them in Australia haven't been — has to look 10 years ahead. You can't just say we're going to fix this problem *now*. This whole country has got to understand that, we've got to keep saying it.
PLAYBOY: Can you do more than *say* it, in your portfolio?
BUTTON: We can do a lot of things if we have the political will.

There are a hundred and one different allowances payable to young people now. . . You should have to do something for the payment you get.

PLAYBOY: Like what?
BUTTON: It's not just a matter of restructuring, it's a matter of technology. One of the best manufacturing plants in this country employed 10,000 people in 1975. They've restructured their plant, they have got technology as good as any in the world; they employ 1800 now, and they have four times the production they had in 1975. Now that's the pattern. We've got to deal with it.
PLAYBOY: Can a government do much about all this? Isn't Australian industry, and the economy, largely outside the control of even a Labor government?
BUTTON: We can do a lot. The Fraser government was confronted with a crisis in the steel industry. We put in place a plan for that industry: we give them some government money, the company modernises its whole operation, the unions accept the plan in terms of reaching productivity targets and in turn get an undertaking that there will be no more mass sackings. Everybody gets something out of that. And now we have a steel industry which is on its feet; they're lookin' good.
PLAYBOY: What's going to happen with the motor industry?
BUTTON: We've done the same sort of thing. The plan involves a reduction in government protection through to 1992, which puts a lot of pressure on the motor vehicle plants and their component manufacturers to improve their efficiency. We've told them there's a ridiculous situation now, with five manufacturers trying to make 13 different models. We've told them, you have to get yourselves together in some way so that by the end of the plan you're producing six cars instead of 13.
PLAYBOY: And some of those companies are going to go to the wall?
BUTTON: Well, no, that doesn't necessarily happen, but it is possible. I was confronted with it before last Christmas with Nissan talking about possibly withdrawing from the Australian market. We said to them, you don't have to go to the wall, you can do what people have done in other countries: you can jointly produce cars, merge your activities.
PLAYBOY: What's likely to be the case in 1992?
BUTTON: I think we'll have three consortia producing six makes. Two each. The rest of the cars will be imported. And both the locally produced cars and the imported will be cheaper.
PLAYBOY: So is this sort of restructuring your key task?
BUTTON: Absolutely. We've had a lot of luck, we're a quite happy, nice sort of people, but we really don't think very hard about issues. We've had this luck in terms of the sheep's back syndrome and the mineral boom: there's always an El Dorado up there, but it's always a phony. There can't be any more phonies, because it's not going to be like that any more.

This government had luck with the breaking of the drought, there's no doubt about that. But we can't rely on that sort of thing into the future. We've got to look ahead, because there is legitimate concern about where this country is going to be in a few years' time.
PLAYBOY: So are you going to stick around to be heavily involved in all this process?
BUTTON: [*laughing*] Well, you know, it's a vulnerable sort of existence. I don't want to be in politics for ever. The best thing is to be there for a while, do something, and then get out.
PLAYBOY: We see Joe Thompson, the secretary of the Vehicle Builders' Union, reckons you should be sacked.
BUTTON: Yes, yes.
PLAYBOY: What do you feel about that?
BUTTON: It's a plausible view. . .
PLAYBOY: Is there a fair bit of pressure from the unions against your staying in your position?
BUTTON: No, I don't think so. There has been at times, because people are resistant to change. The buzz words for no change have a very emotive power; *protection*, for instance. Protection means you are being protected. I don't believe that at all. That's a con word.

The greatest compliment I had about the car plan was from a very angry trade unionist

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who wanted certain things which weren't put in the car plan. I ran into him in Kings Hall in Parliament House the day after it was announced and he said: "You're a *bastard!* But I must say this: somebody in this country had to bite the bullet and you've done it!" It wasn't meant as a compliment, but it was. He understood.

PLAYBOY: You've got a reputation as a union-basher, haven't you?

BUTTON: No.

PLAYBOY: You've been pretty anti-union in your career.

BUTTON: Bullshit! Half my career was devoted to unions, before I came into parliament.

PLAYBOY: As a lawyer?

BUTTON: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Making money out of them!

BUTTON: Bullshit! I could have made a mint out of other activities; I chose that. I did that by conviction. Look, let's get it right. I regard the situation in this country as serious. We have to have change, we can't go on thinking the world is going to be the way it has been. In some ways the unions are very conservative in their thinking; they tend to say, "We've got these things, we've got to hang on to them." Now, I think we have to be much more flexible. My major concern is with the standard of living of the Australian people, which is declining, relatively. That's why the accord and the wage fixation system are so important, they maintain the standard of living in terms of *pay*. But there are all sorts of fringe things in this country which I don't believe we can afford any more. I don't think we can afford to be paid 17½ percent loading on annual leave and things like that.

PLAYBOY: What else?

BUTTON: There are quite a few things like that which vary from industry to industry. I believe these things are tradeable, in terms of employment and so on. But a lot of the unions say, "No, we've got that, we don't want to talk about that."

PLAYBOY: Weren't you saying that unions have to accept some of the changes that are coming up, and that would include a reduction in real wages?

BUTTON: No, I've never said that in the Australian context. I made the point that American workers had been forced into reduction in wages, but Swedish workers negotiated a six percent reduction in wages over three years in exchange for security of employment and such things.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you think should happen here?

BUTTON: On a case by case basis, that sort of thing might be desirable. . . if employment is the basic concern, which it is for me.

PLAYBOY: It's all very well to quote Scandinavian countries as an example, but you're talking about places which also provide people who get out of work with 90 percent of their normal wage for a long time. The Labor government in Australia doesn't do that.

BUTTON: We've only been here two years, but we've made a start.

PLAYBOY: Do you really think this government can make a major dent in unemployment, or do you think it's basically out of the control of any government?

BUTTON: You've got to sustain a growth rate of four or five percent in order to gradually reduce unemployment.

PLAYBOY: But that would still be just a dent in continuing, major unemployment?

BUTTON: Yeah. That's looking at it in terms of national growth. If you can get sectors of the economy growing faster than that you can make a bigger impact. The real increase in employment in this country is among virile, smallish businesses: fairly sophisticated, high-tech little companies. I gave the national Small Business Awards recently. Twelve companies won it. Between them they had a 72 percent growth in employment in the past two years.

PLAYBOY: Everyone's familiar with the role you played in persuading Hayden to step down for Hawke as Labor leader. Has Hayden forgiven you for that yet?

BUTTON: [*pause*] Oh, I dunno. Bill's a... you know what Bill's like. . . I think most of the time he has and sometimes he hasn't. I get on with him all right.

PLAYBOY: You're not back to your old friendship?

BUTTON: No. I've got a very high regard for him, and he may not have a high regard for me, in terms of what happened, but I think there's a mutual respect. It flares up on occasion. We were out to dinner one night together and when the bill came around, it was on the table, he said: "You pay tonight, I paid last time."

PLAYBOY: He was referring to that climactic lunch you had together, before he stepped down?

BUTTON: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Are you sorry now you did that?

BUTTON: No.

PLAYBOY: Any second thoughts at all?

BUTTON: Er. . . no. I saw the situation of the Labor Party at that time as pretty desperate. We'd been out of office for seven years. I felt if we didn't get into office the thing would fall apart. It was my belief there were forces in the Labor Party that wouldn't let Hayden win. They were supporting Hawke. And that included a very substantial number of key union people. I believe we had to win and, despite a few current difficulties, the Hawke government has been a good government. And Bill has played a very important role in it.

PLAYBOY: What about his assessment that a drover's dog could have got Labor in?

BUTTON: That was never mine. And it was never the Liberals'. That's why you had that dramatic set of events with Fraser going to Government House to try to get an election because he was afraid Hawke would become leader, whereas he felt he could beat Hayden. I'm not saying that was necessarily a correct assessment by Fraser, but he was no dill about those things.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, do you think Hayden couldn't have won?

BUTTON: Well, it is a possibility he could have won. But even if he'd won there were those tremendous tensions there in the Labor Party regarding the Hawke thing, and outside the Labor Party too. A few years later you tend to forget these things, but this country wanted the boy to be prime minister. It was everywhere, you know. You have no idea of the sort of mail I got at the time, from all over this country, saying, "It's people like you who are stopping this country getting the prime minister it wants."

PLAYBOY: Bob Hawke?

BUTTON: Yeah. Now, that's something this country has to grapple with, y'know what I mean? That's what was wanted.

PLAYBOY: Well, they got him. Now what do you think?

BUTTON: Well, I think we've got difficulties at the moment. I think he's been a good PM. I don't agree with him on every issue. He's still a great communicator. He's been an excellent chairman of Cabinet, which is a very important thing. He works much harder than I thought he would be able to. I don't think anybody in the parliamentary Labor Party — I may be wrong about this — would, if they were given a choice, change to anybody else now. Although some would be much more critical of Hawke and dislike him more than I do.

PLAYBOY: Has Hayden got any chance of ever leading the Labor Party again?

BUTTON: Yeah, politics is a strange thing.

PLAYBOY: You really think he has?

BUTTON: Well, I don't think at this stage of history he would want that.

PLAYBOY: Do his ambitions still run in that direction?

BUTTON: I'm not sure, you'd have to ask him that. Could be. I look around that Cabinet room and I can see four or five whose ambitions run in that direction.

PLAYBOY: Name them to me.

BUTTON: Keating. Perhaps Bill. And others who fancy themselves. I would guess Gareth Evans. Perhaps Susan Ryan. Beazley, possibly, though I've never discussed it with him. I mean, the attractive thing about Keating is that he's pretty open about it all.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Keating and his chances?

BUTTON: Keating is a very intelligent man. That's the first thing to be understood about him. Make no mistake about that, he's a bright fellow. And he's got some sort of quality, some sort of style about him, sort of like a bullfighter's style. He's got a bit of flair: he'll kick a head, but he does it with finesse. From my standpoint, I would like to see someone broader, a more comprehensive figure intellectually, as a future leader. But I must say he's developed a lot.

PLAYBOY: He's politically narrow?

BUTTON: Yes.

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PLAYBOY: Has John Dawkins got any chance of beating Keating in a tussle for the future leadership of the Labor Party?

BUTTON: That's a fair way down the line. Dawkins might be appealing to a wider section of the parliamentary Labor Party ideologically, because he appears to have a less narrow base, but I think he's got a way to go yet.

PLAYBOY: Will it come down to a choice between those two eventually?

BUTTON: You never know in politics: if you look at it now I would think so, but there may be somebody who shoots up the middle.

PLAYBOY: Back to Hawke and the current difficulties you mentioned. Exactly what difficulties?

BUTTON: We've had a series of economic difficulties which have flooded up. We've had a fantastic record in industrial relations, and then lately we've had a number of problems. There's the dollar. And the aftermath of the MX missile business, and the various tensions that revealed. I think we'll get out of those things. In the *Bulletin* poll earlier this year we were lower in popularity than the Liberals, but the Fraser government survived seven years with lower figures than Labor.

PLAYBOY: It's a bit of a surprise to find the charismatic Bob Hawke in that position, though.

BUTTON: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Hawke can climb back to his former popularity?

BUTTON: Not to 75 percent approval, no. But there may be a metamorphosis in Bob Hawke, you know. It might be wishful thinking, but it mightn't be a bad thing if he changes persona from the Messiah to the statesman.

PLAYBOY: Somebody said on the last election night you could see the charisma flaking off Hawke like paint off plaster. . .

BUTTON: Did somebody say that? What an awful thing to say!

PLAYBOY: Some people have argued that Hawke has fundamentally changed the nature of the Labor Party; do you agree with that?

BUTTON: In some ways that's true, but an individual can't do that on his own. I think he's a fairly conservative fellow, but he's much more internationally minded than the party is.

PLAYBOY: The argument is that Hawke is dragging the ALP so far to the right that it is going to lose a lot of its old radical base and policies and become just another businessman's centre party.

BUTTON: I find that shallow. This government is sometimes accused of being corporatist. In some ways it is. Not in the para-Fascist sense, but in the sense that societies like Sweden or West Germany or Norway have reached accommodations between conflicting forces in the society, basically labor and capital, in the interests of economic stability and growth.

PLAYBOY: And you approve of that?

BUTTON: I approve of that. In those countries it has worked. The debate then is whether it crushes or excludes the basket weavers, you know, the role of individuals in society, the arts, all those things.

PLAYBOY: They're not just basket weavers. What that corporate approach excludes, surely, is very large numbers of people, including a million unemployed, a lot of young people, Australians who want more change in this society because it's unfair, the underprivileged and dispossessed that the Labor Party has traditionally represented.

BUTTON: We've changed things for the better for those people.

PLAYBOY: You've just scorned them as basket weavers, which is Keating's phrase!

BUTTON: Was it Keating's phrase?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

BUTTON: We've been two years in government, and the most important thing in that time was to reverse the slide in employment and the economy, and we've done that. Those "exclusees" would have been a much bigger group if we hadn't been elected. You will not achieve results in Australia unless you realise this is a small country with a lot of conflicting forces in it. The basic warfare has to be reduced about a sense of common purpose.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe that?

BUTTON: I absolutely believe it. I mean, you look at this bloody place, you go back 20

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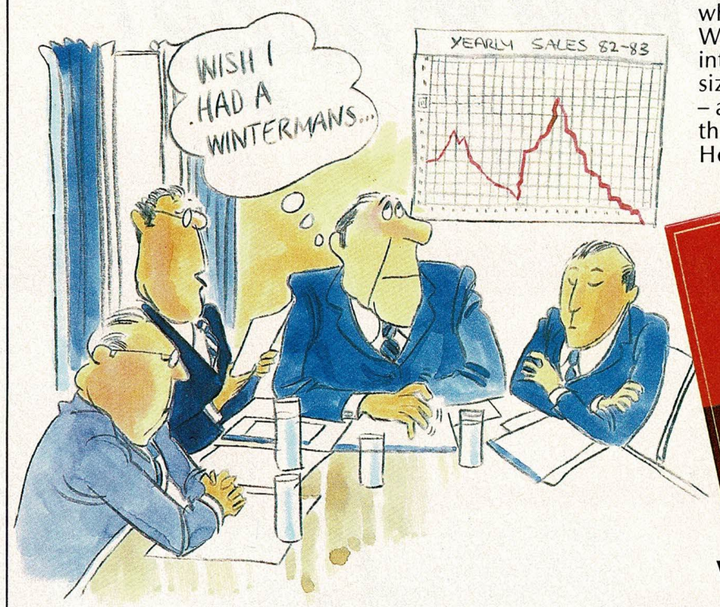

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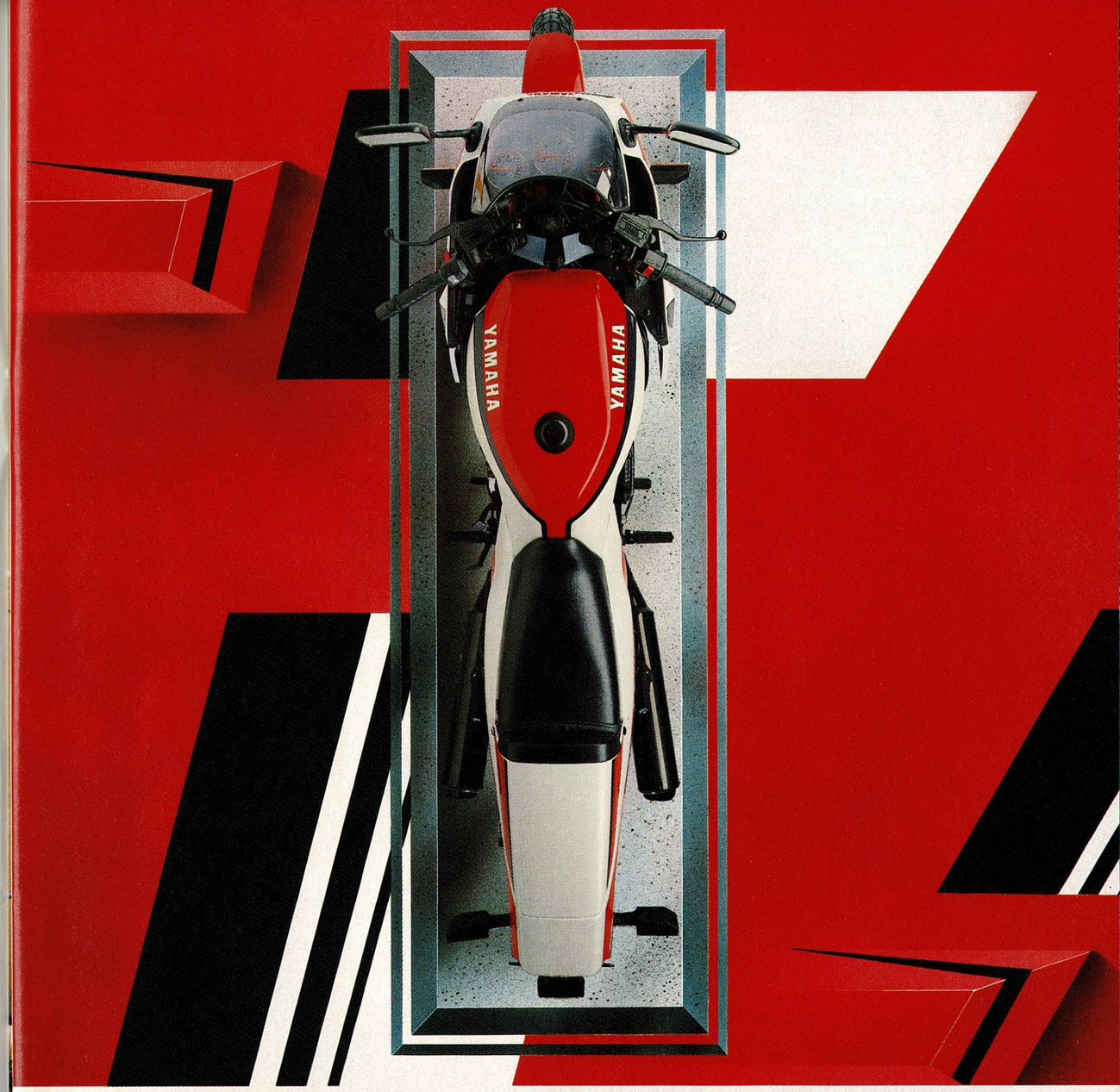

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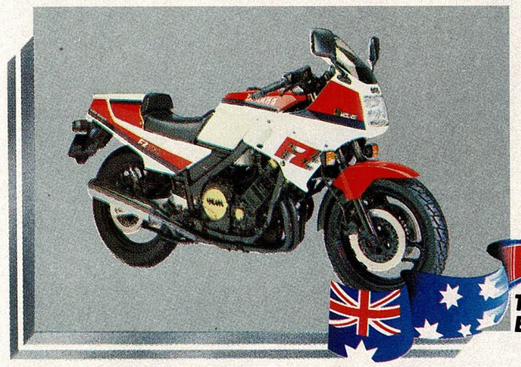

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WHAT'S ON THE BOX TONIGHT?

Ever wondered who decides what you watch on TV? The answers may surprise you.

Article by PAUL MANN

IT IS FRIDAY night around 8.30 and you've had a horrible day to cap off a miserable week. The boss says your job is in doubt, getting home from work was like battling upstream against a demonstration in support of the Ayatollah, the woman in your life says there's a bald spot on the top of your head and, just for good measure, you've got a haemorrhoid the size of a walnut coming on.

From where you sit the world does not look good. All you want to do is settle down, very gently, in your favorite chair with a stiff drink to wash away the taste of dinner which was cold because you were late. You do not want to talk to anybody, you do not

want to hear from anybody, you take the phone off the hook, pick up the remote control and thumb through the numbers on TV. All you want to do is lose yourself in two or three hours of top-quality escapism before limping off to bed to lick your wounds.

So, let's see, what have we got here? Well, on Channel 10 there's another Hollywood classic which is in black and white, has a scratchy soundtrack and stars all dead people. On Channel 9 there's something from America that resembles an animated David Jones catalogue except the hairstyles look like they can stop bullets. According to God, who apparently has been hired to do the booming voice-over, this is "a searing saga of forbidden love, naked lust, towering ambition and raw greed." Or is it a towering saga of searing ambition, raw love, naked lust and forbidden greed? And who gives a shit anyway?

Over to Channel 7 and... leprosy strikes Wandin Valley in a four-hour *Country Practice* special in which Grant Dodwell must learn to live without his dimples. Must be between the ratings so let's see what's on the ABC (which now stands for Another Bloody Cock-up) where they've never heard of ratings. Ah, a repeat documentary about choo-choos in New Zealand, no doubt brought back in response to overwhelming public demand. This is to be followed at 9.10 by a gardening special on what to do when you get aphids in your rhubarb.

So, what do you do? Well, you'd probably like to pick up the TV set, put it in a bathtub full of water, switch it on and watch that for a change. Instead you decide, like millions of other Australians before you, that the time has finally come to buy a VCR and you wonder if they can deliver tonight.

Which is why I have long wondered if the TV networks have conspired to fill the airwaves with such utter crap that every viewer in Australia will eventually buy a VCR and that will suit the networks fine because they have secretly bought up all the companies making and selling VCRs.

When I expounded this theory to the executives of several TV stations they all laughed merrily. They then went on to point out that Australia has the best television in the world. And what is more, they all appear to believe that most sincerely. Perhaps their enthusiasm has something to do with the fact they all get fat pay cheques from the TV networks, they get to work out of nice offices run by pert and efficient secretaries and they get to ride around in limos and helicopters without worrying about the fuel bills.

I have also believed for a long time that the reason we get a kind of televised tupperware in Australia is because TV programmers think that's what we want to watch. The reason they think that is because of the high ratings of tupperware shows such as *Dallas, Dynasty* and *Sons And Daughters*. It does not seem to have registered with most TV executives that the reason these shows get such high ratings is because often there is nothing else to watch and people who are desperate for armchair diversion have been conditioned to view almost anything, even high-gloss, low-brow rubbish like *Dynasty*. It is not ratings by excellence. It is ratings by default.

There are about 15,500,000 people living in Australia. Between 12 and 13 million of these people watch television. I cannot believe that all these people like watching *The A-Team.* That program is supposed to be a big hit but I cannot believe 13 million Australians enjoy watching the antics of an embarrassingly inarticulate, muscle-bound clown who wears a chandelier from Woolworths around his neck and shaves his head to resemble a toilet brush.

I suspect the reason Mr T. is watched by so many people is because the alternative is often so much worse... leprosy in Wandin Valley for instance.

I suspect the reason Mr T. is watched by so many people is because the alternative is so much worse... leprosy in Wandin Valley for instance.

But then I am what the network executives call an elitist. And as Max Bostock, executive director of Network 10, put it to me: "Who are you to set yourself up as a dictator who decides what everybody in Australia should or should not be watching?"

When I pointed out that network executives do exactly that, he replied: "That is precisely where you are wrong. Programming is one of the most difficult jobs in the network. A programmer is someone who puts himself in the seat of the viewer and uses all his understanding and judgement to make recommendations based on what he believes the viewer will want to watch. A programmer has to divorce himself from his own likes, dislikes and biases. He has to try and decide what will work without letting his own preferences interfere with his judgement. A programmer is one of the most skilled people in television because of his ability to do just that."

Sam Chisholm, managing director of Network Nine, further points out: "Any quality television, produced anywhere in the world, eventually finds its way on to Australian TV screens. We do not miss anything. If there is any quality program being produced anywhere that we aren't aware of, you tell me and I'll buy it. We produce a staggering amount of TV in Australia and it's the people who watch it who make the final choice. Ultimately the people decide what the people get."

Initially, however, what we watch on the box, and when we watch it, is almost entirely the decision of some 13 men, all based either in Sydney or Melbourne. Six are managing directors, the chief honchos of the Sydney and Melbourne commercial stations — Sam Chisholm of TCN-9, Ted Thomas of ATN-7, George Brown of TEN-10, Ian Gow of GTV-9, Bill McKenzie of ATV-10 and Ron Casey of HSV-7.

The others, even more important when it comes to what we see and when we see it on the small screen, are the Sydney and Melbourne commercial channels' program chiefs - Channel 10's Sydney man, Hugh McGowan, 10's Melbourne man, Tom Warne, Channel 9 Sydney's Ron Haynes, Channel 9 Melbourne's Ross Plapp and overall Nine Network program president Jim McKay, Channel 7 Sydney's Glen Kinging and Channel 7 Melbourne's Garry Fenton.

These are the men who decide that Mike Walsh at night-time is even more of a goer than Mike Walsh in daytime. The ones who give the go-ahead for $2.6 million-plus TV mini-series such as *Bodyline* or *The Dismissal*, and who give the thumbs-up or down to eager new producers with a soap opera, a quiz show, a documentary or a fresh concept to flog.

They are the men who fly to Los Angeles for the buying season and snap up such shows as *The A-Team*, *Hart To Hart* or *The Bill Cosby Show*, and they are the ones who out-bid each other for quality series from the UK such as *Lily*, along with the tired reruns of *Are You Being Served?* and other such Pommie series.

What these men decide is right for their network is put to air in Sydney and Melbourne and then picked up by the rest of the network, along with sales to the independents — the small town and city stations — and relays across the country.

The small independent stations don't have much money and can't dip too deep into their pockets for programs, so it's what the 13 men buy, or commission locally, that decides what will be seen. No small city or town TV station has the funds to lash out and commission and produce its own $3 million mini-series or to buy its very own US soap.

What we see on television is the result of the gut feeling, expertise, experience and "deals" carried out by the seven commercial networks' program chiefs, allied to the "final word" from the managing director bosses.

It's easy for any one of us to fall into the role of armchair critic and, because TV is a mass medium, it attracts plenty of such critics. No doubt every one of us has been

(continued on page 92)

Liberated Annette has achieved a successful career as a nude model and an actress in some of TV's best known commercials.

AD·LIBBER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BERTH SERNELIN

"I feel good about my body, and I think a beautiful body is great to look at. It's my way of showing my personality."

Recognise the face? Perhaps the body is too much of a distraction. Okay, try and ignore the body. Impossible? All right, we'll clue you in. Annette appears in several TV commercials — usually as one of those beautiful young faces and bodies you've seen advertising soft drinks or jeans. What makes Annette really special is that she has the confidence to do a nude pictorial without worrying whether it will harm her prospects in TV land.

Posing nude makes people remember you," she claims. "It may be just your body they remember first, but then comes the face and the name. I don't feel embarrassed about posing nude. You just have to check out all the posers on the beach to see how many people are really exhibitionists at heart. So why not be honest about it and have some fun at the same time?" Annette, we couldn't have put it better ourselves.

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

Aussie cyclist Phil Anderson may be unknown at home, but in Europe he's a sporting hero.

WHEN ALLAN BORDER goes for a training jog, it's likely the first muscles to get sore are in his hand, due to signing autographs for eager fans. When Pat Cash hits the nightspots, every girl in sight is up and dancing near him, trying to get noticed. And when Phil Anderson hops on his bike for a quick dash down the shops for a loaf of bread, the crowds steadfastly ignore him.

Phil Anderson? Come on, you must know him. The Aussie cyclist who's become one of the most popular sports stars in Europe. He may be unknown even in his home state, Victoria, but he's got fan clubs throughout France, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg. Men and boys rush to his side for autographs, and young girls scream to see him, just like Border and Cash. Crowds of thousands line the pavements and roadsides to watch him pass, and they bellow and roar their applause. A people's hero, that's Phil Anderson.

He's also quite handsomely off for a guy of 27. He's got a bright new house with all the works in Belgium, close to the European racing circuit, land in Australia, a gleaming Mercedes 500SEC in the garage. He's happily married to a pretty American woman named Anne whom he met when she was riding in a race in Colorado and he was in the US preparing for the 1978 Edmonton Commonwealth Games in Canada. Phil went on to win a gold medal in the 180km road race.

The two of them are now parents of a son, Loren, who was born in January this year. And by the time Phil retires, perhaps four or five years from now, they should be able to afford houses not only in both their home countries, but probably on a few other choice pieces of real estate. He's able to do all that because he's recognised as being among the best half-dozen professional cyclists in the world. The surprising part is that an Australian should end up with a career in a sport that rates only as a minor cult in his home country. He could have become any other kind of athlete, since he always had uncommon gifts of strength, co-ordination and will. He could have been a cricketer, or a tennis champ, but this Aussie kid, born in London in 1958 and brought up in Melbourne, is up there with the likes of Bernard Hinault, Laurent Fignon and Pascal Simon,

Profile by **TONY LOVE**

ILLUSTRATION BY KEITH McEWAN

men who mean bugger-all to your average ocker but who ride like gods through Europe.

Anderson's career began as a junior rider with the Hawthorn Amateur Cycling Club in 1974, and his aggressive style pushed him quickly up the ranks. He represented Victoria, then Australia, capping his amateur successes with his Olympic gold. The year after Edmonton, he packed his bags for Europe and began riding with the famous amateur Paris sporting club, ACBB, and after a good season scored a contract with the Peugeot cycling team in 1980.

The future was looking very promising at that time. In 1981 he managed to wear the race-leader's jersey, cycling's Golden Fleece, in his first Tour de France, the one European cycling event that most Australians have heard of. He held the jersey for only one day, but it was like winning a VFL grand final in your first match. In 1982 he held it for 10 days, and he's finished in the top 10 every year he's competed (1981-1984). He's now team leader with the Dutch-based Panasonic-Raleigh team, who last year notched up their third successive world team championship, and he finished third in the individual riders world championship. Not bad for an unknown.

Despite such a formidable record, to say that a man earns his living by riding a bicycle sounds soft to anybody who doesn't know better. And there's probably quite a few blokes watching their favorite footballers who wouldn't know better. No Bass Strait oil rigger or Sydney front-row forward endures more physical hardship than a professional cyclist.

Phil Anderson races on 150 days during a season that lasts around 250 days: a race every day and a half. A race is never less than 150 kilometres a day, and some of the classic one-day events cover 250 to 300 kilometres. The riders can be in the saddle for seven or eight hours straight, averaging around 40km/h. Up mountains, through towns, over cobbles, regardless of weather. They are sliding and skidding on frozen mud in Belgium in March, and dying of sunstroke and dehydration in southern France in July. A high-speed crash on a bicycle is one of the most painful and shocking accidents imaginable: at best, the riders lose inches of grazed flesh; at worst, in a tangle of broken bicycles they die.

Even the best riders are vulnerable to such vagaries of the flesh. The day before Anderson's first ever Tour de France, he was racing down a twisting mountain road on a training run in the hills around Nice when a bus appeared just as he was on the wrong side of the road making a turn. There was little choice except to ride into a wall, injuring his hand. The Australian remained unconcerned; he reckoned he was lucky the Tour de France lasted three weeks because it would give him time to heal.

The race covers 4000 kays across a different course each year in conditions ranging from dusty roads, cobblestones, farmyard tracks, through the wine-growing districts, and into the alpine country. It dominates the European sport calendar every June and July, and it's like a religion in France, where literally millions of people line the route, rain, hail, shine or snow.

In last season's Tour de France, Phil Anderson took another fall on a 20km descent into Grenoble that was more suited to abseiling than cycling. Five kilometres from that day's finish line, his front tyre blew out on a sharp curve at more than 80km/h. He gave his brakes the benefit of the doubt before going arse over the handlebars and into the surrounding forest.

What looked like a bruise on his chest from that tumble turned out to be a cracked sternum, and later, when he was climbing one near-vertical 12km pass with 23 switchbacks, he likened the pain to the feeling of having a nail hammered through his chest. In the end he was unable to breathe and forced off his bike twice, only to be cajoled back on to it by team-mates and mechanics. To drop out of the Tour de France is to admit defeat to all of Europe, and the race is already demoralising enough to have to go through any unnecessary humiliation.

Up the hills he was standing on the pedals and hauling on the handlebars like a weightlifter attempting a back-breaking press.

After five strenuous days in the Alps last year, the riders could have reasonably expected an easy day's racing to follow. Instead, there was a 320km stage. Nine and a half hours on the road. In sweltering heat. That's why the Tour de France is considered one of the most gruelling endurance events in the world of sport.

Riders tend to put on a brave face to allay the pain in their knotted leg muscles. When they get off their bikes they're often nonchalant about all the hard work involved, but nevertheless, the top riders are still deadly serious about their cycling. Sometimes, not surpisingly, Anderson doesn't feel too much affection for the sport that's been so good to him.

While refusing to put a figure on his earnings, he concedes that the top 10 riders in Europe earn at least $100,000 each. "I'm well paid for a cyclist, but very poorly paid for a top sportsman. First year rookie footballers in America earn more than I do. And as for tennis players... puph."

It's not just the money that's become his *bete noire*. Conditions can be atrocious. After one race in Spain, the Tour of Catalonia, a minor race worth $1000 for the winning team but considered important training for the major races later in the season, Phil gazed contemptuously around him at the scrummage of policemen, officials, riders and pig farmers and said, "It's unbelievable isn't it? It's like the Third World here."

After five days of solid competition through rain, mud and slime, he was then taken with his team-mates to a building in the town to shower and eat. The team manager had supposed that he was reserving rooms in a hotel, but the small establishment was merely a bar and restaurant. Phil and five other of the highest paid riders in Europe found themselves sharing a single cold shower in the men's toilet off the restaurant.

Macho author Ernest Hemingway might have enjoyed that scene, as he would have relished the race through the hills and plains of Catalonia, with the factory and office workers and schoolchildren grouped in hundreds to watch the racers pass by in a matter of seconds; and the mad frenzy of the advance police motorcycle riders and back-up cars dashing along narrow roads hooting and blaring and endangering the crowds. But Phil Anderson was not amused.

He'd also had to deal with the Spanish riders, who were furious at his relentless riding style. They threatened to crash the Panasonics, to stop them with a few hot-blooded punches, to hurl tucker at them. And they badgered Phil all the way, telling him the mountainous climbs would turn him to jelly. The native riders and the hills tried to wear him down: 50km/h on the flat dropped to 20-30km/h up the hills, but his strength pushed him to 80km/h through the bends on the vertiginous descents. Up the hills he was standing on the pedals and hauling on the handlebars like a weightlifter attempting a back-breaking press. Down the hills, Anderson's forte, he streamlined his body over the bicycle with his head almost on the handlebars and leaning the machine through the bends to impossible degrees of traction and purchase. He was like a downhill skier.

He not only won that Tour of Catalonia, it was an important watershed in his career. It showed that a team riding together can often be the deciding factor in a sport that creates so much man-on-man competition. Team-mates can protect each other until specific parts of the race. They can dictate the pace of lead groups and following groups. They can control a race's tactics. The Panasonic members do all of that, and they speak English, and their morale is high, which was never the case when Phil rode for the French Peugeot team, who often refused to tactically support foreign team-members in races, let alone off the track.

When Phil's wife, Anne, appeared by his side during his Peugeot days, there would

(continued on page 102)

"I kind of like you in these moods, Phil!"

There's a knack to sharing the same space with a female — especially when she doesn't like your Nazi marching songs.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A WOMAN

LIVING WITH another person. Can it be done? You bet. And it *is* being done, in towns and cities all over the country, with results ranging from good all the way up to bloody wonderful. Married couples do it. Unmarried couples do it. What are your chances of pulling it off? Not too bad if you realise this simple truth: the Other Person (OP) is not *you*. That may seem blindingly obvious, but it's actually one of life's trickier concepts. Some people go right through to the end of the road and never quite get the hang of it.

For example, the OP might get a headache when you feel horny. Or, even more maddeningly, feel horny when *you* have a headache. That same individual might not share certain pleasures of yours, such as Nazi marching music or lying around for hours working out ways to get back at people. It doesn't mean you're dealing with a hostile person. But what you do have on your hands is an entirely *different* person, a separate entity to be dealt with in a dignified manner.

WHO TO PICK

Can any two people live together? Obviously not, at least, without killing and maiming each other. Great care should be taken in the selection. You don't rush out and ask just anyone to move in. But without getting into a whole thing about where to find such a person (shopping centres, pubs, traffic lights), the good news in that department is that nine times out of 10, the OP will pick you. Especially if you've been

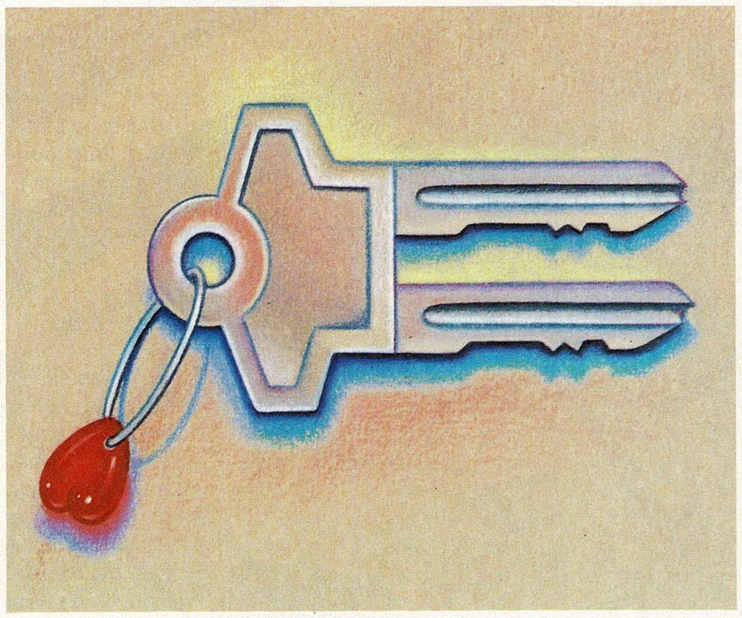
Advice by
BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

out there vegetating long enough.

Someone is finally going to come along and decide that you are not all that big a no-hoper. This does not mean that you have to trot right along when you're tapped on the shoulder. It's not like being arrested. You have every right to mumble something under your breath and get out of town. A lot of people don't realise that and wind up needlessly blowing 20 or 30 years.

A word of caution: make sure the person who selects you isn't hooked up to some kind of machine. There are just too many other things to worry about — cupboard space, division of responsibilities, for example — and you are just not going to make it with a new person *and* a machine. Well, maybe a small machine, but certainly not the kind that has to be wheeled around by attendants. Then you have to worry about accommodation for the attendants. You can see what kind of mess you're getting into. If the OP requires some kind of machine later on, you can sit down and discuss it. But not at the early, delicate stage.



For those who insist on having a say on who they get to live with, what's a good kind of person to pick? Say you're fair-skinned. Even an albino. Should you shoot for a swarthy sort? What if you're a skinny bones? Would you be happy with a heavy-hipped divorcee? Probably not. Opposites *do* attract, but that's not to say they won't kick each other at close quarters. On the other hand, people who resemble one another tend to get along nicely. Ever notice how happy couples start to look alike? Being with someone who looks, feels and smells like you lowers your risk. So there's no need to fool around, especially when it's your first time up to bat.

For cosiness, security, and a general sense of comfortable well-being, *get yourself another you.*

If you're a keeper, on the other hand, it's best to find yourself a thrower-outer. Keepers can't bear to part with so much as an old gum-wrapper. Thrower-outers love to get rid of things so they can make room for the new models.

Two keepers in the household will eventually be discovered by police beneath a mound of possessions they couldn't bear to part with. Keepers and thrower-outers match up nicely.

WHERE TO DO THIS

Your place or the OP's? One solution is to stay right where you are since you're there already and all you have to do is provide a little extra space. On the other hand, the OP may have a place that's more comfortable than yours. Moving into the OP's home will demonstrate that you've got the guts and self-confidence to accept stuff from other people without feeling like a dole bludger. It's not a bad little reputation to have. Once it's established that you have the capacity to receive, there's no end to the things that will pour in, all of them to be laid aside for the future.

Keep in mind, however, that if you're the one who moves in, you're also the one who gets thrown out, should "that time" roll around (which it invariably does, according to the Australian Bureau of Statistics). So if you do move into the OP's apartment, make sure you're willing to spend time in a men's shelter at some future date.

WHO GETS TO DO WHAT

Who gets to clean the oven? Who floats the eggs? (An important new freshness test: if they float, they've had it.) You can keep these things loose, of course, and just let it happen. Whoever is driven craziest by noise from the house next door is the one who gets to charge in there and tell them to shut up. But it's best to have a general sense of who does what. A good move, early in the game, is selflessly to declare full responsibility for putting out the rubbish. The OP will be touched and overwhelmed and may very well insist on doing everything else. And rubbish isn't all that bad. Ever met a bloke who always takes the rubbish out? Cleanest man in the room. Immaculate fingernails, no crumbs in his beard. If you eat in a lot of restaurants, you may not *have* any rubbish. So put your name down for rubbish.

FIDELITY

There's been a lot written about how having a couple of affairs now and then can ventilate a relationship; you return home as a richer and more relaxed person, passing on to the OP such benefits as little breathing and tickling tricks. A quick tumble with an old girlfriend. A meaningless romp with a roomful of whores. But it just isn't so. A good rule is to bite the bullet and *put the tension* into the relationship. A person who is seething over with a need to have an affair can make a spirited and fascinating companion.

Take the long view. After all, once you've rolled around with some hot little junior exec, what are you really left with except some pathetic memories of how nice it was and how you'd like to do it again as fast as possible. And what is that, really, in the great spectrum of experience? Better to slink home and face life the way it really is. And it's less expensive.

TRUST

The other side of fidelity. If the OP expresses a need for a little fresh air, there's no need to have that individual tracked with advanced laser devices to see if something's amiss. Upon the OP's return, a few sharp questions will let you know if there's been any fooling around.

PRIVACY

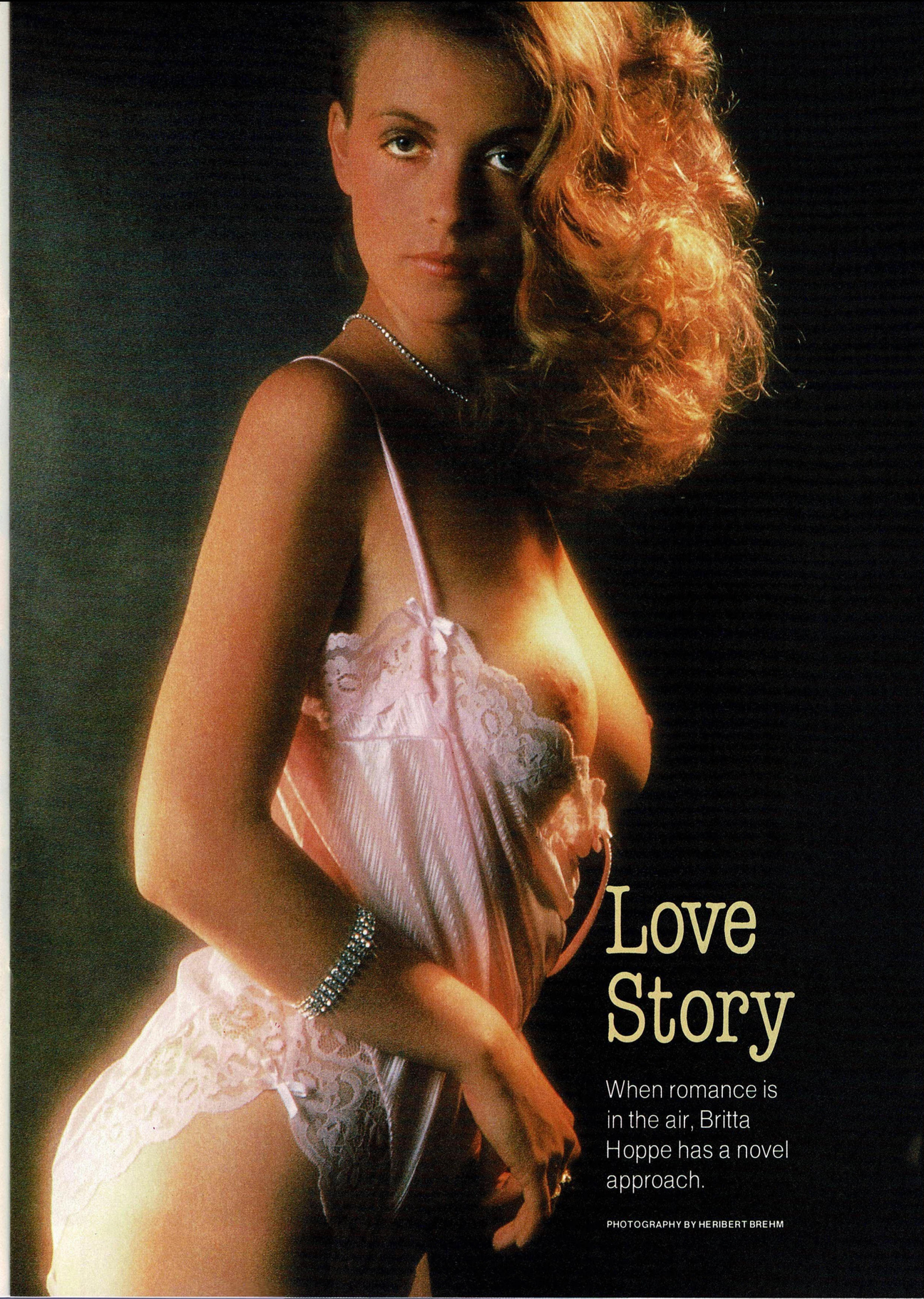
Just because you're living with someone doesn't mean you've forfeited all right to privacy. The OP has every right to a little, too. These periods are terribly important. How else can you build the strength to go on living together? And lack of space is no excuse. Even in a tiny apartment, a small space can always be cordoned off, with a clothesline if necessary. In an emergency, you or the OP can always sit in the hall.

Respect that privacy, too. It won't do to stand around with folded arms saying; "Are you through with your privacy yet?"

FIGHTS

Let them happen. They are an essential part of living together. On the other hand, there is no need to let them get out of hand and turn into a whole burning bed scene. A

(continued on page 104)



Britta Hoppe is the kind of girl any reader would like to jump out of the pages of a steamy novel and right into his lap. . . just at the point where the beautiful heroine has wriggled out of her cocktail dress and into something a little more comfortable.

Fact is, Britta is a writer herself, and at 20 there's a lot she wants to get off her chest. She's always wanted to be a writer, and having left school only last year, she's now got the time to let her thoughts wander.

"After I left school I worked in several places as a cashier, and on a production line, but I needed more freedom," she says. "Now during the day I collect the stuff I need for my short stories. I watch people

I have to be in the right mood to write my stories. Sometimes, for no reason, I find myself in a bad mood, but the words flow faster if I'm in a good mood.

"My kind of hero? I guess he's a strong decisive type who knows what he wants and how to get it. If a man looks me straight in the face and says what he feels, I usually go weak at the knees."

on the street, in cafes, and at work.

"But at night I stay home with my pets. They keep me company while I'm off in my own little world. I'd love to have my own horse now that I've got some free time during the day. I've ridden for five years and I've been thrown a few times, but that's life I guess."

Climbing back up on to a horse after a fall is the sort of challenge Britta thrives on, and the same applies in her writing.

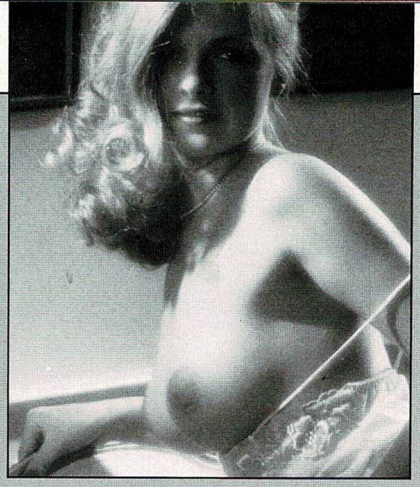
"I solve a lot of problems when writing," she says. "Sometimes I have to watch myself, though, because I can be just like the people I accuse. That's the beauty in writing: I acknowledge my own mistakes and try to avoid them. . . and not only on paper."

I love writing sexy stories because I love to use my imagination. Of course I dream always of being the girl in the story, so I can let my emotions run wild with my imaginary lovers. But there's nothing like the real thing, is there?

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Brita Hoppe



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: BRITTA HOPPE

BUST: 90CM WAIST: 62CM HIPS: 90CM

HEIGHT: 165CM WEIGHT: 54 KG

BIRTH DATE: 9TH JULY 1964 SIGN: CANCER

AMBITIONS: SEE THE WORLD, MEET LOTS OF PEOPLE AND BE HAPPY ALWAYS

TURN-ONS: HAPPY PEOPLE, RAGING PARTIES, BRIGHT EYES, BUSHWALKS IN THE RAIN, MOONLIGHT, SMILES

TURN-OFFS: PASSIVITY, SUPERFICIALITY, DULLNESS, VULGARITY, BAD BREATH, POT BELLIES!

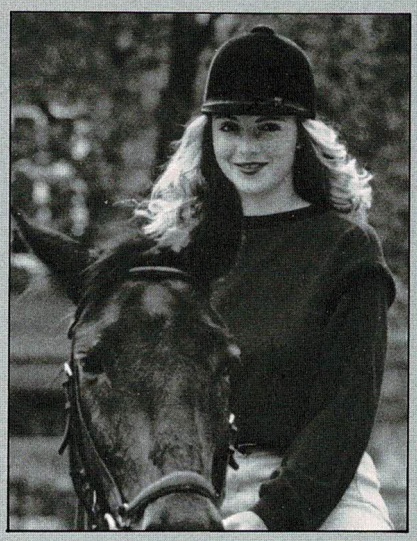
FAVORITE BOOKS: THE NAME OF THE ROSE, 1984, JAWS, SCHINDLER'S ARK

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: JOE JACKSON, DIRE STRAITS, PHIL COLLINS, WHAM, DURAN DURAN

FAVORITE SPORTS: HORSE-RIDING, JOGGING, TENNIS

IDEAL MAN: A GUY WHO MANAGES TO COMBINE LOOKS, SENSUALITY, INTELLIGENCE & PERSONALITY

SECRET FANTASY: TO SWIM IN A POOL OF MELTED SWISS CHOCOLATE



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Scandinavian stud* as a Nordick.

It was June, and Miss Toon, in a swoon,
Met her man by the light of the moon;
And all night, as they played,
Lovely music was made,
For the chap kept his organ in Toon.

There's an automobile dealer who's trying desperately to persuade his in-laws to recall his frigid bride. He claims that there's something seriously wrong with her ignition.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines an *eskimo's haemorrhoids* as polaroids.

Maybe you've heard about the mysterious chap who would lure prostitutes down alleys in Victorian London, and then drop his pants and masturbate. He came to be known as Jack the Whipper.

The little boy knelt by his bed and prayed, "Jesus, I need a bike." Jumping up, he ran to the window and saw that the driveway was empty.

"Jesus," he prayed again, "I *really* need a bike."

Seeing that the driveway was still empty, the boy ran to the living room and removed a statue of the Virgin Mary. In his room, he carefully wrapped it in heavy paper, masking tape and a ball of twine, slipped it into a shoe box and hid it in the back of the closet.

"Okay, Jesus," the boy said kneeling by his bed once more, "if you ever want to see your mother again. . ."

You should know," the chief executive informed the secretary he had just hired, "that it's a man's world. And this," he added, tapping his crotch, "is the ultimate authority."

"Oh, yes, Mr Miller," the girl came back with the sweetest of smiles, "and do you sometimes abuse your authority?"

Male line overheard in a singles bar: "If you assure me that you're wearing an IUD, I'll spring for the drinks."

Peter returned late from school one afternoon and confessed to his mother that he had been to bed with his girlfriend.

"I'm very disappointed in you, son," she said. "But as you've told me the truth, you may go to the corner shop for a milkshake."

The next day the boy came home late again and this time he admitted he'd slept with his girlfriend's sister.

"Well, at least you're honest," his mother clucked, and she rewarded him with another milkshake.

On the third day, Peter announced to both his parents that he had stayed after school and seduced three girls from the senior year.

Seconds later, his father went into the kitchen and picked up a frying pan.

"Oh, don't hit him, Sam!" the mother yelled.

"I'm not going to hit him, you silly woman," came the reply. "I'm going to cook the lad a steak. How long do you expect him to keep this up on those lousy milkshakes?"

A young man drove his girlfriend into the hills in search of a suitable spot for a bit of passion. They eventually parked and got out of the car but the girlfriend had reservations about cuddling out in the open.

"Let's crawl under the car where no one will be able to see us," the young man suggested.

They did just that and were locked in a passionate embrace when a gruff voice demanded to know what they were doing.

Without looking up, the youth replied, "Fixing the transmission."

"Oh yeah," snapped the police officer, "well, you'd better fix the brakes as well because your car is at the bottom of the hill."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*

"For heaven's sake, Linzi, your mother's six and a half light years away."

How pro tennis players handle the rackets on the international circuit.

BACKHANDERS

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS is a free market economist's dream come true. Like most market-places there are always a few rules broken and a few deals made under the counter. Like many dreams, the money is massive. And there's a good chance the play behind the scenes is going to be dirty to match. It's no secret that while a current law bans players from receiving appearance money for Grand Prix tournaments, the ruling is widely abused and impossible to enforce. The stars avoid the ban by dealing direct with sponsors and not with tournament directors, and cheques are slipped quietly into players' bank accounts without anyone blinking an eyelid. It's

Sport by **RICHARD YALLOP**

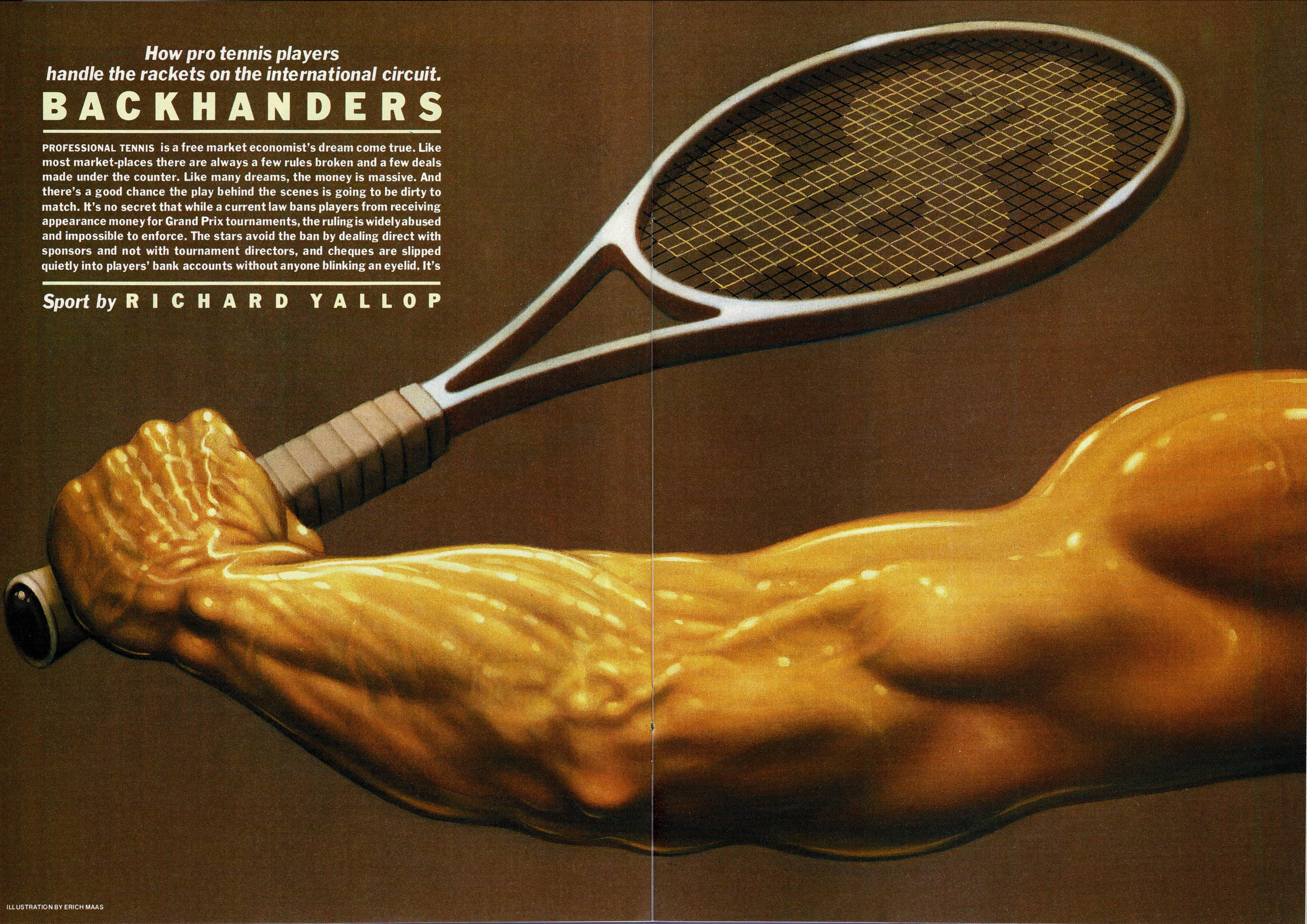


ILLUSTRATION BY ERICH MAAS

a big-money sport that operates strictly according to the laws of supply and demand. Tournament directors, sponsors, television producers, clothing and racquet manufacturers and the public all chase after the same handful of players that exude star quality. The game, the players and the products might put forward a squeaky-clean public profile, but tennis also has a healthy tradition of backhand play that just won't lie down and die.

Those players with enough of the right stuff are equally at home collecting the sponsor's almighty dollar as they are with the bouncing ball. They can promote a no-name product into a gilt-edged commodity just as easily as they can turn a set point against them into victory.

It's when an endorsement comes from a tournament sponsor that the grey area begins and players such as Australia's Peter McNamara start arguing for legalised appearance guarantees.

It was precisely to get away from under-the-counter payments that tennis went "open" in 1968, but the new status of the sport changed little in the accounting department. The desperation of tournament promoters to have one of the top players to attract the public through the turnstiles and to keep sponsors happy has led to a repetition of the "shamateurism" that previously stained the whitest of white sports.

The only difference now is the stakes have been raised considerably. If the leading amateurs once hoped to pick up $1000 from playing a tournament before 1968, today's computer-ranked players can earn anywhere from $30,000 to $120,000 in a one-week tournament.

The greater the star, the greater the rewards. In 1980, at the height of his fame, Bjorn Borg was thought to have earned at least $5-$6 million from prize-money and endorsements. And John McEnroe, the world's current number one tennis player and master of on-court tantrums, would now be matching Borg's income.

No other professional sport can match those kinds of figures.

When, in March 1972, at the age of 17, Peter McNamara set out from Melbourne for his first overseas trip, his only thought was surviving and winning enough matches to make the $2000 given him by his father last the proposed seven-month tour. It never occurred to him that 10 years down the track he would be a member of the so-called Five Mile High Club, which New Yorker Vitas Gerulaitis had titled the tennis elite. In 1983, McNamara was looking to an income of $1.5 million.

While forehand smashes and machine-gun passing shots may determine who's who on the international tennis ladder, at the top and bottom of the sport it's still money that makes the world go round. The sport's governing body, the International Tennis Federation, has tried hard to regulate the game and its players, but the real power serves in recent years have been made off court by agents like Donald Dell and Mark McCormack's International Management Group, who control the players' schedules and maximise their earnings through endorsements and exhibition appearances away from the main Grand Prix tournament circuit. And the money the players receive is usually paid in such a way as to circumvent the Grand Prix rules banning appearance money.

"The law is unenforceable because there are so many loopholes. They can't stop you entering into contracts with sponsors, or appearing in their ads. That would be a restriction of trade," McNamara says.

And trade is the name of the game. Go to the Westbury Hotel in London during Wimbledon and all round the lounge you will see agents and tournament directors haggling at tables like sheikhs in an Arabian bazaar.

The whiff of the bazaar permeates professional tennis and, strangely enough, Peter McNamara's gradual rise to the millionaire set began in the Egyptian city of Alexandria. In April 1973, McNamara found himself in the company of a handful of other Australians and Americans playing the third-rate North African circuit of Cairo, Alexandria and Khartoum. They discovered a lucrative market existed for their tennis shirts, shoes and socks, and they would earn extra cash by selling everything except the shirts off their backs to Arab profiteers.

Those players with enough of the right stuff are equally at home collecting the sponsor's almighty dollar as they are with the bouncing ball.

"In Alexandria there was a man called 'The Thief'," McNamara recalled. "He bought everything I had and flogged it off to everybody else."

From Alexandria, the tour moved on to a tournament in Khartoum, played on, of all things, grass. Such was the state of the court, and their general disillusionment with the tournament, that the four semi-finalists, Australians McNamara, Steve Docherty and Peter Campbell (now the South Australian state coach) plus the American Norman Holmes, decided the best way out of a bad deal was to pool the remaining prize-money of $5000 for the winner, $1000 for the runner-up, and $500 for each losing semi-finalist. Each of them took away $1750, which at the time seemed a fortune. Holmes was the tournament champion, but all four of them went away as winners. Looking back, it was chicken feed.

McNamara's third year away, 1974, was to be make or break for him. He was 19 and still a long way away from the lap of luxury. When in London, he slept on the floor of a flat owned by three Australian journalists. But much of that year was spent in Paris in a flat with no bathroom and a colony of cockroaches in every bedroom. He survived by playing small tournaments in remote places where no other players would go.

"You would need a cut lunch and a compass to find them," McNamara recalled. "I once played seven tournaments in 21 days and earned $3500, which was huge money then. I was driving from one side of France to the other: I'd drive all night and arrive to play the next day. If you won a tournament you'd buy a bottle of wine, instead of drinking from a carafe. There was no thought of getting into the top 10 or of playing exhibitions where your air fare was paid, and your hotel, and your food, and you were paid to step on the court."

McNamara ended that seven-month overseas tour in 1974 about $1000 in the black. Prize-money was his only source of income, as none of the equipment manufacturers thought him worthy to endorse their products. But the next year, 1975, Australian sports clothier Simpson paid him $500 to wear its clothing. A year later Dunlop, which had previously supplied him with racquets and shoes, offered him $500 to endorse its gear. It was a modest start, but at least McNamara had become a saleable item.

Things began to change dramatically in 1980, the year McNamara and fellow Australian Paul McNamee won the Wimbledon doubles crown. McNamara became known internationally, and his market value rose accordingly. The first sign of that was the racquet contract offered him by Prince in 1980. The base payment was $20,000, with bonuses for moving up the rankings, or for being seen on television.

The following year, 1981, McNamara established himself as a leading singles player, and his ranking rose into the top 10. The first indication that McNamara had added a new dimension to his game came when he beat France's number one, Yannick Noah, in a Davis Cup match in Lyon. He followed that up by beating Jimmy Connors in the final of the German Open in Hamburg, reaching the quarter-finals in Rome, and the quarters at Wimbledon, where he lost to Borg.

It was after the win over Connors in Hamburg that the tournament directors and equipment manufacturers began chasing him. He was offered deals to play in several European tournaments. In Stuttgart, the tournament sponsor was Mercedes Benz, which overcame the Grand Prix rule forbidding cash guarantees to play by offering McNamara a two-year contract to endorse its cars. Pictures were taken of him standing by a Mercedes sportscar and in return he was given a car worth $30,000.

Other endorsement offers flowed in from Germany. He was asked to use clothing made by Boss, a local manufacturer, and to endorse gut made by another German company for $15,000.

"I never used the gut. They just used my photo and signature," he says.

When McNamara returned to Australia at the end of 1981 more commercial offers came his way. Norwich Union, the insurance company, gave him $25,000 to wear a patch on the sleeve of his shirt. Saab, the Swedish car maker, offered him a deal to wear another patch in return for bonuses for winning matches and appearing on television. He reached the semi-final of the Australian Open and he estimates it cost the company about $10,000 for the week. "I had only to ring them up and they would deliver a brand new Saab Turbo for as long as I wanted it, wherever I was playing in Australia."

By now Prince had recognised McNamara's value by increasing the base amount of his racquet contract from $20,000 to $75,000, plus substantial bonuses. He received $1000 every time he appeared on television anywhere in the world for more than 20 minutes. Extra bonuses were paid for reaching tournament quarter-finals or beyond, and for lifting his ranking.

Adidas, which provided McNamara's clothing and shoes, offered a similar kind of contract, worth more than $100,000 a year with bonuses. So, for example, when McNamara beat Ivan Lendl in the final of the Brussels Grand Prix in March 1983, he won $60,000 in prize-money and an additional $20,000 in bonuses from his racquet and clothing contracts.

That win put McNamara at number seven in the world, with the prospect of making the top five. He had earned $750,000 in 1982 when he hovered around number 10 for most of the year. His form improved in early 1983 and, if sustained, could have brought him $1.5 million that year. Cruelly, a torn ligament in his right knee in Rotterdam, the very next tournament after Brussels, cut short his career at the moment he had reached his peak. Only now, more than two years later and aged 30 (close to tennis old age), is he making a tentative comeback.

It was at that Rotterdam tournament that the most famous case of a player allegedly receiving appearance money occurred. The authorities alleged that former Australian Open champion Guillermo Vilas received $60,000 for playing in Rotterdam in March 1983. He was found guilty, banned from the Grand Prix circuit for one year, and fined $20,000.

Vilas appealed, but several months later the board of appeal upheld the original decision, though it did waive the remainder of the one-year ban. By then Vilas had lost form badly and his ranking, which had been in the top five for many years, began to plummet.

McNamara supports the claim that the Grand Prix authorities made a scapegoat of Vilas, recalling that the tournament had been desperate to find a replacement for Jimmy Connors, who had withdrawn at the last moment. Vilas eventually agreed to play at the eleventh hour.

"The authorities are very naive to think the practice is confined to Rotterdam," says McNamara. "The whole of Europe works like that, otherwise they would not get anyone to play.

"The regulation is hard to police, so it would be better to have it out in the open, and make guarantees legal. All the lower-ranked players oppose it because they won't get a slice, but they forget the heavyweights keep the tournaments going."

McNamara found himself in a new world when he entered the top 10 or, more precisely, that exclusive band of tournament winners whose presence at a tournament ensures television viewers and spectators through the gate. That makes the sponsors happy and, in turn, the tournament directors.

(continued on page 110)

$ CASH IN THE HAND $

JOHN NEWCOMBE is widely regarded as the highest earner ever seen in Australian sport, but 20-year-old Pat Cash may yet overtake him, according to sports marketing consultant Graeme Plum.

Plum, managing director of Melbourne-based Australian Sports Marketing, helped negotiate the three-year endorsement contract Cash recently signed with Nabisco to promote the breakfast cereal, Vita-Brits. The terms remain confidential, but it's believed the basic contract, together with a Nabisco shirt patch that Cash will wear world-wide, could be worth six figures a year. Cash will receive additional bonuses if his ranking, now eighth in the world, improves.

"Having a player so closely identified with a product is a new departure," Plum says. The contract requires Cash to appear in television commercials, on-pack, and to make a number of personal appearances for Nabisco.

Plum said that top tennis players such as Cash had a greater earning potential than any other sportsmen in Australia. "Tennis players are highly publicised and visible, and the sport is immensely popular with all sections of the community. It is associated with health, fitness and action.

"Globally, the earning potential of tennis players is greater. It is the only individual sport played in almost every country in the world. Cricket, for instance, may be big in Australia, but it is not played in the huge US market, nor in Europe."

Plum says the three most commercially viable sports in Australia are tennis, cricket and Aussie rules. He places rugby league, golf and Olympic sports such as athletics on the second rung.

"Perhaps no one will ever match what Newcombe earned, but on the other hand the money available to Cash is greater than in Newcombe's day. Cash has the potential to earn more than any other Australian sportsman, but it is linked to his continued improvement, getting into the top three, and to his image with the public.

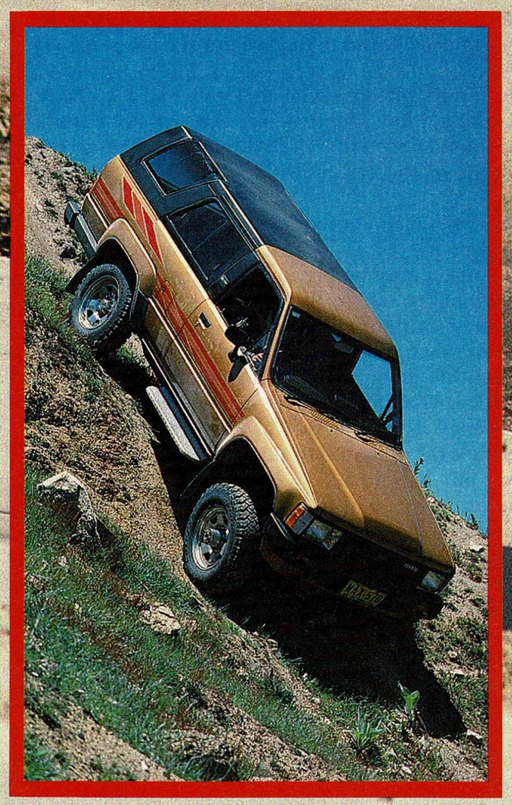
"Pat is seen by a number of people, Nabisco included, as a product of his generation," Plum says. "He represents the values of his peer group, and young people respond to his anti-establishment, aggressive approach. He challenges past values."

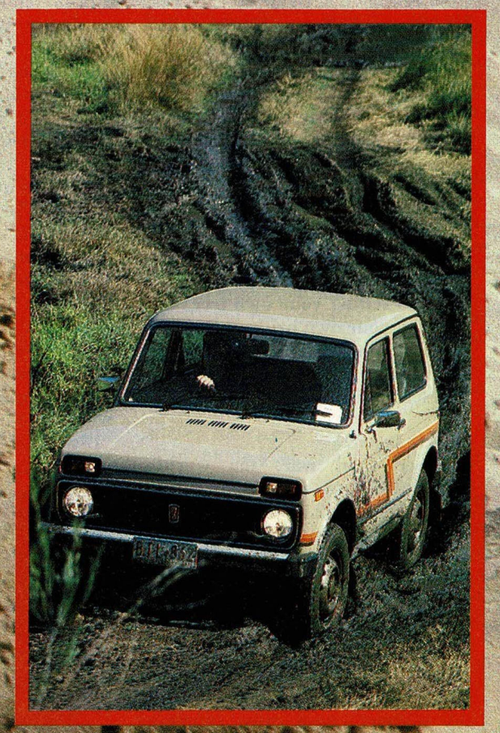
PHOTOGRAPHY GREG McBEAN/OVERLANDER MAGAZINE

I'M TOUGH!

Off-roading is one helluva way to show your driving muscle. Rob Luck gives you the low, low down.

I'M TOUGH. I own a four-wheel-drive. I can go anywhere. I'm tough. I don't give right of way, it's *me* first. When I see pedestrians, I go down a gear and accelerate. I keep score. I got 100 points last week. I'm tough. I use baby cars for wheel chocks. I don't pay tolls,





I arm-wrestle toll collectors. At 80 kays. I've got a truck full of arms. I'm tough. I drive *through* gates, I don't open them. I'm tough. I can piss on electric fences without my voice changing. I don't need Aerogard, I just flash my armpits. I don't carry supplies, I drink 100 octane... with 20W/40 chasers.

Yeah, real men. Real tough. They open doors with chainsaws, arm-wrestle crocs, outbox roos, outstink skunks. Real men eat steak still on the hoof and fish with "jelly".

But real men are hard to find. Unreal men are everywhere. You can pick 'em right off. They're pushing K-Mart trolleys, growing New Zealand tomato plants, and talking philosophy. And they've got manicured beards and 4WDs.

Unreal men have 4WDs with highway tyres, stereo and sunroof. Unreal men can't work a winch, blow a bullbag or beat a bog. Unreal men have hobby farms and sealed driveways and tax-dodge companies. Unreal men share the driving.

Real men have found new frontiers far from trendy boulevards, wimpy sidewalks and beyond the cappuccino society. Real men have gone bush. In real machines. They're the motoring soldiers of fortune.

There's no guidebook to where they've gone. No Shell road maps. No guided tours. You can't ask the Leyland Brothers.

You'll need 4WDs to stick with them. Real men drive Rovers. Land-Rovers. Or Range Rovers if they're bashed about. They drive Willys Jeeps, with screens laid flat. They drive Baja buggies and King Cab utes on jacked-up legs, rather than Subarus and Jeep Cherokees, Toyota Tercels or Lada Nivas.

Serious off-roaders classify their 4WD machines like porn: hard and soft. Hard-core 4WDs basically deliver one vital item: traction. Traction is all about suspension, so

OFF-ROAD MADNESS

You'll need a machine with real beefcake to get into these events.

The Camel Trophy:

Only real men need apply. Last year 300,000 tried. Some 299,984 failed. The rest got a ride to hell through the jungles of Brazil, a Felliniscape of endless quagmires, boiling rivers, broken trails. Sixteen souls in 12 Land-Rovers for a no-win battle against a roadless route, freak floods, and deadly animals and insects.

Camel cigarette magnate R.J. Reynolds picks up the tab, supplies the transport and support, gets you there and back. You do the rest. That includes felling your own trees and building your own bridges. Only the tough can make it. It is the ultimate test, not against the clock, but against yourself. This year it's Borneo.

Paris to Dakar:

Tougher than war, the world's biggest off-road event crosses two continents in a 12,000km torture test of man and machine. Like a magnet it draws racers, rallyists, astronauts, adventurers, and macho playboys. The only limit on entry is your bank, your sanity and your sense of imagination. Around 350 machines start in three categories — cars, bikes and trucks. Why trucks? Race rules say support crews must compete. Range Rover, Porsche 4WD and lately Mitsubishi Pajero have conquered the deserts, mountains, rivers and natural booby-traps of Algiers, the Sahara, Tamanrasset, the Niger, the Sierra Leone and Guinea coast to take the honors and champagne on the white sand beaches of Dakar's Atlantic seaboard. Paris-Dakar has foxed the famous (Maggie Thatcher's son was lost in the desert for a week), killed competitors, and broken banks and spirits. For those who carry their equipment in a wheelbarrow, it's on again next year.

Gravelrama:

They're plum crazy in Cleves, Ohio. Seventeen years ago, earthmoving contractors got tired of knocking hills flat and went about building their very own mountain: 50 vertical metres of prime Ohio pea-gravel, the slipperiest substance known to four-wheeler-man. Ever since, man and millions of bucks of machinery have shown up for a shot at Big Elim Hill. So far the best anyone could hope for was a terrifying backslide followed by the booby-sign: "You knew we were gonna get you." Dong. The worst is to come down on your head. "Big Foot", a pick-up straddling tractor tyres, is the only machine to come close, and it cost a half million bucks. Good luck.

Tough going in the Camel Trophy.

Oz-crazies:

From Goondiwindi to Griffith, seaside Macleay to Sealake, SA, there's a series of annual insanities called off-road races. The money's good, the competition's hot, and the conditions are unbelievable. Mandatory driving skills include flying blind in swirling dust clouds, unscheduled leaps with unplanned landings, underwater speeding, unplanned returns. Sign up for insurance, scribble a will, smooch the girlfriend and prepare to perish; these are the monster events for real men.

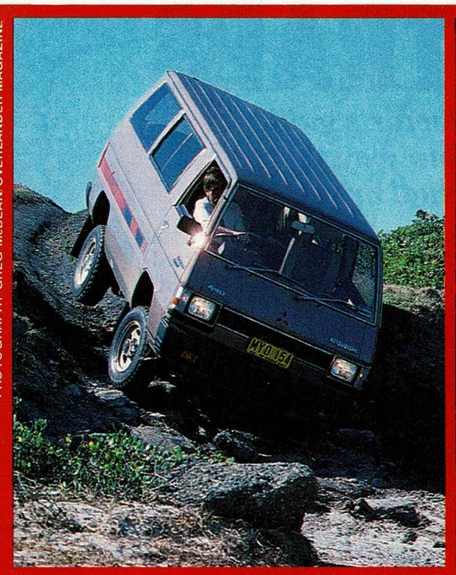
There are other ways to write off your future chances. Hans Tholstrup has come up with a seven-day torture test from Melbourne to Darwin. Called the Wynns Safari, it fields 250 lunatics this year and gives you an unprecedented opportunity to meet your maker over 5300km of desert, dunes, tricks, traps and roadless wastes.

Baja-ha-ha:

The famous 500 Internacional has been exterminating man and machine for more than 15 years, and still they come back for more. From an inconspicuous start at Ensenada, Mexico, the organisers unleash competitors on the marvels of the San Matias Pass, the Diablo Dry Lakes, Ojos Negros and deserts, pine forests, beaches, dunes and demolition tracks en route. Monster money and big kudos ensure this is a full-on 500 mile race to the death, and sectional speed averages frequently exceed 200km/h! Still interested?

PHOTOGRAPHY BUSHDRIVER

PHOTOGRAPHY GREG McBEAN/OVERLANDER MAGAZINE



Mitsubishi's 4WD Express: tough nut of the vans.

Toyota's tough guy, the Hilux ute, is the cult car of the '80s.

when you look at a 4WD you disregard almost everything else if you're serious about going off-road. The critical points are ground clearance (particularly the axles), wheel sizes, approach and departure angle (governed by body overhangs), ramp breakover factor (middle-of-the-car clearance over crowns, humps and obstacles).

Linked with traction is engine torque and transmission arrangement. Features like ultra-low gearing, limited-slip differentials and diff-locks suddenly become terribly important to the business of staying alive.

The very last item of importance in the package (except from practical viewpoints like accommodation) is the bodywork. This is the focal point of the tender trap, for modern 4WD manufacturers who dominate the market (read: Japanese) have zoomed in on styling and other marketing features (comfort, equipment, luxuries and on-road performance). When you're up to your armpits in alligators and mud, you don't need an automotive degree to work out that a well-stacked dashboard, cassette deck or pretty-pretty panelwork isn't going to dig you out. So you'd better get good at going under the skin to find out what's really going on.

And what you'll find is the Japanese are, by and large, pulling a bloody swifty.

A couple of elementary examples: low-range gearing is what gives 4WDs the ability to crawl as slowly and precisely up and down terrain while maintaining traction. European 4WDs offer low, low low-range gearing down to as low as 48 to 1, but the best that most of the better Japs can boast is around 20 to 1.

Elementary example two is in suspension. The Japanese build unbreakable bodies, so-tough engines, and wonderful transmissions and transfers but are yet to unravel the mysteries of engineering that separate the wheels from the chassis. Right now they are a couple of notches up from the horse and cart era, and in relative terms they are 100 light-years behind the Europeans. Serious off-roaders crawl under and yank out the Jap shit, plug in an Oz-built suspension pack and, presto, they've got a goer.

This is all pretty intimidating when you check the ships down at the dock, because there's barely a Brit or a Kraut squeezed in there. They're chokka with Japs, who've done it in their usual way. They built cheap vehicles, made them reliable, gave them some performance, and stacked them with goodies. Like a pretty girl, they seduced the target audience. Leyland's 4WDs got uglier, dearer, nastier, crankier, costlier to run and duller. But some things haven't changed. They still have the best suspension (the new Land-Rovers just put the Japs back in the Dark Ages), better gearing and some other desirable off-road, all-terrain, long-life attributes (not the least of which is alloy bodies that don't rust).

You want to know how good they are? Well for the answer you have to look at the armed forces. The only military in the world using Jap-built off-roaders are the ones trying to lose. Leyland (UK) just won the NATO contract (for Land-Rovers) from Mercedes (not a Japanese in sight). The Japanese, as usual, have won the commercial war. And with a technically inferior product. But the news ain't all bad. You can at least afford to buy them. And they look good, cross easily over into domestic roles, and generally retain good resale value. Some of them even perform quite well, ride okay and go most places.

The big success story of the off-road scene is the pick-up. This is Yank-speak for utility, and the big number on the local scene is the Toyota Hilux. It's the cult car of the 4WD market, the modern-day Willys Jeep; cute, purposeful, efficient and able to fill heaps of roles. Toyota bothered to style this one a bit, and a dazzling array of models are on offer including extra-cab (roomier ute), dual-cab (seats four to five), cab-chassis (fit your own equipment out the back), with all kinds of engines (petrol and diesel), transmissions (including a 5-speed manual) and trim/equipment range from basic to you've-got-to-be-joking-this-is-only-a-friggin-ute. And despite some desperate attempts from the opposition (Nissan, Holden Rodeo, Jeep J10), no one has even come close.

You can do a lot with a 4WD pick-up. Obviously the trades see it as a weekday tool carrier and weekend trailbike humper. With all four wheels driving, they'll be able to get where no one else can. Almost anything else you can tote or tow can be hoisted up behind these lusty-engine chargers, which have car-type highway manners and still push couriers out of loading zones.

The bottom end of the market is dominated by the dinky toys of 4WD. Suzuki has a mortgage on the market. A 10-year slog by Daihatsu failed to make a dint, so it changed its drive in the 4WD market, stepped up-market, and straddled the gap between high-line Suzies and low-line Land-Cruisers. The current Rocky fits the modern Japanese mould: aggressively styled, stacked with gear, aimed at dual-role nuclear family applications. Unfortunately it still has the ride of a buckjumper, poor power-to-weight ratio, average off-road ability. With around 12 models from petrol to turbo diesel at a price span from $11,000-

(continued on page 96)

CLAP TRAPS

The pox doctor's guide on how to pick your way through the modern sexual minefield.

YOU COULD be forgiven for suspecting that all the noise you've heard lately about Sexually Transmitted Diseases (STDs) is just a lot of hype. You'd be right. But the press has a reputation for sensationalisation. Worse than that, the message seems to parallel that of the Reverend Fred Nile in our society; you can almost smell a conspiracy. In truth STDs are a biological inevitability but they need not be a biological catastrophe.

During the past 20 years many people have accepted screwing around as being a normal state of affairs. But

Advice by **DR BASIL DONOVAN,**
National Venereology Council of Australia

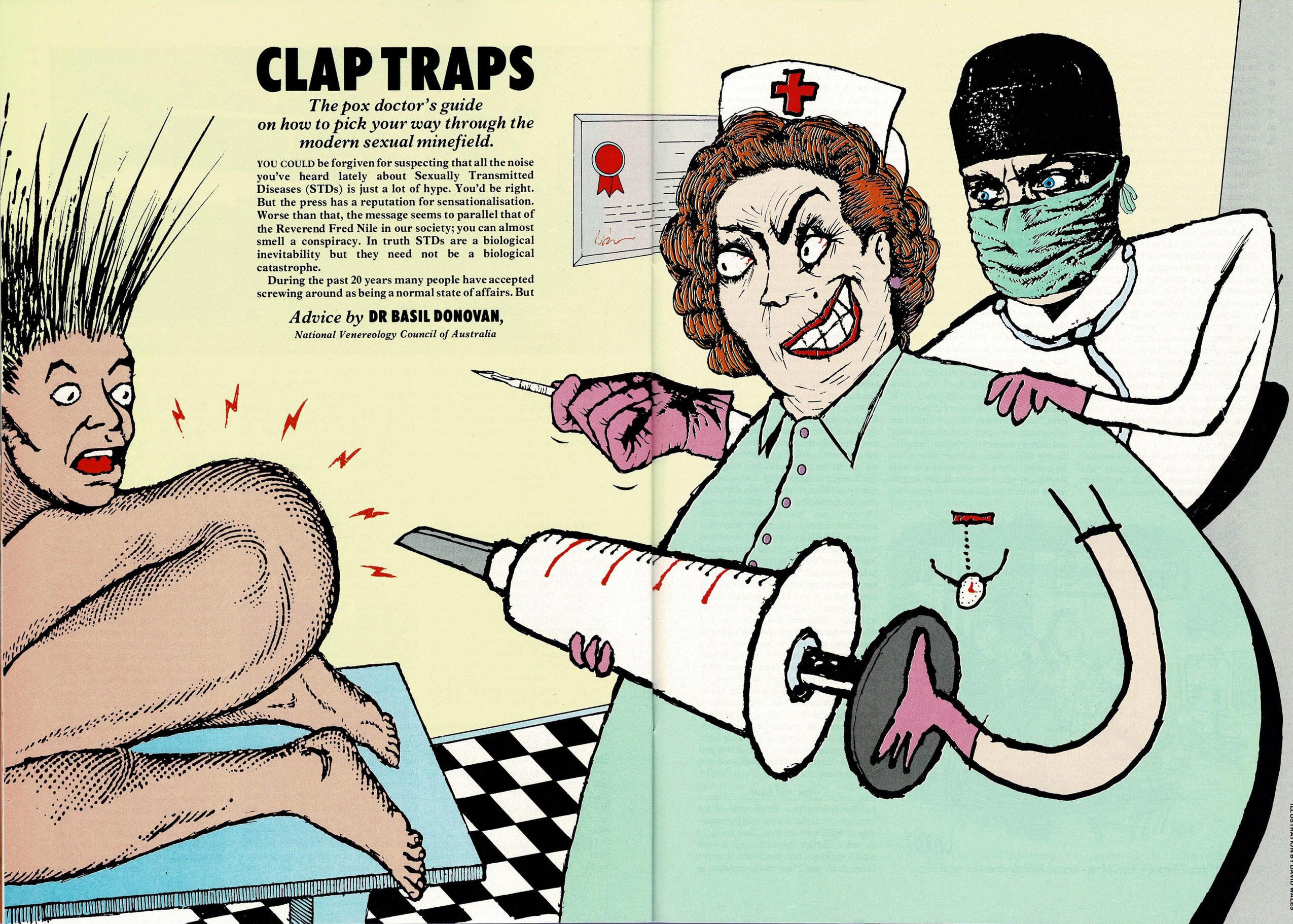


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WALES

that practice doesn't always take the form of hanging around bars and seeing what's available. Much more common is serial monogamy — drifting from one heavy relationship to the next with perhaps the odd fling on the side as each one grinds to a halt. Allusions to your varied conquests may bring a proud chuckle to even your grandfather's visage, but tell him you've got syphilis and you're in for a totally different reaction.

Okay, so we've had a change in our sexual climate. There isn't much that governments or doctors can do about that. Unfortunately, governments, and a few doctors, do hang on tenaciously to the belief that punitive measures are the answer. But that's a different problem altogether.

Those at risk of catching STDs, which is most of us, have to develop a code of ethics around our sex lives which includes responding to a few internal alarm bells which we need to develop. It's up to the individual, occasionally requiring professional help, to contend with the ensuing paranoia. Herpes and AIDS won't be the last bombs to be dropped in this war.

What this article aims to do is get you off your backside and act. It's become a matter of self-preservation and the reason you're hearing so much in the press is because the germs are winning. And they're winning because of our past ignorance, cowardice and stupidity.

Firstly, the penis can be a lethal weapon. It requires regular inspection and occasional maintenance. Study the following routine carefully for your own good:

PENIS INSPECTION SCHEDULE

1. *Look at it:* Any sore or abrasion on your penis that isn't obviously attributable to a vigorous encounter last night or this morning requires immediate attention. Even the worst condition may appear to go away spontaneously, but then it becomes more difficult to diagnose and treat. A red rash or itch usually suggests something fairly benign such as a fungal infection (thrush) or a dermatitis, or could be related to excess scrubbing. However, it may foretell a herpes attack. Get it checked out; there is no disease as bad as our fear of the unknown. If it looks like a wart then it probably *is* a wart and you are infectious. Go to the clinic or your doctor; over-the-counter wart paints are intended for much hardier parts of the body and you could do yourself an injury that may take a long time to forgive yourself for.

2. *Feel it:* If you have a sensation in the urethra (the pipe along the bottom of your penis) that takes the form of an itch or a hotness during or after pissing, then the urethra is inflamed. Occasionally this is just due to vigorous intercourse (or masturbation) or concentrated urine, especially after boozing. But if it is present on two or more occasions, then it is probably due to non-specific urethritis (NSU) or gonorrhoea (the clap). Get it seen to and make sure your partner is diagnosed and treated promptly. The women are often the big losers. Sure, she may have a few terse words when she realises you've been playing up, but it won't take her long to realise that you've done her a big favor by letting her know before any complications ruin the rest of your lives. Early treatment for both of you (and any others tangled in this little web) is highly effective.

3. *Squeeze it:* Milk the penis down to see if any moisture appears at the eye. While it is never completely dry, any more moisture than usual (particularly if it is white or yellow) is called a discharge and may signify infection. Again, NSU or gonorrhoea. Move.

4. *Keep your ears open:* While the old axiom that men usually get symptoms and women usually don't still holds true, sometimes the reverse applies. If a past or present lover of yours is having problems such as a vaginal discharge or lower abdominal pain, quiz her about it. Ask her what the doctor said, ask her what treatment she was given. Gather all the information you can. If you're unsure of what to do, ring your doctor or phone one of the excellent counsellors in the STD clinic in your city (numbers listed). Denying that there could be a problem will only perpetuate it. If you're left in any doubt, go for a check-up yourself and provide the doctor with as much information as you can. Simply taking some left-over antibiotics from your last bout of bronchitis is unlikely to cure anything and may ruin your chances of being properly diagnosed.

Women have greater hurdles to get over. Unfortunately the most serious conditions have the least obvious symptoms. Women are reliant on communication with men about any symptoms they have and the quality of the tests taken by the doctor. If the doctor tells your girlfriend she obviously has this condition or that condition without taking any tests then suggest she finds another doctor. Get her to ask the doctor if he has tested for chlamydia (the most common serious germ she is likely to be exposed to). If he hasn't (and that's all too common) again find another doctor. A phone call to your STD clinic is indicated.

When she goes to the doctor he or she may take a blood test. The doctor may also take a throat swab if you and your girlfriend have oral sex, and must always use a speculum to take swabs for testing. If your girlfriend hasn't had a cancer smear in the previous year that should be done too. A cancer smear alone is not a test for STDs. Lower abdominal pain, particularly if associated with heavy or painful periods, should never be ignored by women. You would be doing your girlfriend a big favor by supporting her throughout all this and ensuring that she has all the proper tests and examinations.

"It's Thursday, Gerald, my turn to hold the remote control."

KNOW THINE ENEMY

What follows is a list of some of the common germs that are sexually transmissible in developed societies. They are listed in order of their importance along with signs to look for. Other conditions, some not listed here, are often more common in developing countries and need to be considered if you've been travelling.

1. *Chlamydia:* Chlamydia trachomatis is the most common serious sexually transmissible germ in Australia. Until now it has been rarely looked for outside STD clinics. It is present in five to 10 percent of women attending termination-of-pregnancy clinics in this country.

In men it often causes a slight discharge, burning or itch in the penis (NSU) but this may take months to develop. You can be infectious without symptoms. Left untreated, it can spread up the tubes to the testes causing pain there and occasionally leading to male infertility. NSU should no longer be considered a minor disease.

Women are very unlikely to notice any symptoms, at least in the early stages. This is because the cervix is the most likely site to be infected and the cervix has no sensation. In time the germ may spread upward and infect the fallopian tubes. This is known as pelvic inflammatory disease (PID). She may notice a dull lower abdominal pain, heavy and painful periods or perhaps just feel vaguely unwell. PID is the cause of 7500 admissions to hospital each year in New South Wales alone. More than 1000 of those women require surgery (usually hysterectomy) to relieve chronic pain. PID also predisposes to ectopic pregnancy (a life-threatening condition) which has almost trebled in incidence over the past two decades. Nearly a third of women investigated for infertility in Australia are found to have blocked tubes due to PID. Chlamydia, the major cause of PID, is easily cured with a course of antibiotics by mouth over a couple of weeks.

Points worth noting are that intra-uterine contraceptive devices (IUCDs) tend to encourage the upward spread of germs from the cervix, leading to PID, while oral contraceptives tend to offer some protection against PID. Diaphragms provide partial defence against infections while condoms (and now's a good time to consider buying shares in a condom company) provide a virtually complete defence if used throughout intercourse. A woman who has more than one sexual partner (or whose mate may have more than one partner) should consider these factors when choosing a form of contraception.

As chlamydia may lie virtually dormant for years it is not always appropriate to apportion blame to one or other partner. The source is usually a bit vague; the important thing is that if one or other partner is diagnosed as having an NSU or PID-related condition, both partners, plus any others in recent months, should be assessed and treated. Concern for your partner's health is of paramount importance.

And ignore any of your friends who suggest that penis discharge is due to "strain" from having too much sex. This is convenient cowardice. There is no such thing as "strain". It is common for men to have an NSU discharge recur after treatment. This can be due to several reasons including inadequate treatment or follow-up (you don't stop the pills when the symptoms fade!), repeated infection, trauma to the penis delaying healing (ie not stopping sexual activity during treatment, obsessive squeezing of the penis checking for a discharge). If those reasons can be excluded, don't panic. Many of these chronic discharges are self-limiting and apparently harmless — which is why most doctors don't understand them very well.

2. *Gonorrhoea:* Gonorrhoea behaves much the same way as chlamydia though it tends to be less subtle and is less common in Australia. The advice is the same as for chlamydia. Follow-up treatment is particularly important as an underlying NSU infection may be revealed after successful treatment for gonorrhoea. Some varieties of gonorrhoea have become totally resistant to penicillins because of half-hearted treatment in the past. This resistance is easily detected and treated. Both chlamydia and gonorrhoea can live quietly in the throat and be transmitted via fellatio.

3. *Acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS):* AIDS is *not* just a homosexual disease. AIDS is the worst condition caused by a virus — that may be carried by a healthy person — to appear for many years. Lymphadenopathy syndrome (LAS) is a less severe form of the disease. The virus is also transmissible via contaminated needles, blood and blood products and from mother to baby around the time of birth. There is no evidence of it being transmitted any other way. It is a heterosexual STD in Central Africa and Haiti (a Caribbean island). At present you are at high risk in Australia if you have unprotected sexual intercourse with a homosexual man, share a needle or syringe with somebody, or have unprotected vaginal intercourse with an intravenous drug abuser. It is no secret that some female prostitutes are intravenous drug abusers so if a prostitute doesn't insist on a condom, go somewhere else. Though unproven, condoms probably provide a very high level of protection against the AIDS virus. If a brothel advertises itself as "AIDS-free" it means they are "AIDS-ignorant". The risk of acquiring the AIDS virus through a blood transfusion or non-sexual encounters with people who may be in a high risk group are virtually negligible.

Unfortunately, the symptoms of the virus are either non-existent or non-specific and they are common to many other diseases. Within a few weeks or months of contracting the virus, a person may go through a glandular, fever-like illness with high temperature, fatigue, aches in the limbs, diarrhoea, swollen lymph glands, sore throat and possibly a rash. This may last a few days to a few weeks though the fatigue and swollen lymph glands may persist. Antibodies to the AIDS-related virus appear some time later. Several more common illnesses behave in identical fashion and relevant tests should be made. The majority of people will stay relatively well after the onset of the illness but a small proportion (10 to 20 percent) will progress to AIDS (the loss of a vital component of

(continued on page 105)

"Our task, Ladies and Gentlemen, is to convince the Australian male that driving a small car is no reflection on the size of his genitalia."

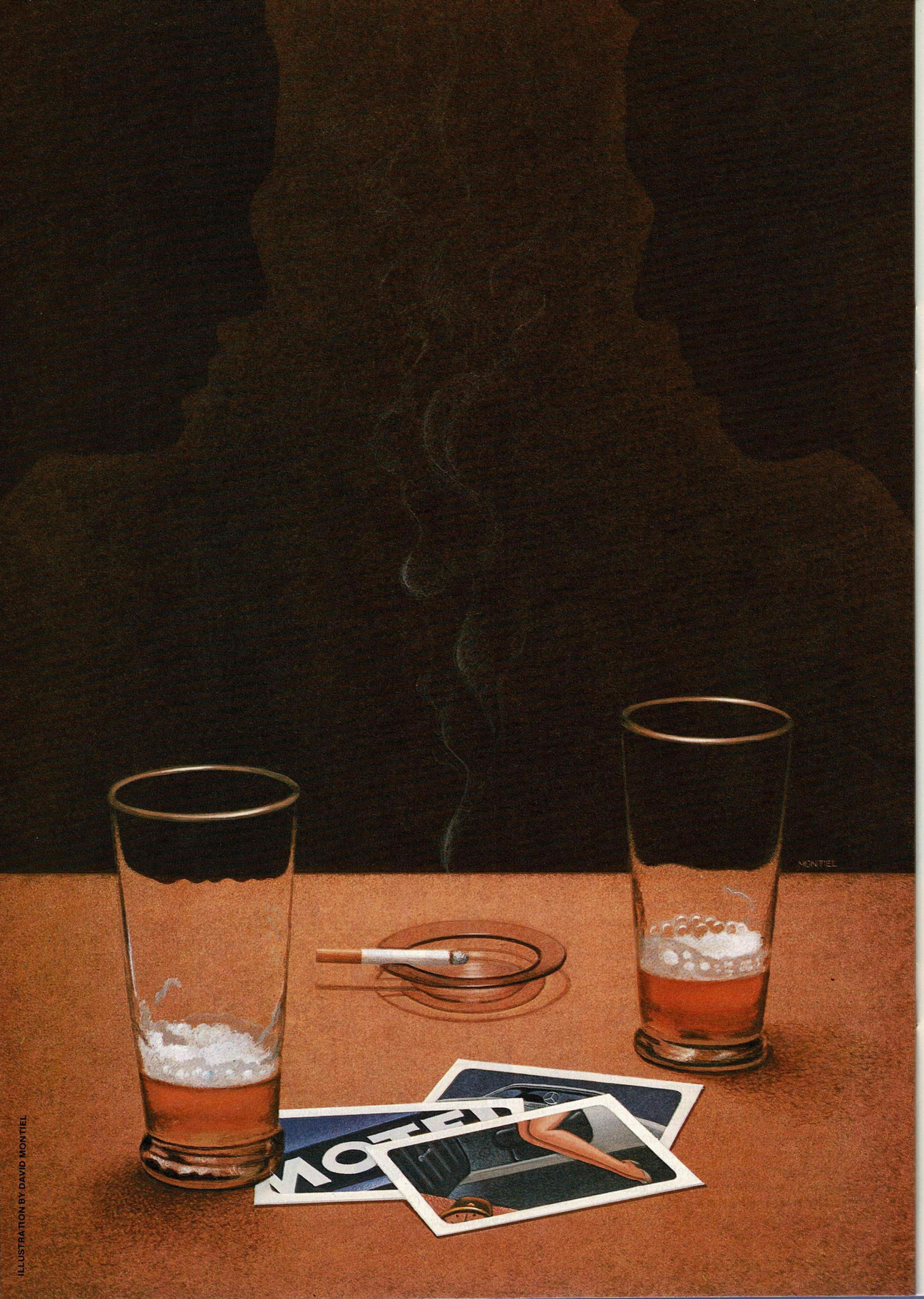


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MONTIEL

Valentine, who was on to something big, and Flowers, who could always use some money, had arranged to meet in the back booth at Maury's Bar and Grill to talk business.

Maury's was simply a bar. The only things grilled there were customers who had witnessed a fight over a pool game or something like that; and then the police did the grilling. But Maury had got himself a good deal on a used sign and frequently sold beers to people lured inside by the possibility of a grilled cheese sandwich.

Although Flowers was the only customer, there was a considerable amount of smoke in the bar. Valentine waved at it as he banged his way toward the booth.

"What the hell is going on in here?" he asked, sliding in opposite Flowers.

"Beats me," Flowers said. "I think this smoke has been in here four or five days, trying to get out."

"What smoke?" Maury said, bringing two beers.

He collected what was due for the beers, plus a 50-cent tip, and stood by the booth with his arms folded. The last time Valentine and Flowers had discussed a little business, people had stopped by the next day asking questions about Valentine's known whereabouts. These people had close-cropped hair and large arms and didn't buy drinks. Maury didn't need this kind of nonsense, so he stood by the booth to discourage the type of discussion that would result in more visits of a similar nature. Maury was a fat man with a bald head. He had smiled last in 1978, when his ex-wife married a jockey.

"Your cousins ever catch up with you?" he asked Valentine. "Five, six months ago. The cousins with the arms the size of loaves of bread?"

"Sure did," Valentine said. He had a sip of beer and smiled innocently. He wore a towelling hat, a sweatshirt and jeans. He hadn't shaved recently. There were bags under his eyes. Innocent people didn't go around looking like that in the middle of the afternoon on a weekday. Innocent people *worked*.

"My cousins were looking to find me because of a will. Some aunt left us a lot of money."

Maury nodded — sure your aunt did.

"So, Valentine, how have you been?" Flowers asked.

"Pretty good," Valentine said. "Pretty good."

And then Maury, of all things, *sat down*.

"Did I mention the last time you were in, I've found religion?" Maury said.

"Yeah, I believe you did," Valentine told him.

"It's very peaceful."

"I bet." The back booth at Maury's was Valentine's *lucky* booth. He had done some of his best thinking here. He felt calm and confident in this booth, with the ashtray and salt shaker arranged just so. Valentine didn't want to have to leave the booth. He wanted Maury to leave, instead.

So he said, squinting at the smoke, "Somebody has been smoking Lucky Strikes in here."

Maury frowned. "Somebody has *what*?" he said.

"Been smoking Lucky Strikes." Valentine sniffed at the smoke. "I had an uncle who used to be in the tobacco business. It runs in the family."

"What runs?" Maury said.

"The ability to tell one kind of tobacco from another. I can tell by one puff what kind of cigarette I'm smoking. *Blindfolded*."

Flowers blinked rapidly and had a sip of beer.

Maury scratched his chin. "That's the biggest load of bullshit I've heard in... three weeks."

"It's the truth," Valentine said, shrugging. "But you don't even smoke," Flowers said.

Valentine reached into his front pocket and removed a wad of notes. He put two twenties and a tenner under his bottle of beer. "One puff. Any cigarette. Blindfolded. Fifty-dollar bet."

"Gambling isn't mentioned in the bible," Maury said, staring at the money.

"Plus, from your point of view, this wouldn't even be a gamble."

SCORING

Valentine occasionally had glimmers of brilliance, but his new get-rich-quick scheme was pure genius.

Fiction by **JAY CRONLEY**

"Right," Maury said to Valentine.

Maury looked at the cigarette machine by the front door. "There are bloody dozens of brands in there." "Pick one." "This is a simple attempt to screw me out of some money, am I right?"

"That's one way to look at it," Valentine said. "The underdog's way."

Maury got up and walked to the cigarette machine. He said he needed some time to think it over.

"That's a pretty expensive way to buy a little privacy," Flowers said quietly.

"Be quiet and listen," Valentine said.

●

It had begun nearly three months ago, when Valentine picked up a fare at the airport and delivered him to the Econolux Motel, which was a dump no more than five kilometres from the airport. "The guy's name was Bourke and he was *from* Bourke, can you beat that?"

As Valentine had been preparing to leave the Econolux to return to the airport to sit in a taxi line three hours long, he noticed a new blue Mercedes parked in front of room four. The Mercedes was so new, it still had its price sticker on the window. "Over at the Econolux, there's a new lightbulb, or the numbers on the door are straight, you notice. There's a car worth a bloody fortune sitting out front, it's like getting slapped in the face. It gets your attention. People who drive cars worth that much don't stay in dumps that run specials, all-you-can-sleep for $23."

"I never pay much attention to who stays where," Flowers said, waving at some smoke.

"Well, here's the question I asked myself, Flowers. What's a new blue Mercedes-Benz doing parked in front of room four at the Econolux?"

"Maybe it was stolen."

"It was sitting out front, in broad daylight."

"Some tourist ran out of money."

"No, it had local plates."

"Then I've got no idea."

"Question," Maury called from the cigarette machine.

"What?" Valentine replied.

"Who buys the pack of cigarettes?"

"Me. I buy them."

Maury nodded. "I'm still thinking about it."

●

Valentine took a notepad and photographs out of a folder and spread them on the table.

"The guy's name is Trafficante," Valentine said. His breathing was shallow. Flowers was concerned he might start hyperventilating. "Salvatore Trafficante."

Valentine touched a couple of photographs of this Salvatore Trafficante walking along a pavement, then several more of him with a tacky motel in the background.

"The guy who owns the Mercedes?"

"Right," Valentine said, mopping perspiration from his brow. "He's at one of the motels out by the airport for the same length of time *every* Friday. It never varies more than 15 minutes."

Flowers had some beer and nodded.

"Sometimes he gets there around noon, sometimes around a quarter to one, but the thing to remember is that no matter when he gets there, he's always in one of the motel rooms for seven hours, can you believe that, *seven hours*?"

"It depends on what he's doing."

"He's doing *that*," Valentine said, tapping a series of pictures of a woman.

Flowers made a face at this group of photos. "Those are the worst pictures I've ever seen."

"You ever try to take a picture of a moving car *out of* a moving car? With an Instamatic? While you're driving?"

Valentine explained what was in the bottom corners of these pictures. It was his watch.

"With the watch there, you can see Trafficante and the blonde going into the motel room right at noon, and the other one shows them coming out at 7.15. It's hard to focus on something up close and far away at the same time, Flowers."

Valentine stacked the pictures and put them back into an envelope and made certain Flowers was with him so far.

"This guy and this woman go to a motel," Flowers said.

"Every Friday. For *seven hours*." Valentine said that he'd found out who owned the Mercedes by having a check done on the number-plate.

Valentine lowered his voice to a whisper. "Now I don't want you to get upset about the next part. This Trafficante, he's in charge of all the gambling for the metropolitan area."

Flowers scooted his chair back, thanked Valentine for the beer and told him to give him a ring the next time he wanted to blackmail somebody; but blackmailing the Mafia was not on Flowers' list of things to do. "Sit down," Valentine said, grabbing Flowers' arm. "Nobody said anything about *blackmail*." "You *didn't*?"

"No. Do you mind if I go on?"

"I guess not," Flowers said, finishing his beer. "Hey," Maury said from the end of the bar. He was concerned that Valentine might be able to tell the brand of a cigarette by the sound it made coming out of the machine. "You go in the back when I buy the cigarettes?"

"I'll go out front and stand on my head," Valentine said to Maury, who nodded.

"I was wondering how $100 sounded to you?" Maury asked.

"Twice as good as 50."

"One puff. Blindfolded."

"One *half* a puff," Valentine said.

Flowers took the pictures of the Mercedes, the seedy motel, Trafficante and the blonde out of the envelope, and he spread them back on the table.

"The blonde is 18, 19, somewhere in there," Valentine said. "Trafficante is 61. This Trafficante is very sneaky about picking her up. Different places, you know? Say you're following them. You lose them. All you have to do is check the motels by the airport. It's the same, every Friday. I've been watching the last *nine* Fridays."

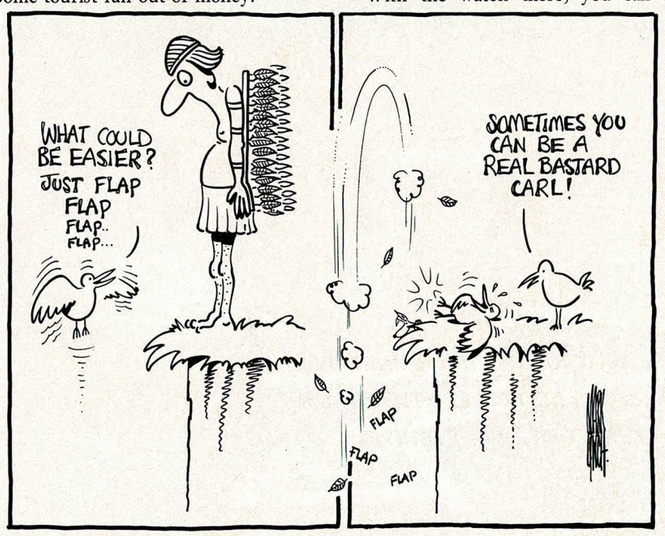
Flowers blinked at the woman's legs. "A man gets to be a certain age, he goes out of his mind. A last hurrah, that kind of thing."

Valentine leaned across the table and put his hands on Flowers' shoulders and said, "You guessed it, Flowers. The blonde is *not* Mrs Trafficante. Mrs Trafficante is a fat lady with white hair."

"No blackmail?" Flowers asked.

"No." Valentine made sure Maury couldn't hear. "We kidnap the bastard."

Flowers dropped his beer glass. "I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but if you put this much time and energy into driving your cab, hell, you'd make a couple more grand a year."



"Maybe I better explain myself." Valentine leaned over the table again. "We're not going to kidnap this guy, technically speaking. We're going to *pretend* to kidnap him while he's shacked up."

"Well, my *God*," Flowers said, stunned.

"You're on," Maury said.

●

Maury wrapped four bar towels around Valentine's eyes, and pointed him toward the back wall while he got a pack of cigarettes out of the machine. He caught the pack of cigarettes before it hit the bottom of the rack. He took one cigarette out of the pack, showed Flowers the brand, and sat down next to Valentine.

Maury checked the towels over Valentine's eyes. He then put the cigarette he had selected from the machine between Valentine's lips. Valentine rolled it around.

"He's trying to feel the letters printed on the paper," Maury said to Flowers, who shrugged.

Valentine laughed again and the cigarette fell on to the table.

Maury put it back into Valentine's mouth and lit it.

Valentine took a puff.

Maury put the cigarette out in the ashtray.

"It's a Winfield Blue," Valentine said.

"God*damn*," Maury said, raking the ashtray off on to the floor, where it broke.

Valentine felt blindly around the table for his winnings and stuffed it in his pocket.

"You just screwed a friend out of a lot of money," Flowers said.

Valentine laughed some more.

●

Maury brought over two more beers. Flowers sat with his legs crossed, looking at a wall.

After Maury had gone back behind his counter to pout and Flowers had disappeared to the toilet, Valentine frowned over the possibility of Trafficante and his young lady friend — her name was Bunny something or other — leaving the motel early. People 61 and 18 certainly didn't have lovers' quarrels, but Valentine was concerned, and justifiably so, that Trafficante might have a heart attack on top of this kid. You would have thought that — as long as they had been doing it — they would have built up an immunity to heart attacks, but you never really knew. Valentine didn't want to be attempting to get a million dollars from Trafficante's people and have Trafficante himself back on the streets, even in a coma, when he was supposed to be kidnapped.

When Flowers returned, Valentine explained the problem about keeping Trafficante out of circulation.

"We ram them," Flowers said immediately.

Valentine jerked his head back as though a bee had flown in front of it.

"We've got somebody across the way watching the motel room, right? They try to leave before we get the money, we ram the hell out of them with a car. We ram the ambulance. We ram anything there is."

Valentine kissed Flowers on the forehead and promised him a $10,000 bonus.

"Okay, let's take it from the top," Valentine said. "Trafficante and the blonde are in some motel. Somebody watches them from across the way. They try to leave real early, we call it off, do it next Friday. They try to leave during the time we're getting the ransom, we ram them."

Flowers said nothing; he cleared his throat.

"We call Trafficante's people back at his office, you know, the people who work for him and love him — the people with the *money* — the second he's inside the room and say we've got him and want *three* million for his safe release."

Flowers said there was no need to get greedy.

Valentine giggled. "There's some customary bitching and moaning. Some negotiating. They want to talk to him, they don't want to pay good money for a stiff. We say he can't come to the phone because he's tranquillised. Tranquillised so we can move him around town. How do you like that?"

"It's fine," Flowers said.

"They say they can't raise the three million so fast. We say we know better. This and that. We want the money ready in a couple of hours, which gives us an average of five hours to spare. Now, ransom is hard. Do you know the police have stuff they can paint on to banknotes, some kind of acid, that causes your fingerprints to rot off? They have electronic stuff that can trace a bill 40 kilometres. God knows the last time somebody got away with ransom." The secret with ransom was figuring out a way to pick up the money and leave without the other side seeing you; and the other side would use dobermanns, helicopters, detectives dressed as old ladies, you name it.

"So here's what we do. We tell them to put the three million *loose* in hundred-dollar bills in some bag, you know, a big one like they put garbage in. We tell them to take the loose hundreds in a big bag to a car out the front of Trafficante's building. We've got somebody in a car out front, too. Their car follows our car. We tell them to open the window and toss the money out loose on to *the pavement in front of Woolworths* when the person in our car waves. Can you *believe* that, Flowers? Can you believe a human thought of something like that?"

"Um," Flowers said.

"The money comes out of the window loose — the hundred-dollar bills. There's dozens of people in front of Woolworths on a Friday. Shoppers. The money flies all over the place. We've got 20 of our people there, waiting, 20 or 30, acting like regular pedestrians. Only we're *ready* for the money."

"I see," Flowers said.

"We start grabbing the money. So do some of the real pedestrians, but we've got bags tucked inside our shirts and pants, and we're going to get most of the money. It's us and the pedestrians going for the three million in front of Woolworths, can you imagine that? There's no way to tell the kidnappers from the regular people! We can sacrifice $300,000 to the pedestrians and still murder them."

"Well," said Flowers, "you ought to be very proud of yourself."

●

A few days later, Flowers called Valentine and respectfully declined from the big deal out in front of Woolworths this coming Friday. He had the flu; and when a person got to be 41, he didn't bounce back from a fever the way he did when he was 25.

Valentine again thanked Flowers for the ramming idea. "I'm using Culbertson across from the motel. He's got an old Ford built like a tank, in case we need to crash

"The coach of that 'pathetic bunch of clapped out has-beens' would like to see you outside."

into anybody. I'll send a few grand over Monday for your help, thinking."

Flowers told him to forget it. "How many people are you using at Woolworths?"

"We're going with 25. I'm giving everybody 10 percent of what they pick up off the pavement. We'll meet back at my place. A person catches $50,000, he gets $5000."

"Good luck."

"Listen, if you're up and around, feel free to drop by Woolworths around three or four Friday afternoon, pick yourself up a few thousand, for old time's sake." "You never know," Flowers told him.

●

Valentine sat on one side of a see-through wall that was probably made of something bullet-proof. Flowers sat on the side that was more plush, and had chairs made out of material, not aluminium.

Valentine was in prison; Flowers was visiting.

Surprisingly enough, Valentine looked okay. There was a glow on his cheeks. They spoke into telephones on either side of the wall.

"This is just like old times," Flowers smiled.

"Not hardly," Valentine said, looking at the convicts around him.

"How's prison?"

Valentine raised his eyebrows. "Actually, not as bad as you would think, Flowers. This place is where they store all the white-collar criminals. My room-mate is a guy who printed up some counterfeit money. We're on the same work detail. We put in those roses out by the front gate."

Flowers nodded.

Valentine nodded.

"I tried to see you right before the trial, but they said you weren't having any visitors."

Flowers asked what the hell had happened; he hadn't read a word about it.

"Well, you know in front of Woolworths?"

"Sure," Flowers replied.

"Those sneaky bastards in Trafficante's office threw the three million out the window of their car in two enormous garbage bags tied up at the top, not in *loose hundreds*, like they were supposed to, for the love of God."

Flowers winced and whistled.

Valentine shivered and continued. "So the two bloody great bags hit the pavement and my people take the hell off, like there's a raid."

Flowers nodded. "You couldn't really blame them, Valentine. Anybody who touched the bags full of money would be saying, 'I'm the kidnapper, come get me'."

"Yeah," Valentine agreed. "So I picked up the damn things and dragged them to the park. I sat down on a bench and tried to think of a way to get the hell out of there."

Flowers shook his head and lowered his eyes.

"I thought of one thing that had a chance. Take the money hostage. You know, get some petrol and pour it on the bags and ask for a plane at the airport or something like that. But any way you looked at it, it was only a matter of time."

Flowers wiped a tear off his cheek.

"So what happened was the sons of bitches came out of the trees and up through the sewers to get me, Flowers. It was unbelievable. People wandering around the park yanked all sorts of weapons out from under their dresses. It was like an invasion."

"I've... got to go."

Flowers started to hang up.

"Send me some pruning books," Valentine said. "I'm getting pretty good at it."

A guard led Valentine back toward his cell.

Flowers banged on the window and motioned for Valentine to pick up the phone again.

"Valentine," Flowers said, looking around to make sure nobody could overhear them. "I've got some good news. It's going to make your time pass a lot faster. It *worked*."

"Lady, I got some terrible news for you. Your husband is a worthless piece of garbage. He's parked out at some motel with a 19-year-old!"

Valentine squinted.

"Your idea about pretending to kidnap Trafficante actually *worked*."

"Goddamn it, Flowers, don't kid around. It's not *that* great in here. The bed's got lumps."

"We made $20,000," Flowers said, fully composed again. "Ten apiece."

"*What?*" Valentine said, blinking at least once a second.

"While you were in front of Woolworths, I drove to Mrs Trafficante's. She's great. I knocked on the door and said, 'Lady, I got some terrible news for you. Your husband is a worthless piece of garbage. Right now, he's out at some motel with a 19-year-old, and this has been going on for a long time.' First, she almost cries. Then she wants to kill him. I told her there's a better way. The better way is, we take a lot of Trafficante's money with her taking the biggest bite."

Valentine's eyes were about to pop out of his head.

"Here's the way it works. Trafficante comes home after shacking up. Mrs Trafficante says, 'Thank God you're all right, darling!' She says, 'I got a call this morning from kidnappers saying they had you and wanted a couple of hundred thousand in ransom or they'd cut you up.' She tells him she went to the bank and got the $200,000 and made the ransom payoff!"

"You son of a bitch, Flowers. I'm fighting for my life, surrounded by police dogs, and you're raking in dough from old ladies."

Flowers said that there was no telling what might happen with the fake-kidnapping racket. His way was a little safer, that's all.

"It's a good thing there's a wall here," Valentine said.

Flowers told Valentine to calm down, this was only the beginning. "Anyway, that's what we did. We drove to the bank. I took the 10 percent, and Mrs Trafficante took the rest."

"Unbelievable," Valentine said.

Flowers admitted that he had thought about keeping this to himself. "It's a good thing you look so pitiful."

"I was thinking about trying it with some other guy in front of Woolworths again," Valentine said.

●

Valentine got out after 10 months.

They hated to see him go because the flowers around the electrically charged fence had never looked better.

The people who ran the prison weren't *too* upset, though. They figured Valentine would be back in time for the spring planting season.

They were wrong.

Flowers picked Valentine up at the front gate one Saturday — in a new Ford LTD, no less — and they went straight from prison to work.

And business was the same as usual at the dumps out around the airport; business was extremely good. They ate a couple of cheeseburgers while they worked.

"Stop the car, Flowers, there's a new BMW parked over by that one," Valentine said.

"Which one?" Flowers hit the brakes.

"The Anchor Inn. Then you can make a U-turn and swing back by The Plaza Court. I think there was a Mercedes station wagon parked down toward the end."

"Right. You get the number plate off that Jaguar over there?"

"Yeah," Valentine said.

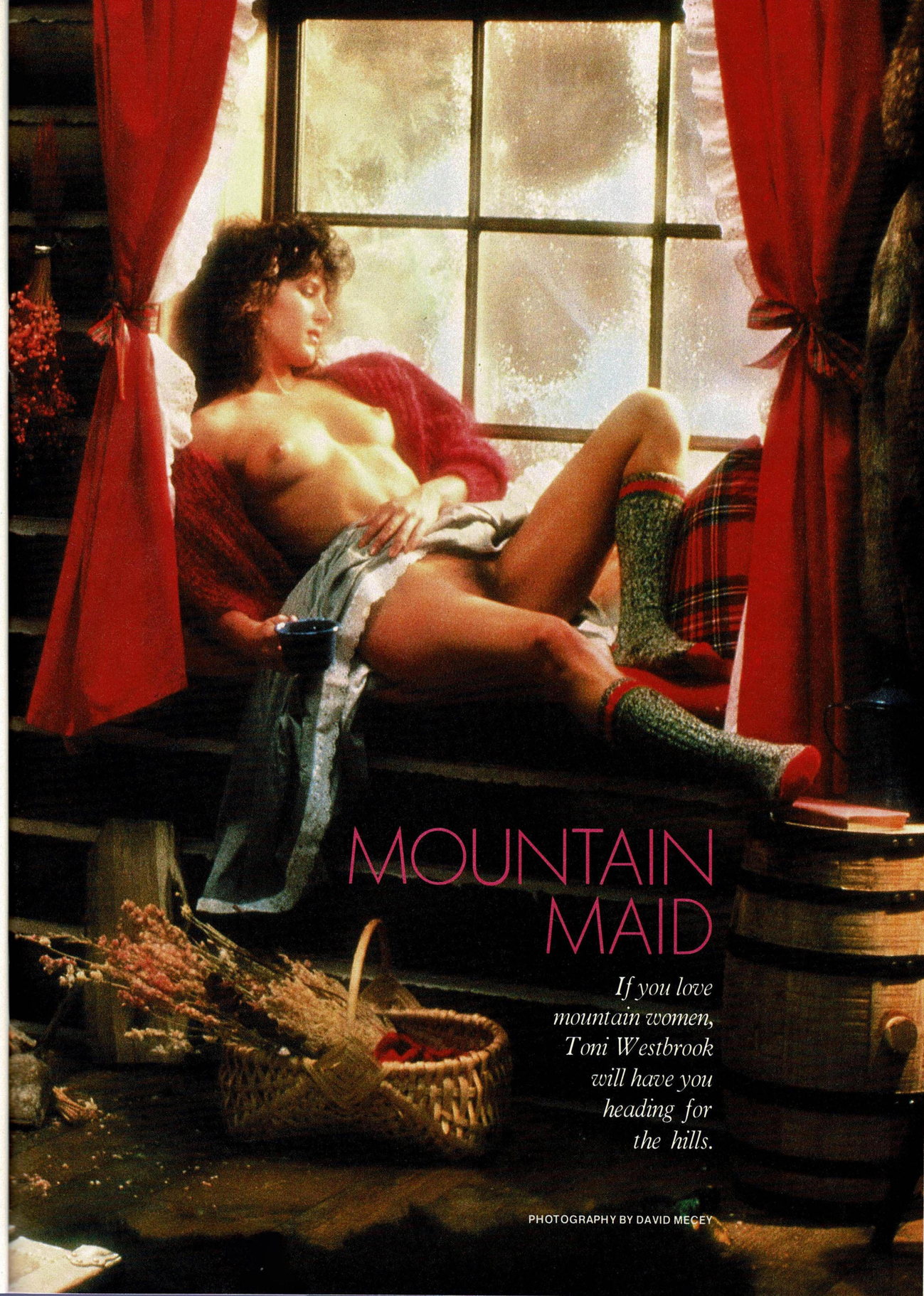
Flowers pulled in behind the burgundy Rolls-Royce that was parked in front of room six at the Santiago Motel, a square building with eight rooms over eight rooms.

It was very dark and quiet in room eight, as they expected.

"You know what," Valentine said, writing the number-plate of the burgundy Rolls-Royce into a notebook.

"Surprise me," Flowers said.

"We're probably going to put a lot of motels out of business."



There are plenty of reasons why more and more Australians are going to the snow this winter and they've got just as much to do with coming across a girl like Toni Westbrook as they do with skiing. At 28, and with a 34-23-35 figure, Toni could lure even the keenest skiers off a downhill run and in from the cold. The rest of the *apres ski* crowd might be burning the midnight oil, but Toni's more inclined to spend her nights a bit more intimately.

"My favorite thing is to go to my own cabin and spend a week there doing nothing but fishing, going for long walks in the snow and lazing around by the fire," explains Toni.

Toni has always been an outdoors girl who's loved a bit of adventure. She learned to ride her parents' two horses long before she knew how to drive their 4WD. And when she had enough money to buy her own car, the first thing she did was buy a horse. "He cost me $700, plus $150 a month to feed," says Toni, "but he earns his keep. I ride him in parts of the mountains that a 4WD can't go."

To keep up with such a tough life, Toni works out with weights. And it pays off. She once won a $20 bet (with a man, of course) over the number of push-ups she could do.

But deep down, Toni is quite a lady. Especially when she's snowed in and the only thing left to do is stay warm and while away the hours.

Sounds like the winter of our dreams!

"I like tall, dark, handsome men — but then what woman doesn't? A man who can make me laugh does much better with me than a strong, silent, macho type."
— Say, Toni, did you hear the one about mountain men. . . ?

20 QUESTIONS: RAY MARTIN

Our newest TV talk-show host discusses life after 60 Minutes, the rigors of doing it live and what it's like to be face to face with Bo Derek in a wet T-shirt.

When Mike Walsh vacated the throne of daytime television, Ray Martin of 60 Minutes fame was offered the most challenging role in live TV. Could all those women and the risk of doing it live really be as dangerous as a war zone? Just ask Ray, he's the guy who ought to know, reports Australian PLAYBOY's ***Neil Jameson.***

1.

PLAYBOY: How tough is it doing five live 90-minute shows each week?

MARTIN: Mike Walsh had the right quote for it: "You've got to be there." Unlike working on newspapers or taping radio shows or some of the other forms of reporting I've experienced, you can't cheat on it. In those other jobs there are times when you can get away with being late, hung over, not your best or even plain sloppy. But not in this job. Here, everything is live. We've got an 11-piece band, commercials, networking, a live audience and live acts. Anything can happen. You don't even have talkback radio's seven-second delay. No safety nets.

The trick is to think ahead while you're doing the interview. Walshy had it down pat. In all those years I don't think he ever had a defamation suit against him.

2.

PLAYBOY: How do you dodge the traps?

MARTIN: Just like a fighter, keep bobbing and weaving. As a reporter my instinct is to get the news story out of an interview subject. And to do that you have to take them to the edge to get them to say things they've never said before. You must be ready to pull yourself back in case they say something dangerous. During my *60 Minutes* and ABC days, if you asked a silly question, you could edit the tape and sanitise yourself. But not here. As I said: no safety nets. Walshy used to pre-record the Friday show on Thursday because he found he really needed the three-day break. But we don't even do that anymore. It's five days solid because we decided we wanted to make it as current as possible.

3.

PLAYBOY: That sort of pressure makes people do crazy things. What's your craziest performance?

MARTIN: I swore on ABC radio in Perth. I'd done an interview with Sir Keith Murdoch about Henry Lawson. The old boy had remembered Lawson coming to Western Australia and we had pulled together a good interview. However, I had physically cut the tape in a few places for editing purposes and when I put it to air shortly after, it broke three times. Each time I'd come back and apologise. When it broke the third time we were about to go to music and I was so exasperated I let the magic four-letter word go and noticed at the same time that the light just went off. The announcer who was handling the mike said, "I think it went to air." I waited for the walls to come tumbling in around my very brief career. In the end the announcer saved my life.

4.

PLAYBOY: Mike Walsh was derisively labelled the king of the blue-rinse set. How do you feel about inheriting that title?

MARTIN: Reporters who use that tag usually work for tabloids so they're at the office during the day and rarely get to see the show. A woman journalist tagged me "Mr Nice Guy" when I was on *60 Minutes*. The title caught on to such an extent that I'd probably have to go out and assault somebody to change the image. Headlines can be misleading. Far from being king of the blue-rinse set, Walsh won a Logie in '78 for the best current affairs program. This show has been prepared to deal with just about anything, including subjects other shows won't touch. We'll have 30 minutes on incest, if that is the subject of the day, with mothers and daughters facing the cameras. We couldn't have done that on *60 Minutes*. No night-time show could do it.

5.

PLAYBOY: How relevant is *The Ray Martin Show?*

MARTIN: When I took this job somebody said, "Roosevelt discovered radio, Kennedy discovered television. But the politician who discovers daytime television in Australia is going to be on a boomer." The reasoning is that this isn't *The National*, or *The National Times* or *The Bulletin:* it's a program that reaches a big slice of middle Australia, not a select audience that's made its mind up. If Hawkey comes on this program a couple of days before an election, his smart handlers know that he is going to be asked some tough questions. He's not going to be let off just because it's daytime television. It's a great forum for politicians.

6.

PLAYBOY: When you walked on to that set for the first time did you get the strong impression that there was a large bank of women out there waiting to be entertained?

MARTIN: Frankly, I felt ridiculous. I gained the impression of a lot of people, not necessarily women. Mike had advised me not to talk to the audience before the first few shows. Now, I always talk to them before the show. But that first time. I felt very uncomfortable: I was thinking, "Martin, you're a newsman, what are you doing here?" But once I was in that seat doing what I've done for the past 20 years, it was easy.

7.

PLAYBOY: In your interviewing career, have you ever been badly compromised?

MARTIN: I don't think so. No matter what your views are, as a journalist your objective is to get the story. When I was working in America I did something on George Wallace who is as far away from my views as you could imagine. He's a bigot and a racist but I wanted him to come on *Four Corners* so, without being smarmy, I was prepared to bend over backwards to get him to agree to an interview. Sometimes you have to play the devil's advocate.

8.

PLAYBOY: Why are people so willing to talk to you?

MARTIN: I'm constantly amazed to hear people say things on camera that they would probably say nowhere else. They say the most personal things. It's like the TV camera becomes therapy. Mike Wallace of the American *60 Minutes* has a line which I've used once or twice: "Between you and me, tell me the truth." What we really mean is between you and me and a couple of million viewers!

9.

PLAYBOY: You found yourself in a few sticky situations while working for *60 Minutes*. Were they more frightening than live television?

MARTIN: Yes. I'd like to say they weren't. Take live television, the worst thing that could happen is that it mightn't work out and I'd go back to being what I always was, a reporter. So, it does have some element of danger. But reporting out there in the field is something else again. Take the death of ABC reporter Tony Joyce, who was shot in Africa; you can't afford to take risks in places like El Salvador, Northern Ireland or Beirut because you've got a camera that looks like a gun and a microphone that resembles a bazooka. There are four of you in a crew so you might as well have a spotlight on you. You don't take risks.

But, as happened in Tony's case, it's the unexpected that gets you.

10.

PLAYBOY: Like Norman Gunston bobs up and scoops you?

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM MONRO

MARTIN: Yeah. We were in Beirut on our way out to talk to the British garrison. People were in the market gardens, going about their business as we drove out. When we drove back, we suddenly became aware — as in the movies — that the birds and animals were gone. No people around, the shops were closed, the streets empty. Our driver had had no word what was on but he was going hell-for-leather. He said: "We've got to get out of here, something is going to happen."

We were out and in a matter of minutes the place erupted. If we'd stayed there any longer then we would have been right in the middle of it.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do those incidents happen often?

MARTIN: We were allowed into Iran after they'd taken the American hostages. All foreign journalists had been kicked out and nobody else, except us and a Canadian crew, was allowed into the country. We were filming outside the US embassy in Teheran while a very militant mob was demonstrating outside. I got separated from our interpreter by a very militant group of Muslim fundamentalists.

These guys started pushing me and saying, "American, American". They were getting quite rough even though I was saying no, no, no. I was wondering what to do when I noticed I had a kangaroo on my notepad. Fortunately, one of the guys spoke English and he asked where I was from. I said Australia and he said that was the same thing as America. So, I launched into a PR exercise and this guy calmed the others down. Nothing happened, but it was one of those situations you never budget for.

12.

PLAYBOY: In war zones, were you aware the propaganda value of camera and recording gear might pose a bigger threat to your safety than if you were carrying firearms?

MARTIN: Absolutely. We were the first Western crew to visit Afghanistan after the Russians invaded. We were there with the approval of the Russian-backed puppet government. We were booked into a 400-room hotel and we were the only guests. This was terrific, we had the run of the place. But if we wanted a game of pool we had to get the waiters to play doubles.

After three days there we got talking to a couple of guys behind the desk who wanted to come to Australia. They wanted out. They warned us to be very careful in Afghanistan. "The very fact that you are in this country at the behest of the government," they said, "makes you a target."

That's a situation in which nothing happened, but if four Aussie journos had been blown away, nobody would have been surprised.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's the most off-the-wall interview you've ever done?

MARTIN: Brett Whiteley was different. He'd I've met. He's a genius who works in fits. He works on booze, cigarettes and whatever.

Bo Derek was interesting. It would have been easy to believe that her husband John is the Svengali, the puppeteer. But she had her shit together, wasn't carried away by it all and gave me the impression she could give it all away tomorrow. She had her own opinions despite what John often said. We did the filming at her sister Kath's ranch. Kath is a good nine.

Bo is a catamaran freak. John said, "You're going sailing with Bo tomorrow. Throw her in the water. She looks terrific in a wet T-shirt."

I couldn't throw Bo Derek in the water. She fell in; and she looked *sensational.*

14.

PLAYBOY: Of all those stimulating people you've had the pleasure of frolicking with, is there anyone you'd like to swap places with?

MARTIN: Peter Weir. I always thought that if I had starred in and directed a movie like

I hate being told what to do when it's against my natural instincts. Like Woody Allen in Annie Hall I do exactly the opposite.

Woody Allen's *Annie Hall,* I'd give it away. I'd gladly grow orchids or something because I doubt if I could ever again make anything as perfect as that movie. I think Peter Weir is getting close to that point.

If I had my time again I would sooner have been Dennis Lillee opening the bowling against the Poms with that red cherry in my hand.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do your commitments permit time for sports watching?

MARTIN: I'm an inveterate cricket fan. If I've got the time in summer I'll go out and watch Sheffield Shield games. I love it. Had I not got into this job I would have loved to have moved into TV sport. A good number of the writers I enjoy — Tom Wolfe, Hunter S. Thompson and others — started out in sport and then turned to the serious stuff. I started out with the serious stuff and have wanted to get into sport.

16.

PLAYBOY: Instead you find yourself talking to the women of Australia. Were you ever intimidated by middle-aged women?

MARTIN: When you've turned 40, middle age becomes 50 to 60. At school I was intimidated by the old matrons who never married. As a sex symbol I have most success winning the hearts and minds of children up to the age of seven and women over the age of 60. As for the rest, I'm a dismal failure.

If I can be serious for a second, my main stipulation in taking this job was that I wouldn't put on funny faces, sing or dance. And there would be no compromise on that score. I know what I can do and that's use my news sense as a reporter and I know that I'm as good as any television reporter in this country. That's my training and I'll stick at what I know best.

17.

PLAYBOY: Do you answer all fan mail?

MARTIN: Yes. We reply to every letter.

18.

PLAYBOY: What about knickers that arrive in the mail?

MARTIN: Well, that all depends on what the knickers look like and what size they are.

The trick with this show is you have to know what the audience wants. The response thus far from women has been, "Thank Christ he's not talking down to us." That's the message. If Hawke and ANZUS are the issues of the day and we can get somebody on to talk about it, we will. If Christopher Atkins is in town, then we'll interview him too.

The point I'm making is that if you treat those middle-aged women as intelligent individuals, you're on a winner.

19.

PLAYBOY: What about your sex appeal?

MARTIN: If you happen to have a good smile and they fall in love with you that's a bonus, but I figure that because I'm there for 90 minutes a day they are either going to like or hate me far more than they did when I appeared once a week on *60 Minutes.*

20.

PLAYBOY: It's almost obligatory that you drink and socialise with directors, producers, and the behind-camera guys. How do you keep pace?

MARTIN: They're a tough crew. I don't know how Walshy did it. I'm not a bad drinker, I'm not a good drinker. I'm an old-fashioned stayer but I can't stick with the real hard drinkers. But how Mike could go out and play until two or three o'clock in the morning and then scrub up squeaky clean for the show next day sure beats me. I've lost eight kilos in less than four months. I'm watching my booze intake. When you're on the road as a working journo you tend to drink and eat too much. I have to keep an eye on that. A bit of dutch courage and I can be a bit of a larrikin. I like practical jokes.

Perhaps my greatest character failing is that I hate being told what to do when it's against my natural instincts. Like Woody Allen in *Annie Hall* I do exactly the opposite. I'd like to think I'm growing out of that. For instance, when Mike offers me some advice, I'm a fool if I don't tap into his 25 years of show business experience. The guy's a genius.

"Perhaps this one, Sir."

ON THE BOX (continued from page 38)

Nobody takes a punt on a new show unless it's been tested, dry-cleaned and formularised to death.

guilty of that little personal conceit which says, "I could do a better job of running a TV station than those jokers."

But if by magic you were to become a network chief for, say, one year you would swiftly come to a sobering conclusion. Any programmer, no matter how good he is at his job, can only put to air those shows which are being made. If a lot of bad shows are produced one year then that's all he has to work with. The alternative is endless re-runs or blank screens. And that leads to the most important question of all in TV land. Who decides what shows get made?

Actually, it's you, the consumer, again. The network chiefs, the executives in charge of production houses such as Grundy's or Crawford's, their counterparts in Britain and the United States only have past successes to guide them. If cop shows worked in the past, then chances are you'll get the same in the future. The same with hospital shows, quiz shows, current affairs and drama. The men who decide what goes to air can only go by what you have told them you liked in the past. The same principle applies to TV versions of blockbuster novels. No one, absolutely no one in his right mind, would make a mini-series based on a book that sold 20 copies or a movie which died at the box-office.

Occasionally the programmers will experiment but even then they have to be careful. A flop can cost millions and put a brilliant career or two in sudden decline so nobody takes too many chances. Let me give you an example of the thinking that prevails in TV land using that landmark success in Aussie soap, *Number 96*.

The only reason *Number 96* saw the light of day was because Ron Haynes and Ian Holmes, then program executives at Channel 10, noted the success of the Pommie working-class soap, *Coronation Street*, in Melbourne and the sexy American soap, *Peyton Place*, in Sydney. *Coronation Street* never worked in Sydney and *Peyton Place* never worked in Melbourne so the programmers thought about combining the two to produce an Aussie soap that would be a hit in both cities.

The result was a sexy, working-class soap about the people in a block of flats in Sydney and one of the most successful shows in the history of Australian television. The same kind of thinking led to the gamble with *Arcade* a few years ago, a show about the people whose lives revolved around a suburban shopping arcade. On the surface it had all the ingredients which made other shows a hit, it was about ordinary people leading extraordinary lives in suburbia. Yet it crashed with a shock wave that still causes shudders in the industry.

Can *you* explain why *Number 96* flourished while *Arcade* died? Can you explain why *Cop Shop* was a hit but *Waterloo Station* wasn't?

You might have opinions, everybody does, but they're two a penny. The truth is nobody knows for sure what will work and what won't and that includes the programmers. Nobody takes a punt on a new show unless it's been researched, tested, dry-cleaned and formularised to death. The more experimental a show is in concept the less likely it is to see the light of a cathode ray tube because there has been nothing like it in the past to judge it by.

It's a sort of Catch 22 where you can't have innovative TV now because you never had it before so there are no precedents. And most new ideas you see on Australian TV are actually derivatives of overseas successes which globe-trotting executives get to see before the great Aussie unwashed. Did you ever stop to consider why puppets suddenly became all the rage on TV current affairs shows? If you've seen the English puppet satire, *Spitting Image*, you wouldn't have to wonder.

Mind you, Australian TV executives have often done us a big favor by keeping some dreadful ideas from ever getting off the drawing board. For instance, the soapie Channel 10 turned down about a mile-long spacecraft with families living in different sections — an Aussie Brady Bunch in one section, a time-warp Sullivans in another, about 14 sections and each one having their own episode each week.

TV RATINGS: HOW THEY WORK

McNair-Anderson conducts eight TV ratings surveys a year. Each survey period lasts four weeks. That means the TV ratings "year" in Australia lasts for 32 weeks spread in four-week segments over the course of the calendar year.

We will take Sydney as a representative survey area because although surveys are conducted in all capital cities, Sydney is the biggest in Australia. The city is divided into 168 separate survey areas. Each area is determined according to the districts covered by census collectors. In each census collector's area or district three diaries are distributed to three households — one diary for each home. That means 504 households are surveyed each week. Diaries can be for either one week or two weeks. According to McNair-Anderson most householders are usually happy, even flattered, to be offered a diary. This is because they have heard about the ratings and are intrigued by them. In turn this means they usually fill out the diaries conscientiously. Each diary consists of a week's viewing divided into 15-minute segments, channel by channel. Householders are asked to fill in each segment according to the shows they watch by the quarter hour. So if they hop around the dial, which many people do, it shows. Children get a separate column of the diary to register their viewing patterns.

Of the 504 diaries which go out, an average of 420 to 430 are completed successfully. Some people stuff them up. You saw what happened in the last election with stuffed-up ballots, so you know why. It's the donkey factor. The final result is that at the end of each four-week period, McNair-Anderson receives about 1600 completed diaries. The results are fed into a computer and shortly afterwards everyone finds out which TV shows were watched by the most people.

The results are expressed as percentages of TV sets tuned in to a particular show at a particular time. For instance, if *The A-Team* scores a 27, that means 27 percent of TV sets in the survey were tuned to that program when it was screened. If, however, *The A-Team* were screened, as it probably should be, at 10 in the morning, it might only score a nine — meaning nine percent of TV sets in the survey were tuned in because only kiddies were watching and all regular A-Team fans were out snatching handbags.

That is not to say the networks won't take the occasional gamble. They will. But it's very, very calculated. For instance, *The Mike Walsh Show* began its noon timeslot in February 1973 and had abysmal ratings for its first four years. Walsh took a long time to build a following, scoring ratings of only two and three to begin with, then working up to 17 and 25 before it went to the night timeslot. Those ratings meant almost a quarter of the people in Australia who owned or rented TV sets were tuned to *The Mike Walsh Show* during the final years of its daytime run. With an audience of millions each week, Channel 9 could make big bucks selling advertising off the day timeslot.

Now, the breakfast shows on Nine and Ten are scoring the same low ratings as *The Mike Walsh Show* did in its early days but executives are prepared to wear the losses in the hope that audiences will build over the years and the shows will ultimately become money-spinners.

But before the brekkie shows went to air they were preceded by much agonising and market research about the potential audience for morning television. Breakfast TV in Britain didn't take off the way it was expected. But *Good Morning America* and *The Today Show* in the United Sates have done well, perhaps because Americans are more familiar with television at all hours of the day and night, unlike the deprived Poms. Because Australian consumer taste often parallels that of Americans, it is a fair bet that breakfast TV will catch on here eventually.

However, you will notice that not only are the Aussie brekkie shows straight format lifts from their trail-blazing American counterparts, we have even borrowed the titles, substituting the word Australia for America in the *Good Morning America* show. Not only is our television highly derivative, we don't even try too hard to dress it up in fresh Aussie packaging.

Perhaps the best example of a real punt on the commercial networks is Nine's *Sunday* show. It starts at nine on a Sunday morning and usually runs for two hours. An intelligent news and current affairs program aimed directly at the middle-brow market, it gives viewers a summary of the week's news, political analysis frequently involving interviews with the country's leaders, intelligent film reviews by Peter Thompson and a couple of TV magazine items with one lead story on a major world issue. That's fairly heavy going for the one morning of the week when most people are having a late lie-in.

However, the show rates phenomenally well for that timeslot, regularly scoring an eight or nine. As Jim McKay, Nine's president of programming, points out, the Sunday show was a genuine punt. Calculated to a degree perhaps, but courageous nevertheless.

"We suspected there was a need for a program like that because it could give busy executives the information they need at the one time of the week when they are fresh, relaxed and have a spare two hours on their hands," says McKay.

"*Sunday* is pitched at the male executive, the kind of person who usually gets home too late to watch the evening news weeknights and who is too tired to digest the kind of material *Sunday* delivers if it's put out in a late night weekday slot. That Sunday slot also gives the producers two hours, which is quite a luxury in television, to put together the kind of quality program they want without the usual constraints of time."

However you won't find any of the commercials taking the kind of risk the ABC occasionally does with a program such as *The Gillies Report*. The reason is because *The Gillies Report* has a minority following. It appeals only to those few undergraduate-mentality Australians who enjoy satire. The figures prove that most Australians prefer watching *The A-Team*, *Prisoner* or *A Country Practice*, and the commercials are there to meet the preference of the masses.

Australian soaps are very good for what they are, and people overseas must think so or they wouldn't be buying them.

It will continue to be that way as long as the commercial stations are dependent on advertising revenue and advertisers like to see high viewing figures.

McKay added: "We cannot dictate taste. That is not a role we should be playing. We can attempt to lead but we can't tell people what they should be watching."

There is a major point worth making on behalf of the programmers when it comes to drama production. Both McKay and Chisholm stressed the burden on Australian producers in trying to fill the quota required by the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal, of 104 hours of first-run Aussie drama per channel each year. Plus eight hours annually of first-run children's drama. When you consider that top American shows such as *Dallas* and *Dynasty* only produce 22 one-hour episodes each year because the US ratings season only lasts six months (the duration of a northern winter and approximately half as long as the Aussie ratings year), you begin to appreciate the enormous gap which has to be filled by Australian programmers. Hence the number of soaps. They can be churned out on an assembly line and they help fill the drama quota.

Added McKay: "The creative community in Australia just can't produce superb drama on this scale every year. It isn't possible. There isn't the money, there aren't the producers, the actors or the writers. Having said that I would also say that Australian soaps are very good for what they are, and people overseas must think so or they wouldn't be buying them to show on their TV channels.

"I don't think Australians are missing out on anything," he said. "There are no good shows being produced anywhere in the world that are not seen in Australia. Yes, there *are* dud nights. I would prefer to say some nights are better than others. . . but I can assure you that isn't deliberate. No one in the commercials has any idea what the others are scheduling for a certain night. There is no prior knowledge. If the three commercials schedule similar programs, then, sure, it looks like there isn't much choice, but that happens purely by chance."

And, to their credit, Australian programmers and producers do produce brilliant Australian drama among the froth and bubble of the soaps. *The Dismissal, A Town Like Alice, The Cowra Breakout, All The Rivers Run, Bodyline* and *Scales Of Justice* (an ABC production) are some obvious examples. But the reason these mini-series are such beacons in the darkness can be traced quite quickly back to that root of all evil — money. There just isn't the money to produce quality every week of the year.

We may buy in successful overseas maxi-series such as *Brideshead Revisited*, but the same principle applies in Britain and even the United States. There just isn't the money and the talent available to produce superb drama all the time. So, even if a magic wand could be waved across the nation and high IQ dust sprinkled down from the stars so that everybody suddenly sickened of the soaps and began clamoring for top-drawer drama they simply couldn't have it. There isn't the cash or the resources. And even when the cash and resources are poured into a mini-series there is no guarantee it will work. There has to be a failure rate. *The Last Bastion* had big names, a terrific script, good direction, but it wasn't the hit it was expected to be. Sometimes you can put in all the right ingredients and the magic *still* doesn't work.

So the kind of TV we get in Australia is dictated by two pretty irresistible forces. . . money and popular taste. There isn't anyone you can blame if there isn't enough money around to produce superb television 10 hours a day, 365 days a year. That's just the way of the world.

As for the shows that do make it, well, if you don't like the bulk of them there is only one person you have to blame. And that's yourself.

The programmers are only giving you what you have already told them you want. As with politicians, perhaps Australians only get the kind of television we deserve.

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TOUGH (continued from page 73)

The Pajero, which in Spanish is slang for wanker, is no slouch on the highway.

$18,000, there must be a model for you. One of them not for me is the turbo diesel: it's slow, noisy, harsh and costly. But all the Rockies are way ahead of the dismal F10/F20 range that fizzed against the Sierra Suzuki.

In the end, Suzuki's main rival will come from within its own ranks. The Holden Drover, a bonsai Holden cloned from the Sierra and built by Suzuki to be sold by GM-H through its international marketing agreement, could expect to match Suzuki's tearaway sales success, car for car. GM-H has around 400 dealers nationwide, and its new machine is nicely restyled and packs a fearful power punch. If you want to be big on the beach scene this summer, one of these is almost mandatory equipment.

The hard end of the four-wheel-drive market is again Toyo territory. The 60 series model range with its new bottom-liner (the Bundera) covers short, mid, military and long-wheelbase (LWB) versions over a price scale from just more than 14 grand to nearly $27,000.

The machines are good all-rounders (except perhaps for the Bundera which is deceptively ordinary in off-road motoring) and carry a high degree of refinement. However, despite comprehensive input from Australian suspension experts, the spring/damping is substantially unimproved, the power/weight ratio on some models offers marginal road performance, and the pricing pretty well indicates that Toyota is profiteering on a captive market.

Nissan tried to battle the Toyo dynasty, but there's no evidence it will make a dint. The MQ Patrol has the same suspension deficiencies of its pick-up range (lack of ground clearance at the front) and you need a kidney belt to drive it round town. It is strong and well-equipped, but lacks grunt. Similarly, its big-brother LWB wagon torpedoed itself by failing to identify the aspirations of its target market. Big wagons are costly and their buyers invariably have toys such as boats, horsefloats, bike trailers and caravans. You can't tote that gear with a 2.8 litre automatic six, and the turbo diesel is barely better. It's a $25,000 misfire.

This is the same market that Leyland (JRA in Australia) abandoned. Around 15 years down the road, it still hasn't sunk in with the Brits that a 4WD doesn't have to look like an accident from a canning factory. It's ironic that the same firm pumped out the Range Rover, a vehicle 10 years ahead of its time and one the Japs haven't even reached 50 percent copy quality on their automotive Xeroxes. So while the Range Rover still sets the pace for efficient cabin design, Land-Rovers look like they have come from the car crusher at a scrap recycling plant. This is fine for a military model and the profitable sales available there, but at least the new-generation Landies are right for the off-roader.

First on the local market is the Land-Rover 110, aimed at the big station wagon market. Still looking a bit like an Indonesian roadsmash (the 110 has unpainted, galvanised-iron, body-trim strips) it comes with a stump-pulling diesel, and monster V8 petrol on top of the Range Rover transmission (reworked) and suspension (the best four-wheel-drive ride/handling in the world). It's priced well too (at around $20,000), but Leyland needs its bum kicked for some of the interior layout, equipment and fittings, which could be easily improved by applying some brainpower.

Next on the horizon is the Land-Rover 90, on a 93-inch wheelbase (the 110 is on a 110-inch wheelbase) with the same engines, transmissions and suspension. This will become the off-road hot rod and, given good pricing, will storm the real off-road market. It's only taken 35 years.

Jeep is the sad case of the Aussie scene. After years of back-pedalling downmarket with a tiring range, the Yank parent has finally hit paydirt Stateside with the XJ series, a super-refined long-wheelbase wagon. Its runaway acceptance in the USA has caused the Yanks to stall their right-hand-drive development program. So it simply isn't scheduled here in the future.

Meanwhile Jeep pushes on with some true off-road machines. Obviously its Renegade and Laredo are real men's machines, and then there's the J10 in pick-up and cab-chassis, Mex-built for a price gain that starts it on the local market at well below $12,000.

The mid-rangers include some relatively new high-flyers. One is the Mitsubishi Pajero (1985 *Overlander* magazine's 4WD of the year), which proffers good power-to-weight, high comfort levels, good equipment and sensible model range. It also compensates for average front-suspension performance with a standard, limited-slip differential, and is real tough, built virtually by hand in Mitsubishi's small, antiseptic Japanese factory.

The Pajero, which in Spanish is slang for wanker, is no slouch on the highway. The unfortunate-looking, sometimes impractical high-roof wagon is capacious and well equipped, but aimed more at the blacktop than the gravel. And it has a high-volume brother in the Express 4WD model, a people-mover with 4WD entrails.

The Holden Jackaroo, a Japanese Isuzu, is also a surprise pack. Perhaps the best-sized car on the local market, it is well built, well priced, and has good performance and equipment. It also rides well. Its bland looks cover a powerful petrol and turbo diesel (*Bushdriver* magazine's 1985 4WD of the year), and there's a four-door model and five-speed transmission (long overdue) coming this year.

A bad misfire is the Lada Niva. The most popular car in Europe in its class in 1984, the Lada has always struggled with the local scene, fighting price, reputation and support problems. But the Russians fired the killer shot themselves when they downed a KA747 passenger aircraft and the Lada has never recovered.

Ford has held gamely to its upmarket 4WD range, now down to the Bronco. This machine holds a special place in our 4WD favorites list since the Australian PLAYBOY Bronco became the best known 4WD in Australia some three years ago. At $20,000 it's reasonably priced, a little bulky for Australian roads, but still a good performer on or off road (except at the petrol station).

Admitting mistakes is not a Mercedes strongpoint, but it will have to take the rap for the 300GD. Floated on to the local market three years ago, it was presented with the kind of Teutonic arrogance that suggested anything with a tristar would sell. This time Stuttgart tripped and fell. The $40,000 furphy was a marketing lemon and there is still no sign that MB Australia has learned its lesson. That is, how about a real engine? The 3 litre diesel is crushed under 2¼ tonnes of machine, and will fare only slightly better in the lighter short-wheelbase 300GD due soon (another sure-fire misfire). When Benz wakes up, it'll order the 5 litre injected model or a lusty petrol engine from its German range.

Then there's soft-core 4WDs. Subaru started it, and Subaru has finished off any challenger. The Toyota Tercel was the first real combatant, and Subaru has just about put it in the ground with new models and equipment such as automatic 4WD selection. Despite refinements under the skin, it has become less and less a serious off-roader with increased overhangs. But it has a captive market and a host of imitators.

In Japan, there is hardly a volume sedan that doesn't have a four-wheel-drive variant on the drawing board (many with turbo power). In Europe, Fiat has floated the Panda, Alfa a 4WD wagon (due here this year, $17,000) and VW a Transporter and Passat 4WD (the Syncro). Of course there are Porsche and Audi 4WDs dominating motor sport competition (the Audi is world rally champ).

Soft or hard, 4WD is macho and macho means adventure. In the end, choosing the right machine for the job is not so tough.

DARING DEVIN

Devin de Vasquez wanted her pictorial to be hot and sexy. All she had to do was get undressed and look at the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Dishy Devin isn't the least bit coy about sex. She enjoys it, she enjoys talking about it, she enjoys building up to it and she openly admits it is an important part of her personal make-up. For a young woman who just turned 21, you have to admit that Devin knows her mind. Still, who are we to try and change it for her?

"I wanted my pictorial to be hot and lazy," she says. "Not 'Here I am, come and get me', but rather soft and sexy. I'll always be a sweet little girl. Every woman should have a bit of the little girl in her. I like men who have a bit of the little boy in them, too.

"I like just talking about sex. It's stimulating — not doing anything but building up to it. Feeling the other person out. The slow unfolding of sex is the fun part." And as you can see, Devin is well worth the build-up.

The place I grew up in was very parochial, very small-town. People tended to pass judgement. I'm different, I'm not a judgemental sort of person. Once I got out I wanted to do everything. I like being feminine and sexy, a woman with womanly wants."

WHEELS (continued from page 48)

While Anderson struggled to free himself from his bike, spectators looted him of his food and water.

often be unseemly displays of Gallic male aggression from the managers and his so-called riding colleagues. "They couldn't have made me less welcome," Anne said about that era. "They told Phil that he wasn't taking his career seriously and that he was having too much sex with me and weakening himself. All the European machismo junk."

It seems clear that France is not on her all-time favorites list. "After a classic race in the South of France, Phil had to wash out of a bucket," she remembers. "And Europe is supposed to be so advanced. It's disgusting."

And that goes for racing conditions, too. One French classic, the Paris-Roubaix, has such a frightening casualty rate, Phil refused to ride in it last season. Says Anne: "It brings to mind the early Christians in the Coliseum. People are anxious to see the spectacular crashes. No thanks."

But the Andersons are positive about one thing: the Panasonic team and its tactical organisation, which has improved Phil's own tactical sense as well as his ability to ride as one of the team. When he joined them he still had a tendency to make hopeless breaks on his own, "blowing up" and being overtaken, or to find himself stranded from his team-mates in a subsidiary group.

This tactical inability was, no doubt, due largely to his origins. Cycling in Australia bears no relation to the ferocious tactical manoeuvrings of the European sport. The best known Australian cycle road race is the Commonwealth Bank-sponsored Brisbane to Sydney classic, and the event is more famous for its traffic interruptions than the actual cycling.

There are only 350 cyclists in Australia competing for prize-money and the best of them are still only part-timers. The amateur scene is much stronger. Even so, Victorian Dean Woods, considered by many in the sport to be the hottest cycling property in the world, was soon forgotten after his 15 minutes of fame when he brought home a teams pursuit gold medal from the Los Angeles Olympics.

Most Australians wouldn't know his name, nor those of his three co-winners (Michael Grenda, Kevin Nichols, and Michael Turtur) but Dean Woods is a household name in Europe. The reason is really rather obvious: he's been world champion (individual 3000 metre pursuit) for the past two years. Such a feat rarely gets a mention back home.

It was the same for Phil Anderson. When he arrived in Europe in 1980 to join the Paris club, he was like a tadpole from a little pond set loose in the Pacific Ocean. "I landed at Charles de Gaulle airport with my suitcase in my hand, not knowing a word of French or anything about European cycling. I'd never even heard of the French champion, Bernard Hinault, until I rode against him."

That's like a cricketer coming from Japan arriving at the Sydney Cricket Ground having never heard of Allan Border.

Anderson soon showed he could match it with the best of them. He was at his peak when attached to a small leading group that had broken away from the pack, or when riding alone against the clock.

The biggest hurdle, however, was the European mountains. They make Australian hills look like pimples, and demand a completely revised style of riding. When he first tackled the High Alps and the Pyrenees in competition, Anderson was advised not to match it with the top climbers but to pace himself with the steadier riders such as Hinault. He followed those words of wisdom and became the first Australian to win the prized *maillot jaune*, the yellow jersey.

By the 1984 season he was leader of the world champion team and those mountains were no longer his nemesis. In France's second biggest race, the Dauphine, which takes place in the French Alps, he was behind Hinault and two other riders as they tackled a horrendous 20km climb up the Col de Roussett. The French champion was weakening and by the 10km mark Anderson had passed him. It was raining and getting colder by the kilometre, and by the time he caught the two leaders, he couldn't feel his hands or his feet. It began to snow, and the wind howled across the zig-zagging switchbacks so he'd scream along one stretch, turn the hairpin corner, and stop dead in his tracks. He rode the last few kilometres through pedal-high slush and crossed the day's finish line practically frozen to his bike.

There was no calculating how good that day's ride made him feel. More importantly, it signalled the emergence of a growing band of riders in Europe from countries with weak traditons of professional cycling. For instance, Ireland's Sean Kelly won the 1984 riders world championship; America's Greg LeMond was the '83 world champ; another Australian, Allan Peiper, who rides with the Peugeot team, has begun to turn a few heads.

They ride hard for the money, and while you'd expect the season to start tapering off, there's no tougher time than straight after the Tour de France. That French classic might be the pinnacle of marathon cycling, but another series of races, the criteriums, starts the very day after the Tour de France ends. The 100km criteriums are organised by any European town that can sponsor a race with riders paid start money.

There are riders who reckon the criteriums are a great way to get a reputation along with a healthy bank balance, but trekking from country to country, battling with biased crowds and over-ambitious riders can also ruin a long-term career.

When Phil Anderson first rode the European circuit, he raced 35 out of 40 days straight after the Tour, but arrived at the world championships, the finale to the season, a physical and mental wreck.

Now he's cut down his hectic schedule and he's guilty of a very un-European thing — he refuses to ride simply for the money.

He goes to the Dutch criteriums because they're close to home and, when the time comes for some training for the world championships, he disappears to the Alps with a few riding mates to prepare for the final onslaught.

But no amount of preparation can ready a rider for the kind of mishap that beset Anderson in last year's world title. The bad news first: it was in Spain. And it was hot enough to make a real difference to the race results. Riders were dropping out as if they were riding through Mortein, and Anderson was sweating his way through two water bottles every lap while Kelly and the top Europeans had already pulled out.

The pit area was chock-a-block with people who had no connection with riders, and things were looking pretty dangerous. With three laps to the finish, the riders had to thread single file through the throng. Phil had just passed the pit area, picked up his food bag and slung it over his shoulder when a man dashed suddenly out of the crowd and straight into the Australian, knocking him for six.

While he struggled to free himself from his bike, spectators looted him of his water, his food, and they had a good try for his helmet and hat as well. His masseur got him back on his bike and within half a lap he'd caught the bunch, but it was too crowded to get to the front and he pulled out, exasperated, cramped and very quiet.

A stoic despondency, a strenuous suppression of misery seemed to be on his face. It seemed as much a part of his personality as the flashing white toothy grin that had won him so many fans. He was longing for release from an interminable effort.

A typical expression of his overall attitude to the game says it all: "It frequently enters my mind when I'm riding that this is an absurd way to make a living."

That's our boy: Phil Anderson. A stranger in a strange land. If only they knew about this back home!

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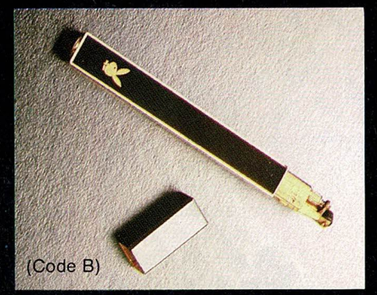
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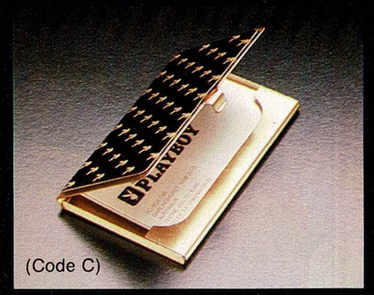

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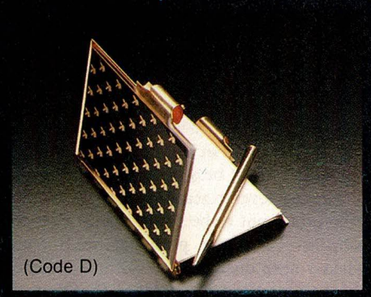
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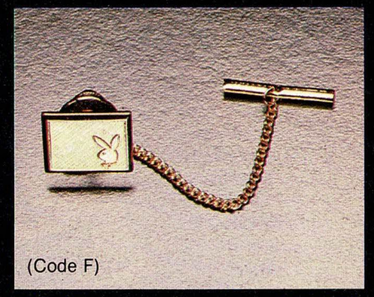
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		ADD POSTAGE & PACKING		$ 2.50
		TOTAL		$

YES! Please send me the items listed, enclosed is my cheque/money order for the total amount of $_____ payable to Australian PLAYBOY OR charge my credit card as follows:

(Please tick appropriate box)

☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard

CARD NO._____

EXPIRY DATE:_____

20/274

HOW TO LIVE

(continued from page 52)

little light verbal abuse can often get you by very nicely. And it's essential to put an end to the hostilities before bedtime. In that way, you can be fresh and rested for another go, first thing in the morning.

SEX

Just because you live with someone, it doesn't mean you own that individual. Let's say you're in the mood for an evening of oral sex. The OP may only feel like a couple of hours' worth. These things happen. There may have been a death in the family. Or a graphically depicted famine on TV. Again, we're talking about a separate individual whose sensual needs may diverge from yours.

There will be a time when the OP will simply not want to impersonate an accident victim. Or dress up as Madame Lash. Don't just storm out, saying: "No nipple torture tonight? Fine. But there are plenty of other fish in the sea." Be patient. With a little tact and understanding, you'll get your Lash freak-out.

DON'T ASSUME ANYTHING

A wise rule in the great game of living together. Let's say you're down with the flu. Reason dictates that the OP will fluff up your pillows and bring you buckets of tea. Don't count on it. Though worthy and humanistic in other areas, the OP may simply not *like* sick people. This same individual might be a generous contributor to dengue fever research and at the same time prefer not to be around dengue fever victims. The same principle holds true when you're on fire. The OP may not be able to offer assistance. Indeed, the OP may be just as wrecked as you are. It's a sad and ironic fact that if you live with another person, even if you're in flames, you still may have to put yourself out.

IS IT WORTH IT?

Living together, finally, requires enormous patience and selflessness on the part of at least one individual. Someone is always trying to squirm out of it. And it's tremendously expensive, because of duplication. You're liable to come home with a Toyota only to find that the OP has already bought one. The same for mouthwash.

But is it worth it? Absolutely! No longer will you find yourself shouting out grievances and betrayals to the four walls. The OP will be right there beside you, recording your dissatisfactions, so that they will not be lost to future generations.

In turn, the OP will receive the richest of rewards: a chance to see and hear the *real* you. That alone should make it worth the trip.

CLAP

(continued from page 77)

Genital herpes has developed into an overrated disease. . . it's been upstaged in the media by AIDS.

the immune system) over the ensuing six months to five years. Eighty percent of people diagnosed as having full-blown AIDS will be dead within two years. It appears that many of the apparently healthy people who have contracted the virus are infectious for years. We have yet to develop tests that would tell us whether someone has eliminated the virus from his or her body. Until research provides us with cures or vaccination, the only way of containing the virus is through changes in our sexual behavior. For the moment that means avoiding encounters with people in high risk groups. The Australian AIDS Task Force has advised thus: "Avoid having multiple sexual partners and avoid sexual contact with others who do."

4. *Genital warts:* Genital warts are caused by viruses that can be sexually transmitted. They are now extremely common and cause a great deal of distress due to their tendency to recur despite apparently successful treatment. The variety of treatments (paints, freezing, burning or surgical removal) is witness to the fact that no particular treatment is an outstanding success or a guarantee against recurrence. It is possible that for every person with visible warts, there is another person carrying the virus without any signs.

Current advice is to get genital warts treated *promptly* as this is likely to make them less infectious. Some of the least common subtypes of genital wart viruses are thought to be a cause of cancer of the cervix. The current epidemic of genital warts has been shadowed by an epidemic of cancer of the cervix. Women, particularly if they or one of their partners has ever suffered genital warts, should be conscientious about attending for an annual cancer smear. This form of cancer has an excellent prognosis if detected at the microscopic stage.

5. *Genital herpes:* Herpes has developed into something of an overrated disease and it has been upstaged in the media by AIDS. The herpes virus is usually transmitted by someone who is unaware that they are giving off the virus at the time. Usually between two and 20 days (occasionally years) later, the newly infected person will have a primary attack. This may begin as a tingling or stabbing feeling somewhere on or near the genitals followed by a small red patch which, within a day or so, begins to blister up into a group of small sacs about the size of match-heads. The sacs contain clear or white fluid and they soon break down to painful sores which then crust over and heal. The first attack lasts from one to three weeks. Usually the only treatment required is regular bathing with dilute salt water (one teaspoon of table salt per glass of warm water), a mild pain killer and some local anaesthetic jelly if there is pain urinating.

Unfortunately, herpes doesn't always look or behave the way it's supposed to, so make sure the diagnosis of any painful genital sore is confirmed with culture testing. Sometimes the primary attack is severe, in which event a new drug called acyclovir assists by cutting down on pain and shortening the duration of the episode. Acyclovir is not a cure and has limited use for herpes recurrences. After the primary attack, the virus goes latent in nerve bundles (ganglia) at the base of the spine. While it does no damage there, it can be reactivated at any time just like the herpes (cold sore) virus on the lips. Factors such as excessive alcohol or drug intake, hectic lifestyle and anxiety need to be looked at if there are recurring outbreaks. Recurrences are less severe and shorter than the first attack and tend to become less and less frequent. Up to one-third of herpes attacks spontaneously abort and don't progress beyond the tingling stage. And this, naturally enough, may make it appear that some quack cure is working.

Sexual intercourse must be avoided from the first tingling preceding an attack until the sores are healed. The cold sore (facial herpes) virus can also cause genital herpes so oral sex must be avoided during an outbreak. Much of the distress of herpes is due to the fact that it affects young, otherwise healthy people who resent any limitations on their activities. Many people believe that up to a million Australians may have contracted the virus.

6. *Syphilis:* Fortunately this one is something of a rarity in Australia. I won't go into the many symptoms as most diagnosed cases are now detected by routine blood test with no evident symptoms. Routine blood testing certainly is justified because syphilis is potentially devastating yet easily treated.

7. *Gardnerella:* Gardnerella vaginalis is a new name which we will hear more of as doctors become increasingly aware of it as a concept. Gardnerella is a bacterium which is normally resident in the gut and genital tract of healthy people. However, for reasons which are poorly understood, the normal germs in a woman's vagina can grow out of proportion along with a loss of the usual acidity which has a protective effect.

Treatment, with various tablets and creams, is intended to correct the imbalance rather than to eliminate any particular germ. It is unclear whether there is any benefit in treating the male partner, who is unlikely to have any symptoms. This is the most common cause of vaginal discharge.

8. *Candida:* Candida albicans is a yeast which we generally regard as a normal resident in various human orifices. Occasionally, however, various factors (hormonal, psychological, dietary, some drugs and medical conditions) combine to encourage it to overgrow. This can cause a vaginal itch or discharge, variously known as monilia or thrush. Her partner may notice a penile rash, flaking skin or an itch known as balanitis. It is not serious and is usually treated with a short course of anti-fungal cream or vaginal tablets. Re-currences may signal the need to investigate for underlying medical conditions.

9. *Trichomonas:* Trichomonas ("Trich") is a protozoan (a single-celled animal) which likes living in the human genital tract. It sometimes leads to a smelly vaginal discharge or itch in a woman but seldom causes symptoms in men. While it is a minor condition, it is infectious so other STDs should be tested for and both the male and female should be given a similar course of treatment.

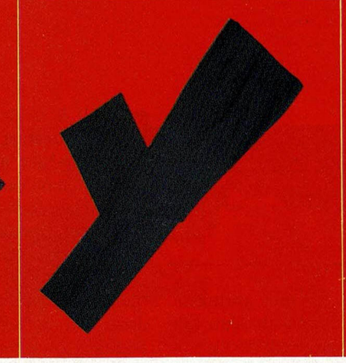
10. *Scabies and pubic lice (crabs):* These are skin mites and lice that crop up occasionally but often in association with STDs. While they are of minor importance and are usually easily treated with insecticide lotions, they often indicate a need to be investigated for other STDs. Scabies appear (especially at night) as itchy red lumps about skin crevices, the front of the wrists and finger webs. Pubic lice appear as tiny crab-like creatures on any hairy part of the body below the neck. The eggs (nits) are brown or black and are firmly attached to the hair.

Turned off sex by all this? Don't worry, the effect is only temporary. Any human activity is associated with risk: joggers get fatigue fractures, bikers break their necks, you can get bowled over by a car walking to church on a Sunday. Sex is more fun than any of those. Our sex lives are fundamental to us; we just need to know, accept and perhaps avoid the risks. Our current predicament is a consequence of refusing to acknowledge the dangers and not taking appropriate action. STDs are ordinary diseases suffered by ordinary people. None of them need be devastating (with the exception, at present, of the AIDS virus) if we act quickly.

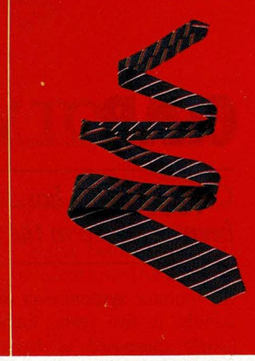
Phone numbers for information about STDs and services:

Sydney: (02) 27 5835.
Melbourne: (03) 602 4900.
Canberra: (062) 81 0433.
Brisbane: (07) 224 5634.
Adelaide: (08) 218 3557.
Alice Springs: (089) 50 2211.
Hobart: (002) 38 8441.
Perth: (09) 325 6466.

1. PIERRE CARDIN lightweight wool suit, $259.

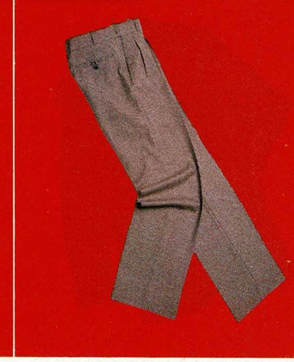


2. SPORTSGIRL sleeveless wool vest, $30. (Steal this one from your girl's wardrobe.)



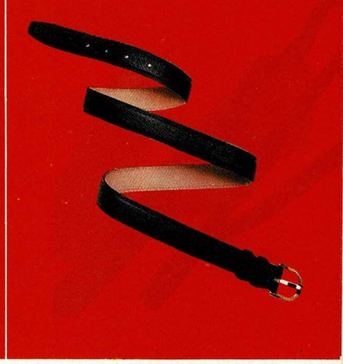
3. ENSIGN tie, $11

4. LEONARDO business shirt, $36.



5. TONY BARLOW grey pleated trousers, $59

6. FLORSHEIM casual brown shoes, $69.



7. MADISON black leather belt, $13

ONE: 14 + 10 + 7 + 11 + 6 + 12 = OUT AND ABOUT

TWO: 4 + 8 + 2 + 1 + 12 + 15 + 7 = PARTYING

THREE: 4 + 14 + 7 + 10 + 5 + 12 + 6 = OVERNIGHTING

FOUR: 1 + 4 + 3 + 15 + 12 = BUSINESS

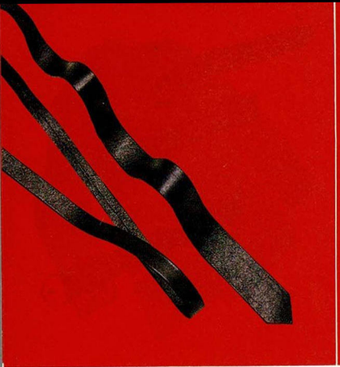
DRESSING BY NUMBERS

Nine winning looks for less than $1000.

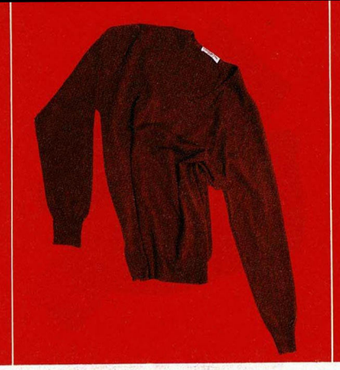
If you'd like a wardrobe that will work for more than one season, here are a few ground rules you'd be smart to follow:

- Decide what colors suit you and select two compatible shades so that you can mix and match. We chose navy and grey. You may like to try black and grey or tan and beige. The possibilities are infinite. Add variety by choosing shirts, jumpers, ties and belts in contrasting colors.
- Take stock of what you do have in your wardrobe and aim to add to it constructively. It's no use buying an apricot mohair jumper to match the orange trousers you never wear.
- What to buy? Here's our guideline: one suit, one jacket, one pair of trousers, one pair of jeans, one jumper, two shirts, two pairs of shoes and a vest. Accessorise the lot with belts and ties of all styles.
- Before you head for the stores make sure that you know exactly what you want, and don't succumb to salesmanship.
- Don't skimp on investment items such as a suit or quality jacket. If you do, it will be obvious after a few wears.
- When buying the basic components of your wardrobe stick to classics that won't date after just one season.
- If you like to keep your look up to the minute, splash out in the accessory department. It won't hurt the pocket as much when you have to relegate the $15 fluorescent green tie to the tip rather than a $125 pair of paisley jeans.

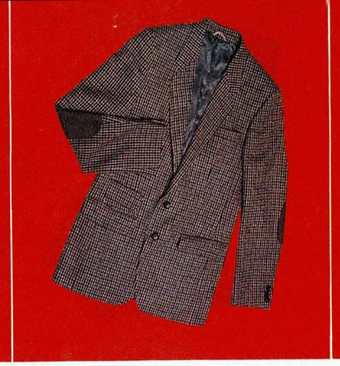
Fashion by VITEK



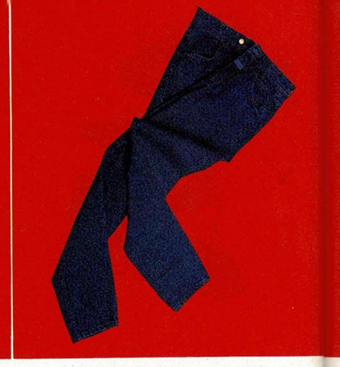
8. PRINCE WILLIAM leather tie, $15.



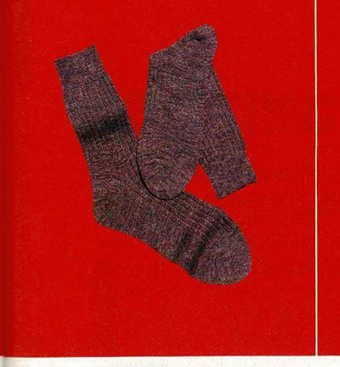
9. CHRISTIAN DIOR fine knit V-neck jumper, $59.



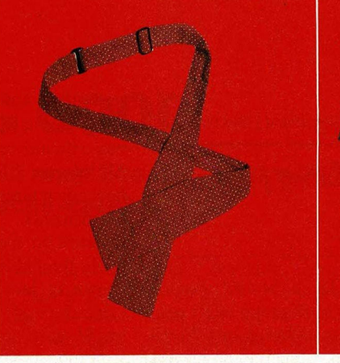
10. TONY BARLOW houndstooth jacket with leather elbow patches, $249.



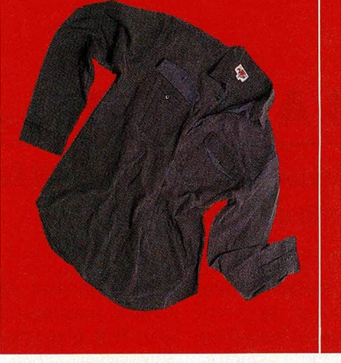
11. CLOSED denim baggies, $56.



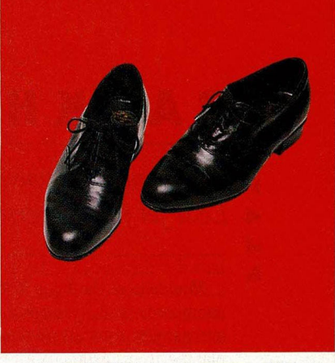
12. PIERRE CARDIN grey socks, $7.



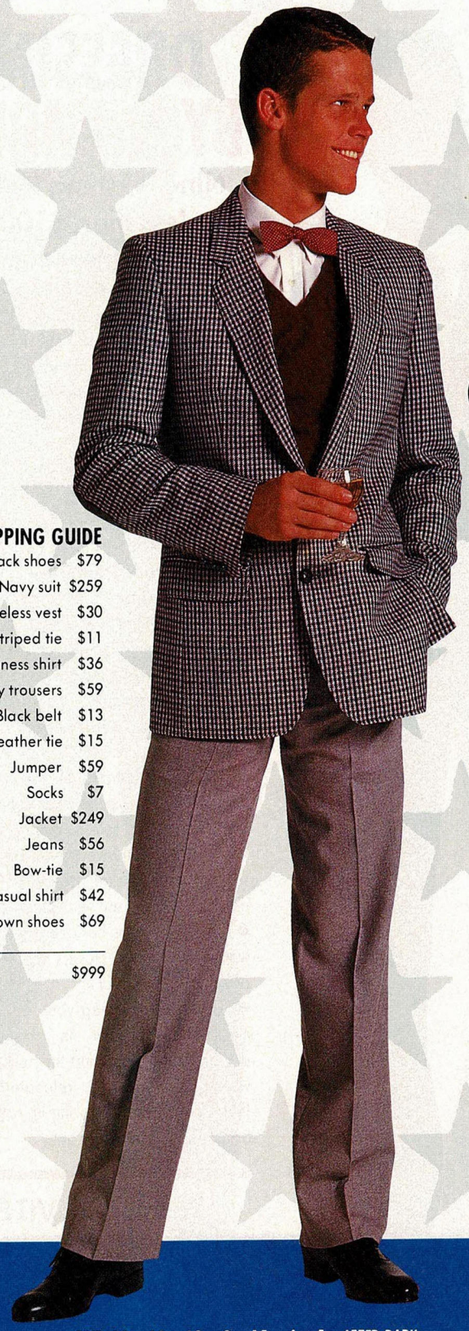
13. TIE YOUR OWN bow-tie, $15.



14. PEPE heavy cotton shirt, $42.



15. FLORSHEIM black leather lace-ups, $79.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Black shoes	$79
Navy suit	$259
Woollen sleeveless vest	$30
Striped tie	$11
White business shirt	$36
Grey trousers	$59
Black belt	$13
Leather tie	$15
Jumper	$59
Socks	$7
Jacket	$249
Jeans	$56
Bow-tie	$15
Casual shirt	$42
Brown shoes	$69
	$999

FIVE: 10 + 13 + 12 + 9 + 15 + 4 + 5 = AFTER DARK

SIX: 14 + 9 + 5 + 15 + 12 = LEISURE

SEVEN: 4 + 1 + 11 + 6 + 7 = OFF TO WORK

EIGHT: 10 + 14 + 8 + 15 + 1 + 12 = DATING

NINE: 14 + 2 + 6 + 11 = WEEKEND

BACKHANDERS (continued from page 69)

One American tournament director loaned a leading player a Lear jet for his personal convenience.

Members of the Five Mile High Club are pampered and pandered to by every tournament director anxious to have them playing in his event. With the exception of the big three tournaments — Wimbledon, the US Open, and the French Open — practically every tournament has to offer inducements to the top players to appear.

"Instead of playing just for prize-money, you're playing for some kind of deal," McNamara says. "The small tournaments have to pay to get the players. At the start of the year you arrange your tournament schedule according to which places offer the best deals. The game is structured in such a way that you get a lot if you reach the top. You never know how much the guys at the top receive until you get there."

McNamara recalls the American tournament director who was so desperate to ensure that a leading player entered his event, he loaned the player a Lear jet for two weeks for his personal convenience. The player, accompanied by McNamara, flew from Miami to Toronto, Oakville, St Louis, Philadelphia, Memphis and Palm Springs, fitting in exhibitions and tournaments.

The exhibition fee depended on the player's standing. McNamara was paid $25,000 to play four nights in one North American exhibition, while the top players received $100,000 to $150,000, and played for a further $100,000 in prize-money.

When McNamara was recuperating from his knee injury in Toronto in 1983, he decided to use the experience gained as a player to run his own two-night exhibition in Toronto and Edmonton. McEnroe versus Gerulaitis topped the bill, with Billie-Jean King versus Carling Bassett, the local Canadian girl, as supporting act. McEnroe received $60,000 for each of the two nights, while Gerulaitis was paid $10,000 a night, Billie-Jean $12,500 a night, and Bassett $10,000. McNamara's costs for players alone were $185,000, before stadium hire and all the other expenses were added. He had two sponsors who put in $100,000, a television company put up $30,000, and the rest had to be made from the gate. He made a slight financial loss on the event, but gained a lot of insight into how international tennis should be run. He would like to see tennis follow golf in permitting appearance money.

"If you have the top player in the world you should pay, say, $40,000," says McNamara. "It's publicised in the paper how much Greg Norman is paid for playing tournaments. That way there is more pressure on the golfer because if he plays badly the public get on his back. If it was known in tennis who was paid it would bring the best out of the player. His pride would make him play well.

"Professional tennis has a reward system for perseverence," McNamara adds. "You build your way up as you do in any business." His personal reward is five houses (two in Melbourne, one in London, one in Toronto, and one in Florida), as well as two cars (a Rolls in Melbourne and a Mercedes in Florida) and career prize-money of $998,000. His endorsement income is at least double that.

But fame and riches came at a price: the break-up of his marriage for starters. "It's a very unreal world," he recalls. "As they say, money is the root of all evil. The more you earn the more you want."

The dollars may keep the players to-ing and fro-ing around the world, but whether they're enjoying their tennis is another question altogether. Says McNamara, safely away from the big-brother, top 10 computer rankings: "I'm much happier now than I was then."

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LOOKING GOOD

Setting foot inside a male beauty parlor won't turn you into a quivering quiche-eater.

I am lying on my back in a reclining chair in my underpants. She bends over, gazing down at me with big, blue eyes. Her blonde hair falls across her face, grazing my bare shoulders.

"Gosh," she breathes, "you do have a lot of blackheads, don't you?"

Before going to have my first facial this morning, I looked at my face in the bathroom mirror with a little more than normal curiosity. It looked back at me in a familiar sort of way. I've learned my lines. The ones deep-etched into my forehead since the age of 10, those more recently acquired around my eyes, the ones slashing my cheeks. The lower half of my face is covered by a scraggy beard and who knows what evil lurks behind that? It never occurred to me that I could do anything about it. My face, that is.

Men are like that. We're ugly or handsome or ordinary and most of us just accept the features handed out on the production line without a murmur of protest. As we grow old and wrinkled and bald, we tend to let it just happen, and the odd man who does wear a toupee or has a facelift is seen as just that: odd. The women in our lives fight age at every crossroads with an arsenal of weapons ranging from chemistry to plastic surgery.

All that is no longer exclusive to women. There are several new places in Sydney — male beauty parlors for want of a better description — where alarming numbers of heterosexual men go to have their faces fixed, to be steam cleaned, waxed, rubbed and polished to perfection. Similar establishments exist in other capital cities.

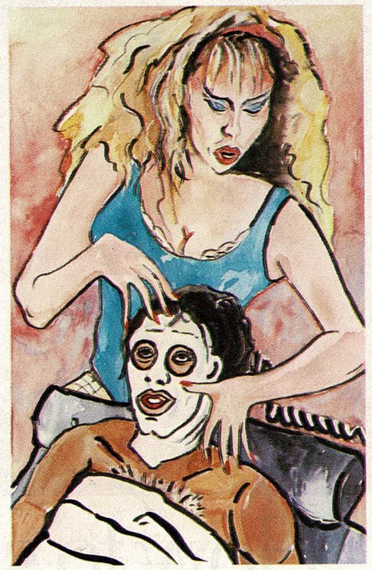
As I contemplate my visit, I realise that the prospect embarrasses and slightly unnerves me. Blokes don't go to the beauty parlor. Mum did that. Her dressing table groaned with creams and oils and masks. She spent hours under those dryers that looked like space helmets while Madge buffed her nails and gossiped. Dad shaved. Later, much later, he began to slap on a little after-shave lotion. But even that was considered, well, you know. And now his son is going to the beauty parlor. Is this another stage in the long slow slide down into the valley of the wimps? Would Humphrey Bogart have had a facial?

The first establishment I visit is run by Linda, an attractive blue-eyed blonde with beautiful skin, a calm, soothing voice and manner. When I walk in stiffly and awkwardly, she sits me down and questions me about my skin and any allergies. Then she asks me, very calmly, to take off my clothes.

"I hope you're wearing nice underpants," she adds. The question catches me off guard. I have come for a facial. Why must I take off my clothes? Am I wearing the underpants with the nasty stains? Do I have any underpants *without* nasty stains?

"Why do I have to take off my clothes?" I protest. Linda is used to this sort of resistance. She looks at me firmly. "We're going to give you the works," she begins. "Body wrap, full facial, foot, hand and body massage, manicure, waxing, hair and beard trim." She casts an appraising eye over me. "Let's face it, mate, you need it!"

I surrender, I take off my clothes and, to my relief, my underpants are virtually unblemished. I am ushered into the facial room. It is here, before I lie down, that my body is wrapped. I don't know anything about body wraps so Linda explains that it's a process for taking off centimetres. Used in conjunction with diet and exercise, or so the theory goes, it helps you lose weight more quickly. You do a course of three, six or 12 treatments, depending on how flabby you are.



First she measures me. While I stand in my underpants with my arms in the air like a hijack victim, she measures my chest, waist, abdomen, thighs and knees and marks the points with a red pen. Then I am rubbed all over with something called Phase One Cream. This is a mixture of soya, garlic, olive and cod liver oils with vitamin enriched PCMX and Aplanol 204. Then she takes a huge roll of plastic wrap and trusses me very tightly from my chest to my knees.

The theory is that the oil is taken in through the pores of the skin to the fat cell region causing dilation of the blood vessels. This breaks down the fatty deposits. The wrap increases the blood flow and the fat cells and toxins are flushed out through to the kidneys where they are eliminated by natural processes. You pee it away. That's the story. I remain sceptical, but the truth will out when the wrap comes off.

Now I lie down on the reclining chair, trussed up like a leftover chicken leg and smelling like a well-dressed salad and the facial begins. Another woman enters. A small and cheerful Cockney with a broad grin. Her name is also Lynda, but with a "y". She announces that she will be massaging my feet while I am having the facial. She tells me that she learned Swedish massage in Blackpool, Lancashire.

In a corner of the room, an assistant is instructed to boil up the wax. Machinery is being brought into play. A large, grey metal device, which wouldn't look out of place in a dental surgery, is wheeled in wheezing steam; a giant magnifying glass surrounded by a white light protrudes from its head like a cyclops. What are they going to do to me? How far is the front door? Only Linda's calm and soothing running commentary stops me from bolting.

"First I'm going to clean your face with this cream cleanser, then I'll steam it," she says. "The steamer has an ozone level that kills any germs or bacteria lurking in your skin. The steam will open your pores so I can get your blackheads out. You do have a lot of blackheads, don't you?" she says, peering down at me through the giant magnifying glass. I imagine what a horrible sight my face must be through that thing.

"What kind of men do you get in here?" I inquire. "They're not poofters," chirps up Lynda with a "y" from down near my big toe.

This general absence of quiche-eaters was confirmed when I visited another male beauty parlor a couple of days later. This time, the blonde bombshell owner is named Michelle and she's something of an evangeliste in the cause of men looking after themselves.

"It's not vanity," she rebukes me, "it's pride. Your face will be with you for the rest of your life. Isn't it worth spending a few dollars on it? You'll spend $60 on a shirt and wear it maybe once a month. Yet there's your poor old face, hanging out all day long and all you do is wash it. It's not as if *you* have to put up with it. It's your girlfriend who does. You owe it to her to look after it."

Michelle estimates that about 30 men a week go through her establishment. She

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stresses the word "men". Her clients include managing directors, brickies and one rugby league first grader. Her youngest client is a 13-year-old boy with acne, the oldest a man of 60 who comes in once a month for a treat.

Why do they have facials? As far as Michelle is concerned, it's got more to do with feeling good than looking good. "It relaxes them, they love to be pampered," she comments.

•

But I'm digressing. And meanwhile back at Linda's place, my face has been steam cleaned and divested of blackheads (I'll spare you the details) and it's time for my peeling mask. This one peels off dead skin cells which build up on dry skin and absorbs any leftover oil. It's clay based and will leave my face smoother and softer. I've been lying there getting pampered and rubbed and have relaxed enough to voice some of my misgivings about the whole idea of blokes having facials. Linda is preaching to me.

"You all go out in the sun too much, especially guys who play a lot of sport. Sailors and surfers need special help for their skin. The only difference between men and women is men shave every day, and that's sort of a natural daily massage for the face." She looks disapprovingly at my beard.

All this time Lynda with a "y" has been massaging away at my feet. "You can massage all the organs through the feet, did you know that? Feel that, that's your heart, and there, that's your liver..."

I have to admit they're beginning to get to me. My eyes are closed, long fingers are gently but insistently smoothing away the lines of care and age on my face, peeling off the layers of city grime. Down at the other end of my body, skilled hands are kneading and massaging my feet, rubbing pure rose oil into them. I guess this is just daily routine for your average oil sheikh, Hollywood star or Labor frontbencher. But me, I'm just an average schmuck and this facial is beginning to go to my head, a sensual feeling of languor is flowing right through my body, I feel myself drifting off. I think I could get used to this.

•

A third place I visit promises an entirely different experience. It looks more like a cheerful clinic than a beauty parlor. Each masculine-looking room with its reclining chair is bristling with efficient electronic machinery, studded with dials and levers, digital display faces blinking and bleeping. This high-tech preening parlor is presided over by Nancy Baliman who, I'm not surprised to learn, began her career as a registered nurse and has trained in acupuncture and naturopathy as well as beauty therapy both here and in London.

Nancy takes me on a guided tour of the hardware. There's the Pneumopatter for draining toxins into the lymph glands, an Iontoderm opens and closes pores with positive and negative galvanic currents, the Epinox for electrolysis, a process for the removal of facial hair with a little needle that kills each hair at the root. The Frimator IIIA scrubs and cleanses the skin, the Atomiser is a sort of a vacuum cleaner for blackheads and, finally, there's Nancy's pride and joy, the Sanax Universal, for performing bio-electro-cosmetology, whatever the hell that is.

"Our treatment here is therapeutically rather than cosmetically based," Nancy tells me, "although the overall result is better looking skin." Nancy started in the business through an interest in the problems of acne, and around 25 percent of her customers are acne sufferers. About half are young to middle-aged barristers, business executives and solicitors, and the rest are older men quietly raging away against the dying of the light. Nancy puts between 10 and 15 men a day through her salon. Talking to her, you get the impression she knows what she's doing.

"Men do terrible things to their skin.

I guess this is just daily routine for your average oil sheikh, Hollywood star or Labor frontbencher. But me, I'm just an average schmuck.

Take shaving for example. Men with sensitive skin should never shave with soap in hot water. They shouldn't even use an alcohol-based after-shave. All that can cause broken capillaries. I can treat broken capillaries but it's a lot easier to prevent them. A course on skin care that I'm starting will teach that sort of basic skin care."

Nancy also markets a range of skin care products for men under the Baliman label. A moisturiser, vitamin night oil, a cleansing wash, astringent and a soapless shaving lotion for sensitive skins are included.

•

I've fallen asleep. I wake up feeling disoriented. It takes me a while to remember that I'm having a manicure in a beauty parlor. "You dozed off," says Linda, "you had a big smile on your face. What were you dreaming of?" I decide not to tell her. "It's natural to sleep, it's so relaxing. We take it as a compliment. Have you met Francis?" There's another bloke in the room. I was beginning to forget they exist. I grin sheepishly at him. Francis is a regular client at the beauty parlor. He's a salesman at Olivetti and he's come to talk to me about why he has facials. I ask him about the first time.

"One day I felt very tired. I needed something to pick me up. I knew about this place so I thought I'd try a facial and a body rub. I enjoyed it. I felt fresher, very relaxed. I've been coming ever since. I suppose a lot of men would have facials if they didn't feel it wasn't masculine. I couldn't care less. I like to feel good and I like to look good. I've never felt embarrassed about looking after myself." Francis is a nice ordinary bloke, married with children. Linda says he's typical of her clients.

Now comes the waxing, the only really unpleasant part of the whole operation. In common with a lot of men, my eyebrows have a tendency to meet on the top of my nose and look like a hairy caterpillar crawling across my face. Linda pours hot wax on to the gap between the brows, lets it dry and then rips it off. Ouch. She repeats the process to get rid of a few stubborn hairs under my eyebrows. That hurts even more.

Now the body wrap comes off. And the result is astonishing. I've lost four centimetres around my waist, almost two centimetres from my upper thighs, even a centimetre off my knees! Just by lying down and relaxing. Trimmer, free of blackheads, excess facial oil and hair, I go to the massage room for almost an hour of rubbing and pummelling at the expert hands of the only Blackpool-trained Swedish masseuse in Australia.

A quick beard trim, touch of the comb and it's all over. I've been there a little less than three hours. How much does all that cost? A facial is $25 (with foot and hand massage, $30); a Swedish massage $25; a body wrap $25 (cheaper by the course); manicure $10; eyebrow wax $5; all up $90 less 10 percent for the works, $81. Three hours of sheer self-indulgence that stops just short of the sinful.

I've listened to all the arguments now. I've had the treatment and no doubt about it, I enjoyed it once I relaxed. Given time, I may even get used to it. But I don't know. There's still some atavistic impulse left over from the days when men were men and gay meant happy that makes me a little uncomfortable. It's not rational but it's the way I feel.

I stand in the foyer, fully dressed, and look in the mirror, uncomfortably aware of being looked at looking at myself. I peer at my skin. It does look smoother, fresher. I do feel good. I stride out on to the street. Nobody swoons. I get no screen test offers, no propositions, no looks of admiration or envy. I go back to my office. "How do I look?" I ask my friend in the next office. He looks at me blankly. "You've had a beard trim," he finally announces.

Later that night I ask a girlfriend the same question. She looks at me suspiciously. "Why?" she asks, "aren't you feeling well?"

To hell with them. I feel like a million dollars. Well, $90 less 10 percent anyway.

— JOHN NEWTON

BUTTON (continued from page 34)

I think we should mine and sell uranium. . . monitor its use and bring the waste back here.

years, nothing of any significance has really happened in this country. There've been a few improvements here and there at the margin. Look at this country's place in Asia: we were no further forward than 20 years ago. Now, this government has very different attitudes to all that.

PLAYBOY: The Chifley and Whitlam governments were reformist governments. Do think your government is?

BUTTON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Tell me what reforms you're proud of.

BUTTON: We've reduced unemployment. We've vastly improved welfare benefits. We've introduced a universal health care scheme. We stopped the building of the Franklin dam — I regard that as important. The purpose of doing any of these things is to achieve a better, more egalitarian society in terms of standard of living and so on.

PLAYBOY: Do you still believe in redistribution of wealth and privilege?

BUTTON: Yes. For example, we've got an enormous spread of income levels in this country which is totally unjustified. A surgeon probably earns 10 times as much as a fitter and turner. That's not acceptable.

PLAYBOY: You think there's too much at the top, too little at the bottom?

BUTTON: Yeah. Now, those are very dangerous words, because this country has developed a series of very virile interest groups. Until you can knock some of them on the head and change attitudes you can't make much progress.

PLAYBOY: Which groups?

BUTTON: Oh, airline pilots, doctors, possibly middle-level commonwealth public servants.

PLAYBOY: You support a capital gains tax?

BUTTON: I personally do, for two reasons. If we'd had a proper capital gains tax we'd have had much less tax avoidance. And second, the absence of such a tax has encouraged patterns of investment which I wouldn't regard as socially desirable. People have tended to invest in Surfers Paradise flats rather than in industry.

PLAYBOY: Any other tax changes you'd like to see?

BUTTON: I'd like to see more equity in the income tax system. There are some taxes I regard as very bad. Payroll tax is one of them. It's a burden on industry — discourages employment.

PLAYBOY: Do you support the move towards a broader indirect tax?

BUTTON: I think I do. If you make compensatory changes to the social welfare system or wages it needn't be regressive — but I'm reserving my judgement.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with Hawke that personal taxation is too high in this country?

BUTTON: Yes. I believe lower-income people pay too much tax.

PLAYBOY: You've said you're worried about how disillusioned many young people are in Australia, especially with politics. . .

BUTTON: Uninterested.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you feel your son David's death was connected with that?

BUTTON: Absolutely. I've got a younger son, Nick, who's 18, and there is a marked difference in his opportunities compared to three years ago when Dave was 18. Dave couldn't get a job anywhere. Nick has two jobs.

PLAYBOY: Do you take any responsibility or blame yourself for your son's death?

BUTTON: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

BUTTON: I don't want to talk about it right now.

PLAYBOY: What about the attitude of some Labor ministers before the last election that you didn't have to worry about the fringe groups, the "extreme" groups, because they had no one else to vote for anyhow? Would you agree the election showed that a large proportion of the Australian people, especially young people, are prepared to vote for other than the Labor Party?

BUTTON: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the emergence of the Nuclear Disarmament Party and the high percentage of informal votes show a turning away from the ALP?

BUTTON: Put it this way: the extent of that in the 1984 election was something of an aberration. You got a strange conjunction of events: the inability of the government to articulate its position on nuclear issues as well as it might have; the emergence of the NDP; the emergence of Peter Garrett. . .

PLAYBOY: Do you think the NDP will survive?

BUTTON: I doubt it very much. The whole debate about the nuclear issue is really very odd. This is the only country in the world where the nexus was made between uranium mining and nuclear weapons.

PLAYBOY: You don't think they're connected?

BUTTON: No, I don't.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the nuclear issue is going to remain a major issue in Australian politics over the next few years?

BUTTON: In one way or another, yes. All over the world. It ought to.

PLAYBOY: Do you have passionate feelings about the nuclear issue?

BUTTON: Um. . . yes, I do, but probably less passionate than those of younger people.

PLAYBOY: You supported the MX missile tests in Australian waters for a day, didn't you?

BUTTON: No, I did not! I'm pissed off about that. What I said at the time was totally garbled in the news reports. I would never, *never* have supported the MX missile decision, (a) because of the way it was made, and (b) not because I think it was a very important thing — I don't — but politically it was very silly.

PLAYBOY: You support American bases here, don't you?

BUTTON: Yes. I mean, if you asked me if we had our life to live over would we have them here, the answer is no.

PLAYBOY: But you're not supporting any move to get rid of them?

BUTTON: No.

PLAYBOY: And you support uranium mining and uranium export?

BUTTON: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty funny "passionate stand" to take about nuclear issues.

BUTTON: Come on now, what do you do? I take a different stand from most people. One of the things I think this country could do, and this is crazy, I think we should mine and sell uranium, I think we should monitor its use, and I think we should bring the waste back here. Then you are really confronted with a moral decision about what you are doing. None of the anti-nukes would accept that. They'd say, if you're gonna do that, you'd leave it over there for those other bastards, the Japs, or. . . you know. . .

PLAYBOY: Do you support the ANZUS pact in its present form?

BUTTON: I don't know what its present form is! The Liberals would regard themselves as the greatest supporters of ANZUS, and that means a sort of Uriah Heep attitude towards the Americans; the Americans ask you to do something, ANZUS requires it, you automatically do it. When they say frog, you jump! I don't agree with that at all.

PLAYBOY: Would you support the New Zealand position?

BUTTON: This country, and New Zealand, and the United States, have considerable identity of interest and fairly strong bonds. I don't think a document adds anything to that. I think the Yanks will come to support us because they want to protect their investments in this country. The documents are all bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Then why keep it?

BUTTON: Because 80 percent of the Australian people would think that it means something.

PLAYBOY: Is Labor going to win the next election?

BUTTON: I believe so. Because we're better than them.

PLAYBOY: The Whitlam government was "better than them".

BUTTON: It was not! Oh for God's sake, you look at 'em! I honestly believe this Cabinet, excluding myself from it, is as good as we've

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ever had in Australia. The Liberals are a pretty lack-lustre lot.

PLAYBOY: Peacock has surprised you all, though, hasn't he?

BUTTON: Well, er. . . I still regard him as a very pedestrian fellow. There's nothing to Andrew Peacock.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he could beat Hawke at a future election?

BUTTON: I don't rule out that possibility.

PLAYBOY: Do you think John Howard will take over from Peacock before the next election?

BUTTON: I think it quite a possibility.

PLAYBOY: Would Howard be more of a threat to the Labor government than Peacock?

BUTTON: No. Howard would replace Peacock because he is intellectually and technocratically much more competent. I don't think Howard is a person who has much appeal to the public. I have some admiration for Howard: he's an intellectually disciplined fellow, and he's dogged, he doesn't drop off. When the Liberals were having very bad times he was always battling it out there, and I don't think Peacock's got that quality.

PLAYBOY: Do you like him personally?

BUTTON: Aw, I get along all right with John Howard. He's not a person I warm to, he's not my sort of type. He's not an entertainer.

PLAYBOY: Would he be a better prime minister than Peacock?

BUTTON: Oh, yes, absolutely. You see, when they were in government, I think it was Howard who was more prepared to tackle the harder issues than Fraser or Peacock or anybody else. And that's one of the things that pisses them off about this government. We're getting kicked to bits about the assets test and tax on superannuation — but they *had* to be tackled. They never did it; we've done it. If we keep on doing those sorts of things. . .

PLAYBOY: You'll get thrown out!

BUTTON: No, I don't think we will, because that is the art form of politics in the next three years: a government which is prepared to take hard decisions which will offend vested interests in the community, but will have the capacity to persuade the community that those things are in the interests of the economy and the society as a whole. If we can do that, we'll win the next election.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Hawke has the ability to communicate that?

BUTTON: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Being an unlovely and unloved figure, as Malcolm Fraser proved, doesn't stop someone being successful electorally, does it?

BUTTON: Fraser was a headmaster figure. People like strength in politics, even if they don't like the medicine they're getting. It's strange, a masochistic sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Have you got any enemies in politics?

BUTTON: Oh, masses! A lot of people in the Labor Party in NSW probably hate my guts, but they also respect me in some ways. I don't harbor grudges — not because I'm a very Christian or virtuous person, I just regard it as stupid in politics. I mean, I've had some dreadful run-ins with people like the NSW Senator Graham Richardson, but I understand what he's about. What's the point in hating him?

PLAYBOY: How do you get on with Keating?

BUTTON: Quite well. Different sort of person.

PLAYBOY: Seeing this is a PLAYBOY interview, I'd better ask you about sex. . .

BUTTON: I don't remember, honest!

PLAYBOY: You've left it all behind?

BUTTON: [*laughing*]. Most people like it, including me. I'm a bit busy to think about it very much. Of course it's been important to me at various times in my life. It comes in waves.

PLAYBOY: Some of our most prominent politicians seem to be highly motivated sexually. Is that the case with you?

BUTTON: It's not as important to my self-esteem as it is to the other bloke. I've got a steady relationship, and that's nice.

PLAYBOY: You've left your wife?

BUTTON: Yes. About 18 months ago.

PLAYBOY: Have you changed since your son's death?

BUTTON: Yeah. I think I'm getting much better now. For two or three years, it manifested itself in very strange ways, I lost my sense of humor. I used to have a reputation as a wit, and so on, and I really lost all that. I feel very lonely about it, because you have a one-for-one relationship with a kid. He had tremendous guts, he was a fascinating person. If he'd made it, he would have done something stunning. Quite off-beat. He was a daredevil sort of kid. He was always climbing the highest tree, he'd fall out of it, break his arm. He rode motorbikes. The drug thing had something to do with that, his carelessness about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have strong feelings now about drugs and what can be done about them?

BUTTON: I don't know — my wife and I were talking about it the other day and she said she'd legalise it, heroin. Not the British system, just make it available. Very drastic solution, but I can understand it. It's a matter of individual choice, they can get it anyway, there's masses of drugs available.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree with that?

BUTTON: I'm not sure.

PLAYBOY: Do you think other drugs like marijuana should be legalised?

BUTTON: Probably. You know, there's research on the West Coast of America at the moment which suggests they can pick a kid at the age of three and tell you then whether that kid is highly susceptible to drug addiction or not. The factors are: hyperactivity as children, recklessness, an impulsiveness — Dave had all of those. But one of the horrifying things about the drug problem in this country is that so little is known about it — despite all this money poured into it, and all this talk about it, and all sorts of bullshit. Very few of the medical profession know anything about it. I remember in the last few weeks of Dave's life he was suffering from withdrawal, and none of the formal treatment places for drug addiction were open at the weekend. . . he was very ill. He went into a major hospital and they said, "Look, we don't deal with you people," and they kicked him out. . . it's so brutal. Then a kid like that will go straight to a pusher somewhere for another lot.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have quite a liberal view about drugs despite what happened to Dave.

BUTTON: I don't know the answers — and I resent some of the pat answers that are given. I feel very bitter about it. Personally I am more courageous as a result of his death. I'm more reckless. I feel that a lot of things that might normally have worried me have been put into a better perspective.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's affected you politically?

BUTTON: Yes. In the sense that I tend to say a lot of things that might previously have worried me, but I don't give a fuck now. About hitting the fence, things like that. . . Put it this way, if something horrible happened to me in my career I would have been far more depressed about it before Dave's death than now. I think: worse things have happened to me. I'm more philosophical about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it has made you harder in your political stances, or are you too much of a professional politician for that?

BUTTON: I think it probably has. [*pause*] I'm not a professional politician! Look, if I have anything going for me in politics, it's that I'm *not* perceived in that way. My constituency, in terms of people who support me in politics, is based on the view that I'm not a conventional politician. I try and say what I think. I mean that. I don't consciously try to do that, I can't operate otherwise. People are attracted by that.

PLAYBOY: Do you miss Jim McClelland, now he's left parliament for the bench?

BUTTON: Jim and I were intellectual soulmates. He was one of the few people I could talk to about almost anything. Yes, I miss that. Being a politician can be a lonely life. It's a terrible comment on the nation's political life that there are so few people here in parliament interested in intellectual things.

PLAYBOY: Are you a nationalist?

BUTTON: I'm very passionate about this country, I love it. If I was going to be anything else I'd want to be a farmer. I used to be a farmer, I had a farm till Dave died, he and I used to spend a lot of time up there at Kyneton, near Hanging Rock. I used to spend all my holidays as a kid in the bush in Tasmania. Whitlam used to rubbish me about having a farm, and I said at lunch once, "Gough, look, you just don't understand, after two weeks here in Canberra with you people, to get up on the farm and look an Angus cow straight in the eye, and they look you straight back, that's the most rewarding human experience I can think of!" And he said [*imitating Whitlam at his most lordly*]: "Caustic bastard!"

PLAYBOY: Did you get on well with Whitlam?

BUTTON: Not really. He was a great thespian. [*pause*] Look, we never had a revolution like the Yanks, that's the great tragedy with this country. They decided to stand on their own feet, and that's when America started to grow. We've never had that, we've been dependent on the British and the Yanks. Look at the psychology of this country: 15 years ago people used to rubbish the Japanese, they still try and tell you the Japanese have low wages, which is bullshit, and it depresses me to see Nakasone come here and the kowtowing that goes on to him. But I have a lot of faith in Australians, I believe we've done some great things. In economic terms, we've got a world-standard agricultural sector, we've got a world-standard mining sector. And then we can start to talk about how good our tennis players are, and our America's Cup yachtsmen, and sports like that.

Now all I'm saying is we can do a lot of things better in manufacturing in this country. But we've got to get out of that cultural-cringe, subservient mentality we've had. We've got to encourage good design, good product development. And we've got to make some hard decisions. In the past we've had a very protected manufacturing economy, and people say, "We don't have to bother about research and development here, or design, because the government will look after us." Now that is bloody disastrous. We've got to change that.

I want to make those hard decisions, which vested interests or lazy interests will resent. I don't want people to say in 10 years' time, "Look at those bastards, they were exactly the same as the Menzies government or the Fraser government, they did bugger-all." It's a very difficult task to take people with you on that.

PLAYBOY: Are you capable of that?

BUTTON: I think so.

PLAYBOY: Are you hard enough?

BUTTON: I think so.

PLAYBOY: Courageous enough?

BUTTON: I hope so.

PLAYBOY: Is the government?

BUTTON: I hope so. Yes.

"You think jogging's boring. . ."

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SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

I'm 20 years old, and my girlfriend and I have been together for almost a year and a half. We love each other very much and have always had an honest and open sex life; there are never any complaints, and it is always an exciting and fulfilling experience for both of us. However, after a recent lovemaking session, she made the comment "Why does sex have to be so messy?" This has been in my mind also, but I've never said anything about it.

Most of the time, after we make love, if I get up to piss or get something to drink, I have to use tissue to wipe any excess semen (and I'm assuming her vaginal juices, too) from my penis and pubic hair. I'm also assuming that she has to do the same, or else she wouldn't have made the comment in the first place.

Since then, our sexual activity has decreased a significant amount. My questions are, what, if anything, can be done about this predicament? And, just how much of the "mess" is mine and how much is hers?

— P.Q., Qld.

It is said that no one remembers what an orgasm feels like, so maybe the mess is nature's way of telling us that we've just had sex.

You are making too much of one negative comment. There are several solutions. You might place a towel and a warm washcloth by the bed before you make love. That way, no one has to get up. You can use a condom with a reservoir tip to collect most of the vital bodily fluids.

As for arguing over which part of the mess is yours and which is hers: afterplay is not the time for a property settlement. It's a fine mess you've gotten into, enjoy it.

My boyfriend is 37 years old and I am 22. We are well suited to each other, have a lot in common and both love and like each other. Although we are so compatible, he cannot handle the pressure we receive from our families, friends and others.

It started with jokes about "robbing the cradle" for him and "What are you buying him for Christmas, a rocking chair?" for me. These remarks annoy me, because they reflect the ignorance and immaturity of those making them. However, they are devastating for him. His cousin's family, to which he has been very close for many years, has decided to ostracise him from its activities. That exclusion, along with similar actions by other "friends", has really depressed him. Although we have made new friends who accept or don't care about our situation, it is not enough.

My boyfriend feels that to solve the problem we should break up and I should find someone better suited to me; that is, someone my own age. He admits to placing too much emphasis on others' reactions, but cannot free himself from their pressures.

Another point worth mentioning is a comment he made. While embracing me, he whispered, "I guess I'm destined to be a bachelor." Is there anything I can do to alleviate these pressures? I feel our relationship is worth saving. It is beautiful, and to others its quality is enviable. I have learned a tremendous amount about myself and about others, but do learning and love have to be so painful?

— T.R., NSW.

There is no simple cure for the insensitivity and outright rudeness of others. Your boyfriend should understand that as well. What the two of you have is special to you and is certainly worth hanging on to. It's too bad that people close

to you feel the need to be so judgemental. Hold your heads high and ignore them; the difference in your ages is your business. The only people who grow old are the people who "act" their age.

I am a tall, good-looking 34-year-old blond Australian male and have always had a passion for plastic clothes. I have found it turns many young women on at the mention or sight of plastic or vinyl clothes. I am also turned on by the sight of an attractive young woman in a plastic jacket.

Is it kinky for a guy to be turned on this way? I have only read of two cases where guys were turned on by plastic, so I feel more at ease knowing I am not the only guy in the world who is turned on by plastic.

What are your views on this?

— T.S., Vic.

No, you're certainly not the only guy in the world to be turned on by plastic. A great many men find they are aroused by items of clothing, or the look and feel of different materials: long leather boots, high-heeled shoes, sexy underwear, rubber, silk, leather. All sorts of items of clothing can gain an erotic appeal for certain men. When a man is turned on by just looking or feeling such items, we refer to this attraction as a sexual fetish. Does this mean he is "kinky"? Well, it depends on your point of view.

Most men are potential fetishists by nature. They are very readily conditioned to respond to erotic stimuli such as these, while women very rarely show the same degree of fetishism, because their eroticism is far less easily conditioned and depends more on emotions and relationships.

Most experts do not regard this type of sexual fetish as a problem requiring treatment unless the fetish becomes so strong that you are unable to respond in normal lovemaking and it causes problems in your relationship. That doesn't appear to be the case for you, so don't worry about it and enjoy your plastic world.

It's a pleasant change to find someone who enjoys plastic. Over the years there have been many disappointed ex-Poms who've found themselves unable to indulge their rubber mackintosh fetishes in our sunny country. But these days plastic is well and truly in fashion, and the world is your oyster.

I am a 29-year-old single male who is in a very strange situation with a 31-year-old single female. For the past four years, I have been a close friend and intellectual peer of this woman. Now I don't know what the hell has become of our relationship.

She has been living with a guy for six years. Until now, he could do no wrong. He recently got a major career going and spends a lot of time at work. Well, you know the rest of the story, but not exactly. She has started telling me that he is such a wimp and has come on to me, yet our sexual behavior is strictly in the twilight zone. She loves for me to pet her and talk as dirty as possible to her, but she says that I do not turn her on at all.

There is nothing in this for me, but I do this because I love her and have told her so. She says that she feels guilty for leading me on. Help!

— R.M., Vic.

If you believe that sex in the twilight zone is better than no sex at all, you may have found the perfect relationship. It sounds as if you are the transitional man — the shoulder to cry on, the ear to whisper into. Sometimes these things turn into something else. Sometimes they don't. Maybe it's time to search for someone who can reciprocate. It's your decision.

My husband has a premature ejaculation problem he seems to think was aggravated by an operation on his testicles to investigate infertility. It turned out he had epididymitis, so he had the operation early last year. We have tried repeatedly stopping and starting intercourse when he felt on the point of orgasm and although we haven't been trying this for very long, it doesn't seem to have made any difference to lengthening the time of intercourse. When we do stop and start again he finds his orgasm fizzles.

I contacted the urologist who performed the operation, but he couldn't find a correlation between surgery and premature ejaculation and advised my husband to see him again about it, but as we'd moved interstate this wasn't possible. I have also talked to my local GP about it, but unfortunately family doctors aren't really schooled in solving sexual problems. My doctor advised contacting you.

Years ago I read about prolonging intercourse using various "squeeze" techniques, but as we didn't have a problem then I didn't take much notice of it. I wish I had now!

I would appreciate it if you could give me some information to help right this problem.

My husband and I have no problem talking about sex and communicating our needs. We just don't know how to go about conducting our own corrective therapy.

— C.A., Qld.

Your urologist is probably right in assuming the epididymitis operation in no way created your husband's premature ejaculation problem. However, any operation on the genitals can create anxiety which in turn can result in loss of ejaculation control. It is also likely that your husband felt threatened by his possible infertility, and this threat in turn created tension which contributed to the problem. Many men find investigations into their fertility a threat to their masculinity and it's not uncommon for a man to develop sexual problems during the course of the investigation like impotence or perhaps premature ejaculation.

When a man has increasing problems in controlling ejaculation, it is almost always due to some new anxiety or threat which inhibits the relaxation necessary for normal sexual response. There is little or no evidence for any physical cause of premature ejaculation. In other males, premature ejaculation is simply due to lack of awareness of their own response. Many males start off masturbating in circumstances where they are trying to ejaculate quickly (because mum is bashing on the bathroom door or they are afraid of someone walking into the bedroom). Then they simply never learn to tune in to the

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NEXT MONTH

SNORT, SEX AND SKIING: WE VISIT VAIL, COLORADO, AND DISCOVER NOT ALL THE SNOW IS ON THE SLOPES.

EXCLUSIVE: **PETER SCHNEIDAS**, AUSTRALIA'S MOST NOTORIOUS PRISONER, WRITES WITH FRIGHTENING FRANKNESS ABOUT HIS LIFE BEHIND BARS.

PLAYMATE **ANDREA ENGEL** IS A GIRL WITH ALL THE RIGHT ANGLES. WE GUARANTEE GEOMETRY WAS NEVER THIS MUCH FUN.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: **JOHN LAWS**, THE WORLD'S HIGHEST PAID RADIO ANNOUNCER, SPEAKS OUT ON THE POWER OF TALK-BACK, HINCH AND HAWKE, SYDNEY IN THE '60s AND THE PERKS OF STARDOM.

SWEET SHEREE: SHY AND LOVELY SHEREE ALLBEURY FROM PERTH SHOWS WHY THE WEST HAS SOME OF THE SEXIEST WOMEN IN AUSTRALIA.

initial signs of ejaculatory inevitability (the warning signals or sensations which occur just before ejaculation).

Learning to focus on those signals is the essence of learning ejaculation control, whether the cause is anxiety or simply lack of experience in controlling arousal. Essentially all the programs designed to teach men to control ejaculation involve bringing the man to the point when he's just about to ejaculate, and then stopping stimulation (the "stop-start" technique) or applying some sort of stimulation to inhibit arousal (the "squeeze" technique).

It is easier if the woman is willing to arouse the man and control the stimulation, but it's also possible for the man to practise these techniques by himself through self-stimulation. In the case of the "squeeze" technique, the woman simply applies firm pressure using her finger and thumb on either side of the penis just below the glans (head). This pressure isn't supposed to hurt. You just need to squeeze gently for a few seconds and this cuts off the urge to ejaculate. Then you start again, building up arousal through stimulation until you reach the point just before ejaculation. Some men prefer not to use the "squeeze" technique, and just stop stimulation until their arousal dies down a little. The essence of this practice is good communication between the couple. You must work out a signal to indicate it's time to stop, and the man must focus on his own sensations, tuning in and learning about his arousal each time he is aroused. It often helps for him to close his eyes and just concentrate on what he is *feeling* rather than allowing himself to worry about climaxing too quickly. Focus on sensation and try to block out worrying thoughts. The program is described in detail in many of the good self-help therapy books dealing with common sexual problems. Your local family planning clinic could recommend some appropriate books and tell you the best place to obtain them in your area.

Our 13-year-old son has been diagnosed as having a malignant tumor in the penis. If a major portion of the genital organ is not amputated, the malignancy is expected to spread to other parts of his body. This has been explained to him and he has decided to undergo the surgery. (We believe the final decision has to be his.)

However, I cannot overcome a terrible sense of guilt that I have been somehow inadequate in guiding him. I feel that in later years he will blame me for not explaining the emotional problems he will suffer as a man. While I believe that the surgery is the only choice, how will my wife and I provide adequate emotional support to a son who will suffer a great deal of loneliness and trauma in the years ahead?

— A.C., Tas.

We can quite understand the distress and anxiety you must feel in your present situation. The fact that you have written seeking help displays your sensitivity to the emotional needs of your son — a sensitivity which we're sure will be of great assistance in helping him cope with the frightening decision he has had to make.

We feel it is crucial that you are all given help in coping with the implications on his future sex life and are writing privately to you with the name of a counsellor who will provide this support. The counsellor will be able to consult with the surgeon involved in the operation about the amount of damage likely to occur to the penis and help you all understand the likely effects on your son's sexual functioning. It will be important for your son to maintain a relationship with this counsellor so that he has someone to talk to when the time comes for him to establish sexual relationships. There is now a great deal of information available about coping with this type of disability and we're sure the counsellor will recommend material for you to read which will make it easier for you to provide the emotional support you wish to offer your son.

GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN

When we heard that scientists had recently abandoned the long-held myth that female praying mantises are the most treacherous living females, we figured that they had started watching *Dynasty*.

It turns out, however, that the learned entomologists have been closeted in their offices with the lights out watching mantises mate.

For many years, scientists have believed that the female praying mantis chews off the head of her mate before mating. Hence the expression, "giving good head".

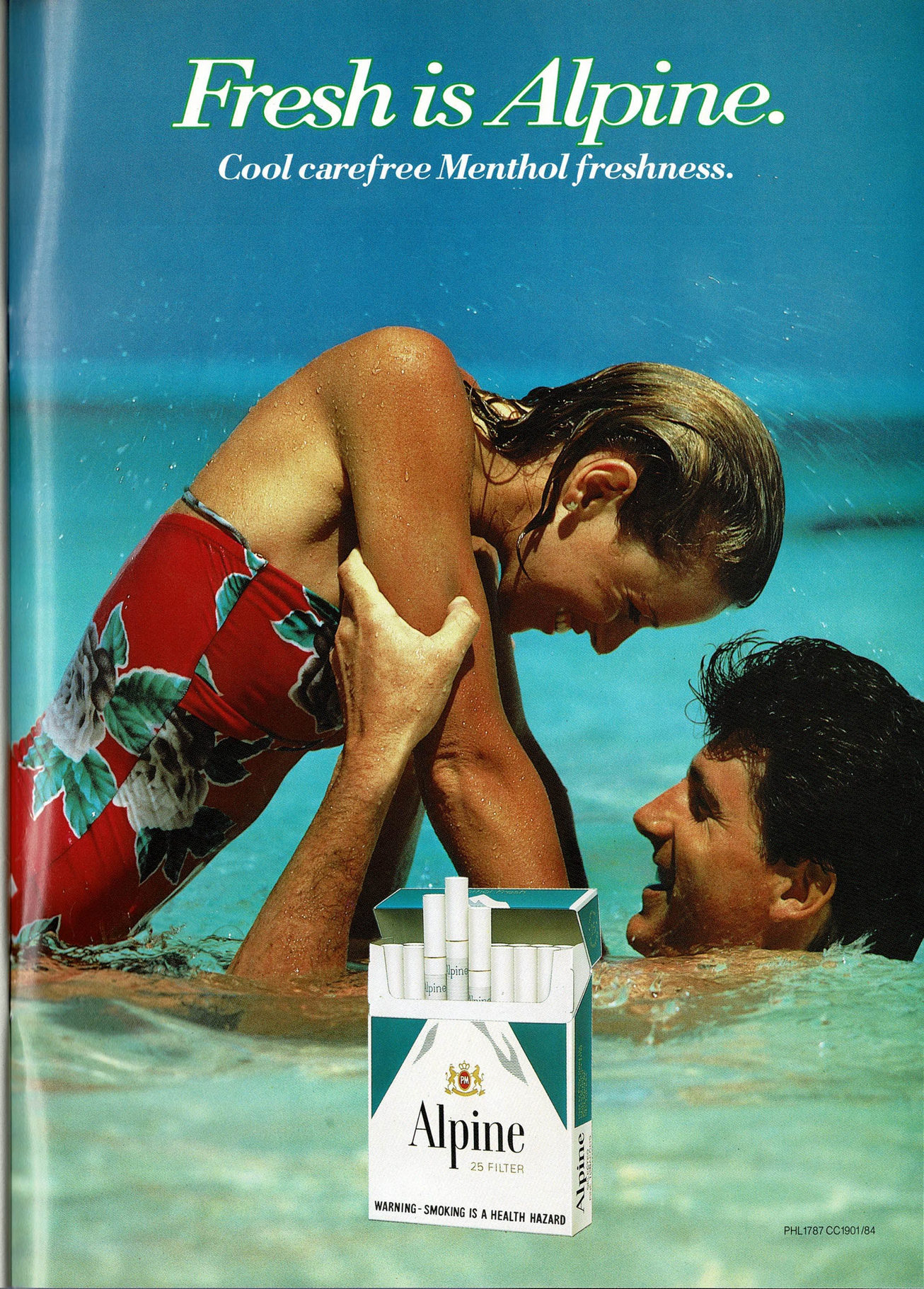
Now, biologists at the University of California at Santa Cruz say it isn't so. Researcher W. Jackson Davis reports that the female and the male have an intricate mating dance that is "really a lovely display", but nothing carnivorous actually takes place.

In the past, researchers have made a few tactical errors when observing mantises mating. They hadn't fed the female enough, resulting in a ravenous hunger which causes the female mantis to snap off her mate's head.

Privacy also seemed to be a factor. Prior investigations yielded no alone time for the woo-pitching mantises, who showed no inclination to seduce one another under the appreciative gaze of technicians. This time, while the rendezvous itself was illuminated, the scientists kept themselves in the dark to reduce the insects' inhibitions.

It does raise the question, though, does she bite off his head in the dark? We suppose we'll never know for sure.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.



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Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

The pages 78-87 (fiction and Mountain Maid) completely replaced by Solo Woman layout

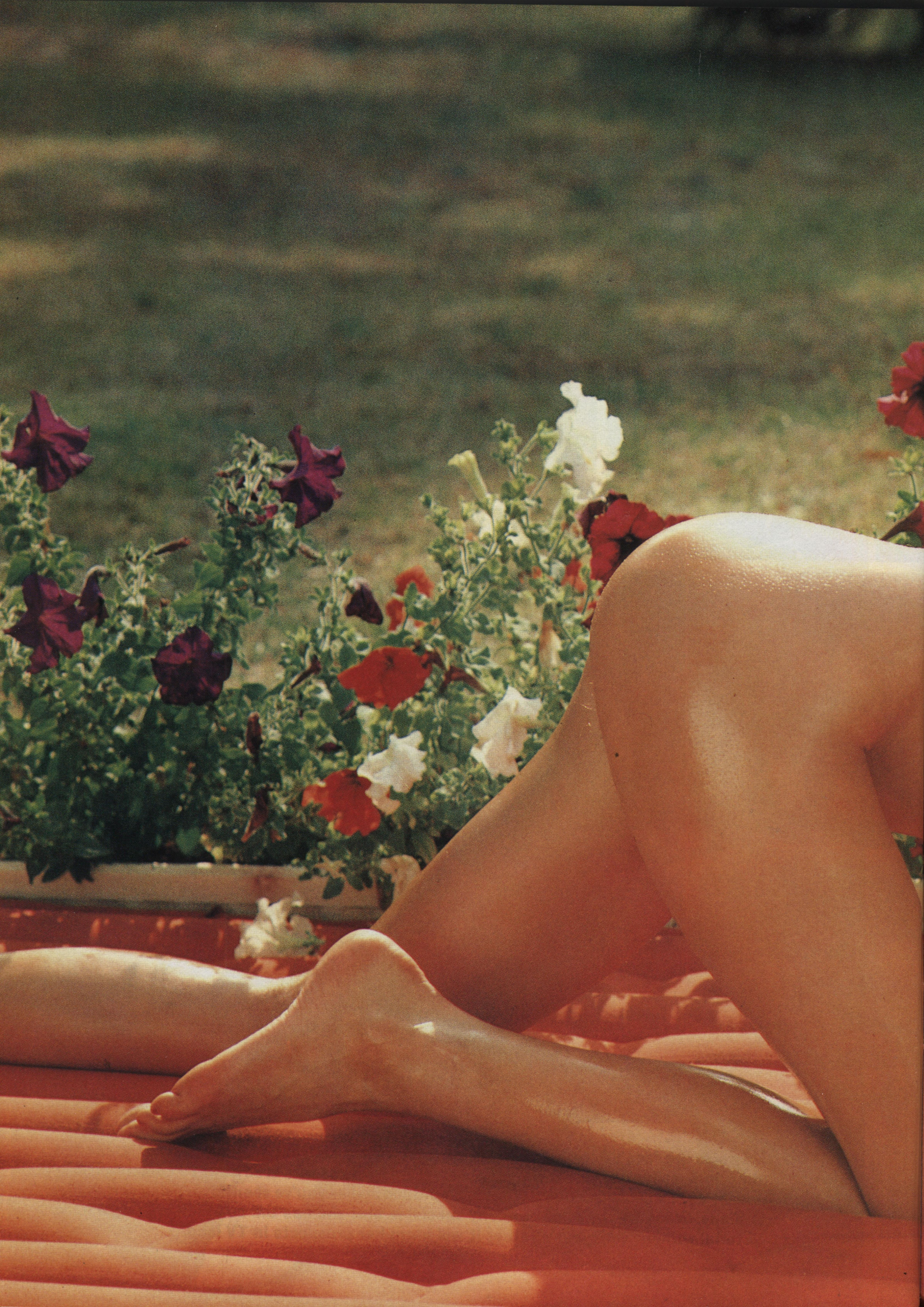
Liberated Annette has achieved a successful career as a nude model and an actress in some of TV's best known commercials.

AD·LIBBER

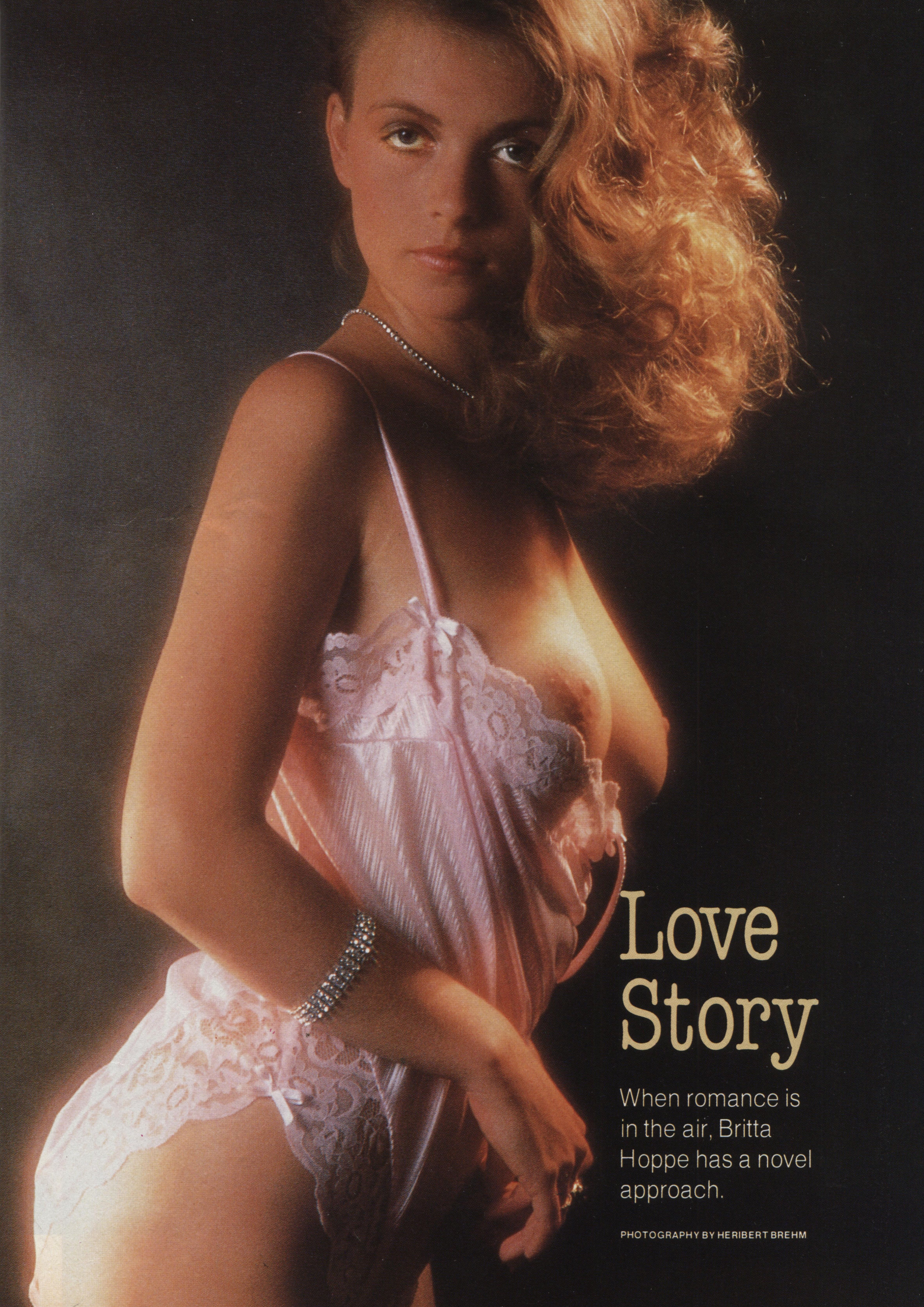
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERTH SERNELIN

"I feel good about my body, and I think a beautiful body is great to look at. It's my way of showing my personality."

Recognise the face? Perhaps the body is too much of a distraction. Okay, try and ignore the body. Impossible? All right, we'll clue you in. Annette appears in several TV commercials — usually as one of those beautiful young faces and bodies you've seen advertising soft drinks or jeans. What makes Annette really special is that she has the confidence to do a nude pictorial without worrying whether it will harm her prospects in TV land.



Posing nude makes people remember you," she claims. "It may be just your body they remember first, but then comes the face and the name. I don't feel embarrassed about posing nude. You just have to check out all the posers on the beach to see how many people are really exhibitionists at heart. So why not be honest about it and have some fun at the same time?" Annette, we couldn't have put it better ourselves.



Love Story

When romance is in the air, Britta Hoppe has a novel approach.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERIBERT BREHM

Britta Hoppe is the kind of girl any reader would like to jump out of the pages of a steamy novel and right into his lap... just at the point where the beautiful heroine has wriggled out of her cocktail dress and into something a little more comfortable.

Fact is, Britta is a writer herself, and at 20 there's a lot she wants to get off her chest. She's always wanted to be a writer, and having left school only last year, she's now got the time to let her thoughts wander.

"After I left school I worked in several places as a cashier, and on a production line, but I needed more freedom," she says. "Now during the day I collect the stuff I need for my short stories. I watch people

I have to be in the right mood to write my stories. Sometimes, for no reason, I find myself in a bad mood, but the words flow faster if I'm in a good mood.

"My kind of hero? I guess he's a strong decisive type who knows what he wants and how to get it. If a man looks me straight in the face and says what he feels, I usually go weak at the knees."

on the street, in cafes, and at work.

"But at night I stay home with my pets. They keep me company while I'm off in my own little world. I'd love to have my own horse now that I've got some free time during the day. I've ridden for five years and I've been thrown a few times, but that's life I guess."

Climbing back up on to a horse after a fall is the sort of challenge Britta thrives on, and the same applies in her writing.

"I solve a lot of problems when writing," she says. "Sometimes I have to watch myself, though, because I can be just like the people I accuse. That's the beauty in writing: I acknowledge my own mistakes and try to avoid them. . . and not only on paper."

I love writing sexy stories because I love to use my imagination. Of course I dream always of being the girl in the story, so I can let my emotions run wild with my imaginary lovers. But there's nothing like the real thing, is there?

SOLO WOMAN

There are advantages to being single, Natasha has discovered.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAOUL AHOUP

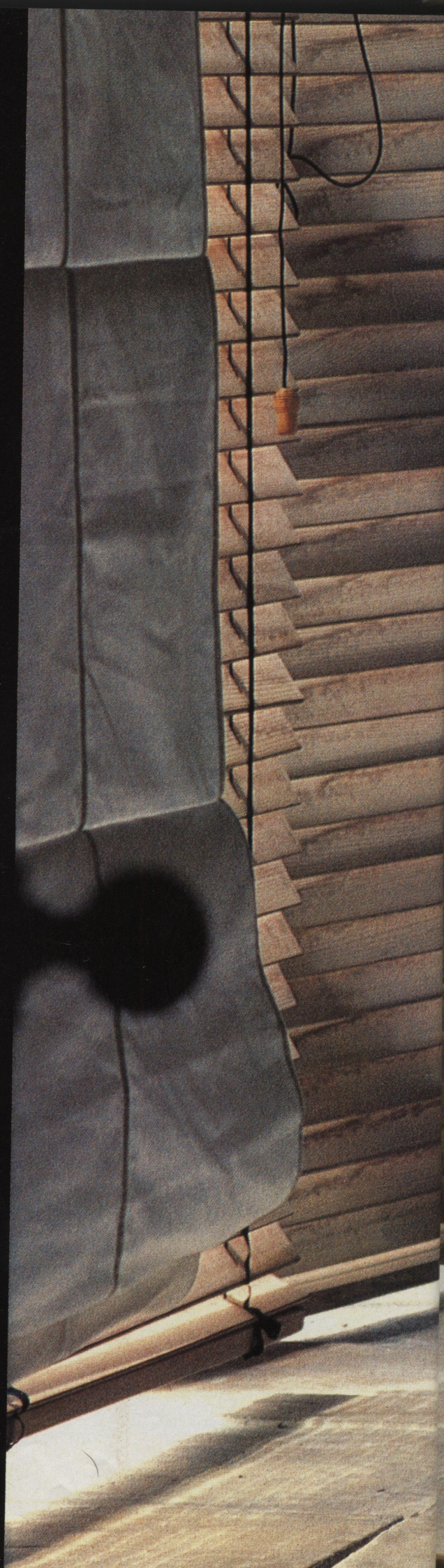
As an executive secretary to one of the big multi-nationals, Natasha meets a lot of wealthy and successful men who would like to take her out. She usually declines because most of them are married and Natasha doesn't like complications.

"I like things to go my way," she says. "Some of the married men I meet are very attractive but if you get involved you always have to do things their way. Meet them when they have the time, go to bed when they can manage it. I don't like being the other woman, I always like to be 'the' woman."

Such an independent spirit means she has to spend the occasional night alone, but she rarely gets bored. She isn't the kind of woman who

could easily get restless with her own company. "I'm a very sensual person," she says. "I love long, slow baths, I can pamper myself, powder my body, try out new perfumes and hairstyles. I'm a very body-conscious person but then I think every woman who has a beautiful body is that way."

As you can see, Natasha is the kind of woman who likes to be on top. But that's not such a bad position, is it?



"I can never be owned by any man. I'm far too selfish for that. I don't want to be inhibited by a relationship, I want to be free to move on any man I want."

"Sex is too important, too much fun to waste on just one man. I love the thrill, the excitement that comes from every new lover — I'm hooked on the freshness that comes with a new face, a new mind and body."

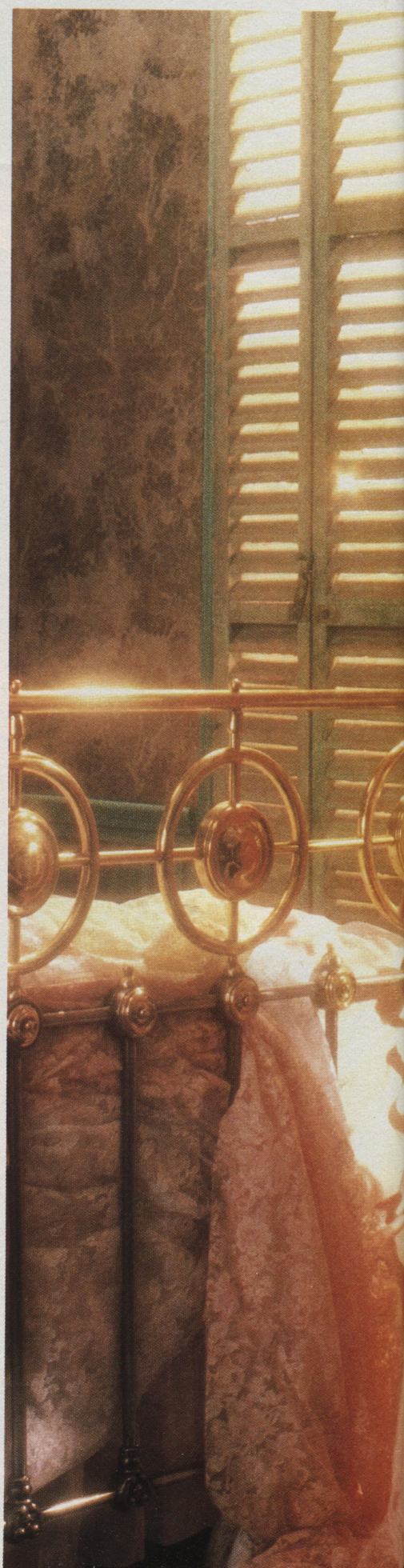
DARING DEVIN

Devin de Vasquez wanted her pictorial to be hot and sexy. All she had to do was get undressed and look at the camera.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Dishy Devin isn't the least bit coy about sex. She enjoys it, she enjoys talking about it, she enjoys building up to it and she openly admits it is an important part of her personal make-up. For a young woman who just turned 21, you have to admit that Devin knows her mind. Still, who are we to try and change it for her?

"I wanted my pictorial to be hot and lazy," she says.



"Not 'Here I am, come and get me', but rather soft and sexy. I'll always be a sweet little girl. Every woman should have a bit of the little girl in her. I like men who have a bit of the little boy in them, too.

"I like just talking about sex. It's stimulating — not doing anything but building up to it. Feeling the other person out. The slow unfolding of sex is the fun part." And as you can see, Devin is well worth the build-up.

The place I grew up in was very parochial, very small-town. People tended to pass judgement. I'm different, I'm not a judgemental sort of person. Once I got out I wanted to do everything. I like being feminine and sexy, a woman with womanly wants."